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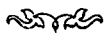
FAMILIAR WORDS.



FAMILIAR in their mouths as Household WORDS.

SHAKS. *K. Henry V.* act iv. sc. 3.

Familiar Words:

AN INDEX VERBORUM OR QUOTATION HANDBOOK,

WITH PARALLEL PASSAGES, OF PHRASES WHICH HAVE BECOME IMBEDDED IN OUR ENGLISH TONGUE.

BY J. HAIN FRISWELL,

AUTHOR OF "LIFE PORTRAITS OF SHAKESPEARE," ETC. ETC. ETC.

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LONDON

SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND MARSTON,

14, LUDGATE HILL.

1865.

PREFACE.

MANY lines of which we forget the author haunt the memory of most of us; and many delightful ideas centre round their remembrance which can be only recalled by the context; nor can we recall these more readily than by a Dictionary of Quotations on a systematic plan, and as perfect as the compiler can make it.

There are other books of quotations existing, but, these compilations generally are of large extracts taken hap hazard, which give the name of the author only, and the reader is left to wade through one or two volumes should he wish to verify a quotation. In the present work an exact reference of the chapter, act, scene, book, and number of the line is given, and the adherence to this plan cost, it is perhaps needless to say, great labour and much time. It is believed that no other work exists in the English language

at once so copious and so exact, although in such a work perfection is almost impossible. Had the work consisted of three volumes instead of one enough would have been found to fill them; but it is felt that almost all the most known quotations have been gathered together, and placed in a certain order.

In order to make the body of the work itself an Analytical Index of its contents, certain prominent words which remain on the surface of the memory have been placed in *italics;* thus, Lord Rochester's line—

"The *best good man* with the worst natured muse,"

often attributed to Pope, will be found not only twice in the Index, but under the italicised words, *best good man* in the body of the book. Moreover, in order that the loosest memory may be aided, a very copious Index has been added, in which frequently the same quotation has been indexed four or five times under its most remembered phrases. Wherever it has been found possible the quotation has been cut down to the bare words retained on the memory; it has been, however, impossible in one or two instances to avoid repetition.

Another feature of the work to which the compiler feels he may call attention is the parallel passages—in some instances, as in quotations from

Milton and Wordsworth, in the very syllables used —which are added in the Notes. These could have been very largely added to, but it was felt that the purpose of the book should be always paramount in the mind of its compiler.

The Editor has to return his acknowledgments to many gentlemen; to the Editor of *Notes and Queries*, the columns of which he has frequently availed himself; to a work issued in America by Mr. Bartlett, in which all the quotations from one author are placed under the same name and who has omitted nearly twenty English authors here quoted from; to Mr. G. Wharton Simpson, who has aided him by valuable passages and by looking over many of the earlier proofs, and to other friends for kind hints and suggestions. The work has been a long time in hand, line has been added to line, and in its progress it has grown to its present dimensions, which are larger than was at first contemplated. When it is stated that if each line given be reckoned as a quotation, and many lines contain two, there are nearly seven thousand in the volume, the difficulty as well as the value of exact reference will be seen, and it is to be hoped, placed to the account of the compiler by an indulgent public, as a set-off against the few errata it was almost impossible to avoid.

Of the many beauties contained within these covers one may be permitted to speak freely; and of the great utility of the work there can, we imagine, be little question. It has gathered within its pages much of that which refines, strengthens, exalts, delights, and teaches every one. It is, in fact, a Book of Wisdom, holding more beauties than any book by a single author; and it is a gathering from many minds, that can alone be possible in the tongue of the richest and fullest literature in the world.

London, *December*, 1864.

FAMILIAR WORDS.

ABIDE—ABSENT.

ABIDE with me from morn 'till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

KEEBLE, *Christian Year.*

Above all Greek, above all Roman fame.*

POPE, *Im. Hor.* bk. ii. ep. i. l. 26.

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call earth.

MILTON, *Comus,* l. 5.

Abra was ready ere I called her name;
And though I called another, Abra came.

PRIOR, *Solomon,* pt. ii.

An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.

GOLDSMITH, *On Garrick, Retaliation,* l. 94.

Absent in body, but present in spirit.

1 *Cor.* v. 3.

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* Dryden, on the death of Lord Hastings, wrote, "Above any Greek or Roman name."—ED.

How *absolute the knave is!* we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us.

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act v. sc. i.

They are the *abstracts and brief chronicles* of the time.

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act ii. sc. 2.

Out of the *abundance of the heart* the mouth speaketh.

Matt. xii. 34.

Nor aught so good, but, strained from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, *stumbling on abuse.*

SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet,* act ii. sc. 3.

Accept a miracle instead of wit,
See two dull lines with Stanhope's pencil writ.

Ascribed to YOUNG *in Mitford's Life.*

Behold, now is the *accepted time.*

2 *Cor.* vi. 2.

Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving *accidents, by flood and field,*
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach.

SHAKS. *Othello,* act i. sc. 3.

Accommodated; That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part II.* act iii. sc. 2.

Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow.

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar,* act i. sc. 2.

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an *aching void*
The world can never fill.

COWPER, *Walking with God.*

In those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nailed
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV.* act i. sc. 1.

In after dinner talk
Across the walnuts and the wine.

TENNYSON, *Miller's Daughter.*

Between *the acting of a dreadful* thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar,* act ii. sc. i.

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part; there all the honour lies.

POPE, *Essay on Man,* ep. iv. l. 193.

You had that *action and counteraction,* which in the natural and in the political world, from the reciprocal struggle of discordant powers, draw out the harmony of the universe.

BURKE, *Speeches.*

This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in *action, how like an angel!* in apprehension, how like a God!

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act ii. sc. 2.

Think that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand *no noble action* done.

Miscel. Brit. Mus. Album.

With devotion's visage,
And *pious action,* we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act iii. sc. 1.

Suit the *action to the word*, the word to the action.
SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 2.

Actions of the last age, are like almanacs of the last year.
DENHAM, *The Sophy.*

His *actions speak* much stronger than my pen.
CHURCHILL, *Candidate*, l. 106.

Only the *actions of the just*
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.
J. SHIRLEY, *Contention of Ajax and Ulysses*, sc. 3.

That best portion of a good man's life,
His *little, nameless, unremembered acts*
Of kindness and of love.
WORDSWORTH, *Tintern Revisited.*

Our *acts our angels* are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.
JOHN FLETCHER, *Honest Man's Fortune.*

Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. iii. st. 1.

When *Adam dolve, and Eve span,*
Who was then the gentleman?
HUME, *Hist. of England*, vol. i. chap. xvii. note 8.

Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.
MILTON, bk. iv. l. 323.

Consideration like an angel came,
And whipped *the offending Adam* out of him.
SHAKS. *K. Henry V.* act i. sc. 1.

In *Adam's fall*
We sinned all.
From the New England Primer.

They are *like the deaf adder* that stoppeth her ear; which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely.

Ps. lviii. 4, 5.

So *sweetly she bade me adieu,*
I thought that she bade me return.

W. Shenstone, *A Pastoral*, part i.

You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting, with the most *admired disorder.*

Shaks. *Macbeth*, act. iii. sc. 4.

But thinks, *admitted to that equal sky,*
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Pope, *Essay on Man*, ep. i. l. iii.

As dreadful as the Manichean god,
Adored through fear, strong only to destroy.

Cowper, bk. v. *Winter Morning Walk.*

He left a name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or *adorn a tale.*

Johnson, *Vanity of Human Wishes*, l. 221.

A poet, naturalist, and historian,
Who left scarcely any style of writing untouched,
And touched *nothing that he did not adorn.**

Johnson, *Epitaph on Goldsmith.*

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace.
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all th' *adulteries of art;*
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

Ben Jonson, *The Silent Woman*, act i. sc. 5.

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* *Nullum tetigit quod non ornavit.* The epitaph written by Johnson is in Latin, and is given in Boswell's Life. "Whatever he composed," said Johnson at another time, "he did better than any other man could."

Oh . . . that mine *adversary had written a book.*

Job, xxxi. 35.

Be sober, and vigilant; because your *adversary, the devil,* as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.

1 *Peter*, v. 8.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Shaks. *As You Like It*, act ii. sc. 1.

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy.

Shaks. *Romeo and Juliet*, act iii. sc. 3.

Entire *affection hateth nicer hands.*

Spenser, bk. i. can. viii. st. 40.

Now let us thank the eternal power: convinced
That Heaven but tries *our virtue by affliction,*
That oft the cloud that wraps the present hour,
Serves but to brighten all our future days.

John Brown, *Barbarossa*, act v. sc. 3.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where *Afric's sunny fountains*
Roll down their golden sand.

Heber, *Missionary Hymn.*

Duncan is in his grave!
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

Shaks. *Macbeth*, act iii. sc. 2.

O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no *bigger than an agate-stone*
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep.

SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 4.

The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That *age, ache, and penury*, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

SHAKS. *Measure for Measure*, act iii. sc. 1.

And he that doth ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age.

SHAKS. *Mer. of Venice*, act. ii. sc. 3.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.

SHAKS. *Antony and Cleopatra*, act ii. sc. 2.

You'd scarce *expect one of my age*
To speak in public on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.
Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.

D. EVERETT, *Lines from a School Declamation.*

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made.

GOLDSMITH, *Deserted Village*, l. 13.

His hair just grizzled,
As in a *green old age.*

DRYDEN, *Œdipus*, act iii. sc. 1.

He was not of an age, but for all time.

BEN JONSON, *To the Memory of Shakespeare.*

In a good old age.

Gen. xv. 15.

Therefore my *age is as a lusty winter*,
Frosty, but kindly.

SHAKS. *As You Like It*, act ii. sc. 3.

The *age is grown so picked*, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe,

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act v. sc. 1.

The choice and *master spirits of this age.*

SHAKS. *Troilus and Cressida*, act. iii. sc. 1.

See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old *age of cards.*

POPE, *Moral Essays*, ep. ii. l. 243.

I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in; glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy . . . . . Little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the *age of chivalry* is gone.

BURKE, *On the French Revolution.*

How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an *age of ease.*

GOLDSMITH, *Deserted Village*, l. 99.

But an *old age serene and bright,*
And lovely as a Lapland night
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

WORDSWORTH, *To a Young Lady,* xxxvi.

Age shakes Athena's towers, but spares gray Marathon.

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,* can. ii. st. 86.

She, though in full-blown flower of glorious beauty,
Grows cold, even in the *summer of her age.*

DRYDEN, *Œdipus,* act iv. sc. 1.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife,
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an *age without a name.*

SCOTT, *Old Mortality,* vol. ii. chap. xxi.

Enflamed with the study of learning, and the admiration of virtue; stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God, and *famous to all ages.*

MILTON, *Tract of Education.*

I the *heir of all the ages,* in the foremost files of time.

TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall.*

Once, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man.

J. MONTGOMERY, *The Common Lot.*

*All the world's a stage,**
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts.
His acts being *seven ages.* At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:

* "Mundus universus exercet histrionem"—*Pet. Arbiter.*

Then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

SHAKS. *As You Like It*, act ii. sc. 7.

Three Poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn;
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed;
The next in majesty, in both the last.
The force of nature could not further go;
To make a third she join'd the former two.

DRYDEN, *Under Mr. Milton's Picture.*

Yet I doubt not *thro' the ages* one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.

TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall*, *Poems*, p 279.

Such souls
Whose sudden visitations daze the world,
Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind
A voice that in the distance far away
Wakens *the slumbering ages.*

H. Taylor, *Van. Artevelde*, act i. sc. 7.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake-shock, the ocean-storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And *all we know, or dream, or fear*
Of agony, are thine.

Halleck, *Marco Bozzaris.*

Where they do agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful.

Sheridan, *The Critic*, act ii. sc. 2.

When he speaks,
The *air, a chartered libertine*, is still.

Shaks. *K. Henry V.* act i. sc. 1.

And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to airy air.

Shaks. *Troilus and Cressida*, act iii. sc. 3.

Nor *do not saw the air* too much with your hand, thus.

Shaks. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 2.

The *air is full of farewells* to the dying,
And mournings for the dead.

HOLMES, *Resignation.*

Ere he can spread his sweet *leaves to the air*,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 1.

Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack* behind; We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

SHAKS. *Tempest*, act iv. sc. 1.

Mocking the air with colours idly spread.

SHAKS. *K. John*, act v. sc. 1.

Beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still *air of delightful studies.*

MILTON, *Reason of Church Government*, bk. ii.

I see them walking in an *air of glory*
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

H. VAUGHAN, *They are all gone.*

Society became my glittering bride,
And *airy hopes my children.*

WORDSWORTH, bk. iii.

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* So in the original.

The lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to *airy nothing*
A local habitation, and a name.

SHAKS. *Midsummer's Night's Dream*, act v. sc. 1.

A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And *airy tongues, that syllable* men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.

MILTON, *Comus*, l. 205.

Where through the long-drawn *aisle and fretted vault*
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

GRAY, *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*

The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the *aisles of Christian Rome.*

R. W. EMERSON, *The Problem.*

The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar,
When *Ajax strives* some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow:
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, pt. ii. l. 365.

Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his *grandsire cut in alabaster?*

SHAKS. *Mer. of Venice*, act i. sc. 1.

I have a kind of *alacrity in sinking.*

SHAKS. *Merry Wives of Windsor,* act. iii. sc. 5.

A *needless Alexandrine* ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

POPE, *Essay on Criticism,* pt. ii. l. 356.

Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

GOLDSMITH, *Traveller,* l. 251.

Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as *monumental alabaster.*

SHAKS. *Othello,* act v. sc. 2.

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood:
All partial evil, universal good;
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear; Whatever is, is right.

POPE, *Essay on Man,* ep. i. l. 289.

Or shear swine, *all cry and no wool.*

BUTLER, *Epitaph on Shaks.* pt. i. can. i. l. 852.

Of which *all Europe rings,* from side to side.

MILTON, *Sonnet,* xxii.

All in the Downs the fleet was moored.

J. GAY, *Black-eyed Susan.*

What though the field be lost,
All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost,* bk. i. l. 105.

Flowery oratory he despised. He ascribed to the interested views of themselves or their relations, the declarations of pretended patriots of whom he said, *All those men have their price.*

SIR R. WALPOLE, *From Coxe's Mem. of Walpole*, vol. iii. p. 309.

All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest.

MOORE, *Nat. Airs.*

Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.

1 *Thess.* v, 21.

All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoyed.

SHAKS. *Mer. of Venice*, act ii. sc. 6.

I am made *all things to all men.*

1 *Cor.* ix. 22.

And we know that *all things work together for good* to them that love God.

Rom. viii. 28.

All men think all men mortal but themselves.

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, Night i. l. 423.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

COLERIDGE, *Love*, vol. i. p. 145.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues: be just, and fear not;
Let *all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,*
Thy God's, and truth's.

SHAKS. *K. Henry VIII.* act iii. sc. 2.

For *all we know*
Of what *the blessed do above,*
Is, that they sing and that they love.*

WALLER, *Song to Chloris,* beginning "While I listen to thy voice."

As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile.

SHERIDAN, *The Rivals,* act v. sc. 3.

Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee,—air, earth, and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind,
That will forget thee; *thou hast great allies;*
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

WORDSWORTH, *Son. to Toussaint L'Ouverture,* pt. i. 8.

Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

GOLDSMITH, *Deserted Vill.* l. 170.

The *Almighty Dollar.*

W. IRVING, *The Creole Villlage.*

These as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God! The rolling year
Is full of Thee.

THOMSON, *Hymn,* l. 1.

Although I enter not
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover.

THACKERAY, *Miscel.* i. p. 62.

But *when thou dost alms,* let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.

Matt. vi. 2.

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* Thus quoted in Lady Rachel Russell's "Letter to Earl Galway, on Friendship:"—

"All we know they do above,
Is that they sing and that they love."—ED.

And all we met was fair and good,
And all was good that time could bring,
And all the secrets of the spring
Moved in the chambers of the blood.

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, xxiii.

Alone, that worn-out word,
So coldly spoken and so idly heard,
Yet all that poets tell or grief hath known
Of hearts laid waste, dwells in that word *alone*.

BULWER, *New Timon*.

Then, *never less alone* than when alone.

ROGERS, *Human Life*.

They are never *alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts*.

SIR P. SIDNEY, *Arcadia*, bk. i.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea.

COLERIDGE, *The Ancient Mariner*, pt. iv.

It is not good *that the man should be alone*.

Gen. ii. 18.

We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him *alone with his glory!*

C. WOLFF, *The Burial of Sir J. Moore*.

I am *Alpha and Omega*, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.

Rev. xxii. 13.

O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. ii. l. 620.

Hills peep o'er hills, and *Alps on Alps arise*.

POPE, *Ess. on Criticism*, pt. ii. l. 32.

For it was in the golden prime
Of good *Haroun Alraschid.*

TENNYSON, *Rec. of the Arabian Nights.*

Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God, and your native land!

HALLECK, *Marco Bozzario.*

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it *alteration finds.*

SHAKS. *Sonnet,* cxvi.

I would not *live alway.*

Job vii. 16.

Pretty! *in amber to observe the forms*
Of hairs, or straws, or grubs, or worms!
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.

POPE, *Ep. to Dr. Arbuthnot,* l. 169.

Fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels.

SHAKSPEARE.

But wild *ambition loves to slide,* not stand,
And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land.

DRYDEN, *Absalom and Achitophel,* pt. i. l. 196.

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar,* act iii. sc. 2.

Praise enough
To fill the *ambition of a private man,*
That Chatham's language was his mother-tongue.

COWPER, *The Task,* bk. ii. l. 235.

Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To *reign is worth ambition*, though in Hell;
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven.

MILTON, bk. i. l. 263.

I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act i. sc. 7.

I had most need of blessing, and *Amen*
Stuck in my throat.

Ibid. act ii. sc. 2.

Amend your ways and your doings.

Jer. vii. 3.

I stood *among them, but not of them.*

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, canto iii. st. 113.

She dwelt *among the untrodden ways*
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

WORDSWORTH, *Lucy.*

Still *amorous, and fond, and billing,*
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling.

BUTLER, *Hudibras*, pt. iii. can. i. l. 687.

Give *ample room, and verge* enough,
The characters of Hell to trace.

GRAY, *The Bard*, pt. ii. st. 1.

Though he endeavour it all he can,
An ape will never be a man.

GEORGE WITHER'S *Emblems, First Lotterie*, Emblem 14.

Religion blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares morality expires,
Nor public flame nor private, dares to shine;
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine.
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restored;
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great *Anarch! lets the curtain fall;*
And universal darkness buries all.

POPE, *Sat. Ep. and Odes of Horace,* bk. iv. l. 619.

And we with Nature's heart in tune concerted harmonies.

MOTHERWELL, *Jeanie Morrison.*

All his successors, gone before him, have done't; and all his *ancestors, that came after him,* may.

SHAKS. *Merry Wives of Windsor,* act i. sc. 1.

Where eldest Night
And chaos, *ancestors of nature,* hold
Eternal anarchy amidst the noise
Of endless wars.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost,* bk. ii. l. 894.

A very *ancient and fish-like* smell.

SHAKS. *Tempest,* act ii. sc. 2.

I will feed fat the *ancient grudge*
I bear him.

SHAKS. *Mer. of Venice,* act i. sc. 3.

Oh, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A *ministering angel* thou!

SCOTT, *Marmion,* can. vi. st. 30.

A *guardian-angel o'er his life presiding,*
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing.

ROGERS, *Human Life.*

The accusing spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the *recording angel*, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out for ever.

L. STERNE, *Tristram Shandy*, vol. iv. ch. 8.

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 4.

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act iv. sc. 3.

Her angel's face,
As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place.

SPENSER, bk. i. can. iii. st. 4.

Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

WATTS, *A Cradle Hymn.*

And yet, as *angels in some brighter dreams,*
Call to the soul when man doth sleep;
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

H. VAUGHAN, *They are all gone.*

As far as *angel's ken.*

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. i. l. 59.

So dear to heaven is saintly chastity,
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A *thousand liveried angels* lackey her.

MILTON, *Comus*, l. 453.

Angels listen when she speaks,
She's my delight and mankind's wonder,
But my jealous heart would break
Should we live one day asunder.

ROCHESTER, *Poems.*

But man, proud man!
Dress'd in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As *make the angels weep.*

SHAKS. *Measure for Measure,* act ii. sc. 2.

O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

T. OTTWAY, *Venice Preserved,* act i. sc. 1.

Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like *angels, trumpet-tongued,* against
The deep damnation of his taking-off.

SHAKS. *Macbeth,* act i. sc. 7.

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave—oh! leave the light of Hope behind!
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like *angel-visits, few and far between.*

T. CAMPBELL, *Pleas. of Hope,* pt. ii. l. 373.

We are ne'er like *angels till our passion dies.*

The Honest Whore, pt. ii. act i. sc. 2.

How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong;
Like *angel's visits, short* and bright,
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.

J. Norris, *The Parting.*

The good he scorned,
Stalked off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,
Not to return; or if it did, in visits
Like those of *angels, short and far between.*

R. Blair, *The Grave*, pt. ii. l. 566.

In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
All quiet their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blessed abodes,
Men would be angels, *angels would be gods.*

Pope, *Ep.* i. l. 123.

A countenance *more*
In sorrow than in anger.

Shaks. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 2.

O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and *anger of his lip!*

Shaks. *Twelfth Night*, act iii. sc. 1.

Angling is somewhat like Poetry, men are to be born so.

I. Walton, *The Complete Angler*, pt. i. ch. 1.

Be ye angry, and sin not: let not the sun go down upon your wrath.

Eph. iv. 26.

One fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is *lessen'd by another's anguish.*

Shaks. *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 2.

In Misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where *hopeless Anguish* poured his groan,
And lonely Want retired to die.

JOHNSON, *Epitaph on Robert Levett.*

Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple *annals of the poor.*

GRAY, *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*

Can storied urn, or *animated bust*
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?

Ibid.

Ye Gods! *annihilate but space and time,*
And make two lovers happy.

POPE, *Martinus Scriblerus,* ch. ii.

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed.

SHAKS. *King Rich. III.* act iv. sc. 4.

By happy chance we saw
A twofold image; on a grassy bank
A snow-white ram, and in the crystal flood,
Another and the same.

WORDSWORTH, *Excursion,* bk. ix.

Another's sword has laid him low,
Another's and another's;
And every hand that dealt the blow,
Ah! me, it was a brother's!

CAMPBELL, *O'Connor's Child,* st. 10.

A soft answer turneth away wrath.

Proverbs, xv. 1.

The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam,* xxviii.

For my voice I have lost it with holloaing, and *singing of anthems.*

SHAKS. *K. Hen. IV.* pt. ii. act i. sc. 1.

The *Anthropophagi*, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline.

SHAKS. *Othello*, act i. sc. 3.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some *sweet oblivious antidote*,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act v. sc. 3.

Antres vast, and desarts idle.

SHAKS. *Othello*, act i. sc. 3.

For *what is worth in anything*,
But so much money as't will bring?

BUTLER, *Hudibras*, pt. ii. can. i. l. 465.

How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose;
But *musical as is Apollo's lute*,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

MILTON, *Comus*, l. 476.

I have planted, *Apollos watered;* but God gave the increase.

1 *Cor.* iii. 6.

Not she with trait'rous kiss her Master stung,
Not she denied him with unfaithful tongue;
She, when apostles fled, could danger brave,
Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave.

BARRETT, *Woman.*

And prove their doctrine orthodox,
By *Apostolic blows and knocks.*

BUTLER, *Hudibras*, pt. i. can. i. l. 215.

Every true man's apparel fits your thief.

SHAKS. *Measure for Measure,* act iv. sc. 2.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the *apparel oft proclaims the man.*

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act i. sc. 3.

I have mark'd
A thousand *blushing apparitions* start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes.

SHAKS. *Much Ado about Nothing,* act iv. sc. 1.

Judge not *according to the appearance.*

John, vii. 24.

And then to *breakfast, with*
What appetite you have.

SHAKS. *K. Henry VIII.* act iii. sc. 2.

Appetite comes with eating, says Angeston.

F. RABELAIS, bk. i. ch. 5.

Now, *good digestion wait on appetite,*
And health on both!

SHAKS. *Macbeth,* act iii. sc. 4.

Why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of *appetite had grown*
By what it fed on.

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act i. sc. 2.

O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the *hungry edge of appetite,*
By bare imagination of a feast?

SHAKS. *K. Richard II.* act i. sc. 3.

I would *applaud thee to the very echo,*
That should applaud again.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act v. sc. 3.

He kept him as the *apple of his eye.*

Deut. xxxii. 10.

A goodly *apple rotten at the heart;*
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

SHAKS. *Merchant of Venice*, act i. sc. 3.

There is small *choice in rotten apples.*

SHAKS. *Taming of the Shrew*, act i. sc. 1.

A word fitly spoken is like *apples of gold* in pictures of silver.

Prov. xxv. 11.

With all *appliances and means to boot.*

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part II.* act iii. sc. 1.

Diseases, desperate grown,
By *desperate appliance* are reliev'd,
Or not at all.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iv. sc. 3.

The sense of *death is most in apprehension;*
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

SHAKS. *Measure for Measure*, act iii. sc. 1.

The *apprehension of the good,*
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.

SHAKS. *K. Richard II.* act i. sc. 3.

Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed.

T. MORTON, *A Cure for the Heart-ache*, act v. sc. 2.

An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and *approving Heaven.*

THOMPSON, *Spring*, l. 1161.

O, how this spring of love resembleth
The *uncertain glory of an April day.*
SHAKS. *Two Gentlemen of Verona,* act i. sc. 3.

Thirty days hath November,
April, June, and September,
February hath twenty-eight alone,
And all the rest have thirty-one.
Miscellaneous.

And all *Arabia breathes from yonder box.*
POPE, *The Rape of the Lock,* can. i. l. 134.

All the *perfumes of Arabia* will not sweeten this little hand.
SHAKS. *Macbeth,* act v. sc. 1.

Farewell, farewell to thee, *Araby's daughter.*
MOORE, *The Fire Worshippers.*

"*Arcades ambo,*" id est—blackguards both.
BYRON, *Don Juan,* can. iv. st. 93.

His form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than *Archangel ruined,* and the excess
Of glory obscured.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost,* bk. i. l. 591.

Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
Thy shaft flew thrice; and thrice my peace was slain;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had filled her horn.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts,* night i. l. 212.

Every man is *architect of his own fortune.*
Miscellaneous.

At length burst in the *argent revelry,*
With plume, tiara, and all rich array.
KEATS, *St. Agnes.*

Yet I *argue not*
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward.

MILTON, *Sonnet* xxii.

In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though *vanquished, he could argue* still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

GOLDSMITH, *Deserted Village*, l. 211.

Not to know me, *argues yourselves unknown*,
The lowest of your throng.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. iv. l. 830.

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the *staple of his argument.*

SHAKS. *Love's Labour's Lost*, act v. sc. i.

Presume to lay their hand upon the *ark*
Of her magnificent and awful cause.

COWPER, *The Task, The Timepiece*, bk. ii.

Than a successive title, long and dark,
Drawn from the mouldy *rolls of Noah's ark.*

DRYDEN, *Absalom and Achitophel*, pt. i. l. 301.

Ran on imbattled *armies clad in iron.*

MILTON, *Sampson Agonistes*, l. 129.

"Our *armies swore terribly* in Flanders," cried my uncle Toby, "but nothing to this."

L. STERNE, *Tristram Shandy*, vol. iii. chap. xi.

How happy is he born or taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose *armour is his honest thought*,
And simple truth his utmost skill.

SIR H. WOTTON, *The Character of a Happy Life.*

The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames,
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face:
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The *armourers, accomplishing the knights,*
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.

SHAKS. *K. Henry V.* act iv. chorus.

Arms and the man I sing, who forced by fate,
Nor less by Juno's unremitting hate.

DRYDEN'S *Trans. of Virg. Æn.* i.

Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day.

DRYDEN, *Cymon and Iphigenia,* l. 407.

Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace!

SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet,* act v. sc. 3.

Terrible as an *army with banners.*

Song of Solomon, vi. 10.

I have shot my *arrow o'er the house,*
And hurt my brother.

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act v. sc. 2.

Some *Cupid kills with arrows,* some with traps.

SHAKS. *Much Ado About Nothing,* act iii. sc. 1.

Th' *adorning thee with so much art*
Is but a barbarous skill;
'Tis like the poisoning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill.

COWLEY, *The Waiting Maid.*

And snatch a grace *beyond the reach of art.*
POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, pt. i. l. 153.

True *ease in writing comes from art*, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, pt. ii. l. 162.

For *art may err*, but Nature cannot miss.
DRYDEN, *The Cock and Fox*, l. 452.

The course of Nature is the *art of God.*
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night ix. l. 1267.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting.
LONGFELLOW, *A Psalm of Life.*

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, *than all the gloss of art.*
GOLDSMITH, *Deserted Village*, l. 253.

The last and greatest art, the *art to blot.*
POPE, *Sat. Ep. and Odes of Horace*, bk. ii. ep. i. l. 280.

The only *art her guilt to cover*,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom is—to die.
GOLDSMITH, *Elegy on a Mad Dog*, chap. xxiv.

With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroyed by thought.
CHURCHILL, *Ep. to William Hogarth.*

So full of *artless jealousy* is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.
SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iv. sc. 5.

Athens, the eye of Greece, *mother of arts*
And eloquence.
MILTON, *Paradise Regained*, bk. iv. l. 240.

Of all those *arts in which the wise excel,*
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.
SHEFFIELD, *Ess. of Poetry.*

We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine;
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry,
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.
COWLEY, *On the Death of Mr. W. Harvey.*

As I lay a thinkinge, a thinkinge, a thinkinge,
Merry sang the bird as it sat upon the tree.
T. INGOLDSBY, *Last Verses.*

As good as a play.
An Exclamation of Charles II. when in Parliament attending the Discussion of Lord Ross's Divorce Bill.

As he thinketh in his heart, so is he.
Prov. xxiii. 7.

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Which a grove of myrtles made.
R. BARNFIELD, *Address to the Nightingale.*

Earth to earth, *ashes to ashes,* dust to dust.
The Burial Service.

E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our *ashes, live their wonted fires.*
GRAY, *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*

Snatch from the *ashes* of your sires
The embers of their former fires,
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear,
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,

And leave his sons a hope, a fame
They too will rather die than shame;
For freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft is ever won.

BYRON, *The Giaour.*

And how can men die better
Than in facing fearful odds,
For the *ashes* of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods.

MACAULAY, *Lays of Ancient Rome.*

Ask, and it shall be given you, seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

Matt. vii. 7.

Ask not of me, love, what is love!
Ask what is good of God above—
Ask of the great sun what is light—
Ask what is darkness of the night—
Ask sin of what may be forgiven—
Ask what is happiness of Heaven—
Ask what is folly of the crowd—
Ask what is fashion of the shroud—
Ask what is sweetness of thy kiss—
Ask of thyself what beauty is;—
And, if they each should answer I!
Let me, too, join them with a sigh;
Oh! let me pray my life may prove
When thus, with thee, that I am love.

P. J. BAILEY, *Festus.*

And what its worth, *ask death-beds;* they can tell.

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts,* night ii. l. 81,

Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs.

GOLDSMITH, *She Stoops to Conquer,* act iii.

Tell it not in Gath: publish it not *in the streets of Askelon.*
2 *Sam.* i. 20.

Dear God! *the very houses seem asleep;*
And all that mighty heart is lying still!
Wordsworth, *Miscell. Sonnets,* pt. ii. xxxvi.

Here she lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood;
Who, *as soon fell fast asleep,*
As her little eyes did peep.
Give her strewings, but not stir
The earth that lightly covers her.
Herrick, *Hesperides,* Ep. xcviii.

Swell bosom with thy fraught,
For 'tis of *Aspick's* tongues!
Shaks. *Othello,* act iii. sc. 3.

What, will the *aspiring blood of Lancaster*
Sink in the ground?
Shaks. *Henry VI. Part III.* act v. sc. 6.

Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your *dull ass* will not mend his pace with beating.
Shaks. *Hamlet,* act v. sc. 1.

Egregiously an ass.
Shaks. *Othello,* act ii. sc. 1.

O, that he were here to *write me down an ass.*
Shaks. *Much Ado About Nothing,* act iv. sc. ii.

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly. If the *assassination*
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here.
Shaks. *Macbeth,* act i. sc. 7.

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
Shaks. *Hamlet,* act iii. sc. 4.

I'll make *assurance double sure*,
And take a bond of fate.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act iv. sc. 1.

A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every God did seem to set his seal,
To give the world *assurance of a man.*

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 4.

An *undevout astronomer* is mad.

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night ix. l. 771.

An atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended!

BURNS, *Ep. to a Young Friend.*

Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place,
(Portentous sight!) *the owlet Atheism*,
Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,
And hooting at the glorious sun in Heaven,
Cries out, "Where is it?"

COLERIDGE, *Fears in Solitude.*

By night an atheist half-believes a God.

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night v. l. 117.

With grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic though in ruin. Sage he stood,
With *Atlantean shoulders*, fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noontide air.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. ii. l. 300.

The *attempt, and not the deed*, confounds us.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act ii. sc. 2.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt,
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.

LOVELACE, *Seek and Find*

To dance attendance on their lordship's pleasures.

SHAKS. *K. Henry VIII.* act v. sc. 2.

Still govern thou my song,
Urania, and *fit audience find, though few.*

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. vii. l. 30.

Should *auld acquaintance* be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

BURNS, *Auld Lang Syne.*

We defy *augury.*

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act v. sc. 2.

As thou these ashes, little Brook! wilt bear
Into the Avon, *Avon to the tide*
Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
Into the main ocean they, this deed accursed
An emblem yields to friends and enemies,
How the bold Teacher's doctrine, sanctified
By truth, shall spread throughout the world dispersed.

WORDSWORTH, *To Wickliff.*

Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. i. l. 330.

I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my single self,
I had lief not be, as live to be
In *awe of such a thing as I*, myself.

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar*, act i. sc. 2.

And now also the *axe is laid unto the root* of the trees.

Luke iii. 9.

When I see a merchant over-polite to his customers, begging them to take a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter, thinks I, that man has an *axe to grind.*

BENJ. FRANKLIN, *Poor Richard.*

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the *azure robe of night,*
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light.

J. R. DRAKE.

BABBLED—BACKING.

BABBLED of green fields.

SHAKS. *K. Henry V.* act ii. sc. 3.

Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,
Perhaps the parent mourned her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew;
The big drops, mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptized in tears.

J. LANGHORNE, *the Country Justice*, pt. i.

Baby fingers, waxen touches press me from the mother's breast.

TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall.*

When I said *I would die a bachelor*, I did not think I should live till I were married.

SHAKS. *Much Ado About Nothing*, act ii. sc. 3.

Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

BP. STILL, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, act ii.

Call you that backing of your friends? *a plague upon such backing.*

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act ii. sc. 4.

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by *thumps upon your back*
How he esteems your merit;
Is such a friend that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon or to bear it.

COWPER, *Friendship.*

With his *back to the field*, and his feet to the foe.

CAMPBELL, *Lochiel's Warning.*

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings *barbaric pearl and gold*,
Satan sat exalted, by merit raised
To that *bad eminence.*

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. ii. l. 1.

Sufferance is the *badge of all our tribe.*

SHAKS. *Mer. of Venice*, act i. sc. 3.

Behold, the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small *dust of the balance.*

Isaiah xl. 15.

Thou art *weighed in the balances*, and art found wanting.

Dan. v. 27.

The noise of life begins again,
And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain
On the *bald street breaks the blank day.*

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

Thoughts shut up, want air,
And spoil like *bales unopened* to the sun.

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, Night ii. 466.

A *ballad* to the wandering moon.

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, can. lxxviii. v. 8.

I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of these *same metre ballad-mongers.*
SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act iii. sc. 1.

I knew a very wise man that believed that, if a man were permitted to make all the *ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.*
ANDREW FLETCHER, *of Saltoun. Letter to the Marquis of Montrose, the Earl of Rothes, &c.*

Thespis, the first professor of our art,
At country wakes *sung ballads from a cart.*
DRYDEN, *Prologue to Lee's Sophonisba.*

There's something in a flying horse,
There's something in a *huge balloon.*
WORDSWORTH, *Peter Bell, Prologue,* st. i.

Is there, *is* there *balm in Gilead?*—tell me—tell me I implore.
POE, *The Raven.*

Is there no *balm in Gilead?* is there no physician there?
Jer. viii. 22.

Methought, I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!"
Macbeth does murder sleep! the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleave of care.
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.
SHAKS. *Macbeth,* act ii. sc. 1.

My death and life,
My *bane and antidote,* are both before me.
ADDISON, *Cato,* act v. sc. 1.

The *bane of all that dread the devil.*
WORDSWORTH, *The Idiot Boy.*

I know a bank, whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows.
SHAKS. *Midsummer Night's Dream,* act ii. sc. 2.

Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.
SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act ii. sc. 4.

Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust!"
And the *star-spangled banner*, O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
F. S. KEY, *The Star-spangled Banner.*

Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still: They come. Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn.
SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act v. sc. 5.

I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some *banquet-hall deserted*,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.
MOORE, *Oft in the Stilly Night.*

She comes a-reckoning *when the banquet's o'er*,
The dreadful reckoning, and men smile no more.
J. GAY, *The What D'ye Call't*, act ii. sc. 9.

Who breaks his birth's invidious *bar*,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance.
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, can. lxiii. v. 2.

There were his *young barbarians* all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. iv. st. 141.

Say, shall my little *bark attendant sail*,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
POPE, *Ep.* iv. l. 390.

I sit within a helmless *bark*,
And with my heart I muse.

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, can. iv. v. 1.

Inspiring bold *John Barleycorn*,
What dangers thou canst make us scorn.

R. BURNS, *Tam O'Shanter.*

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a *barren sceptre* in my gripe;
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act iii. sc. 1.

Is base in kind, and born to be a slave.

COWPER, *Table Talk.*

Base is the slave that pays.

SHAKS. *K. Henry V.* act ii. sc. 1.

To what *base uses* we may return, Horatio!

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act v. sc. 1.

Is there no *baseness* we would hide,
No inner vileness that we dread?

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, can. l. v. 1.

She finds the *baseness* of her lot,
Half jealous of she knows not what.

Ibid. can. lix. v. 2.

He is but a *bastard to the time*,
That doth not smack of observation.

SHAKS. *K. John*, act i. sc. 1.

And topples round the dreary west
A looming *bastion fringed with fire.*

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, xv.

In a bondman's key,
With *'bated breath*, and whispering humbleness.

SHAKS. *Mer. of Venice*, act i. sc. 3.

When *sorrows come, they come not single spies,*
But in battalions!

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iv. sc. 5.

Ye mariners of England,
That guard our native seas!
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The *battle and the breeze.*

CAMPBELL, *Ye Mariners of England.*

For *Freedom's battle, once begun,*
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

BYRON, *The Giaour*, l. 123.

How are the *mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!*

2 *Sam.* i. 25.

The race is not to the swift, nor the *battle to the strong.*

Eccles. xi. 1.

Heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the *perilous edge*
Of battle.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. i. l. 275.

Who *battled* for the true, the just.

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, can. lv. v. 5.

Battle's magnificently-stern array!

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. iii. st. 28.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain.

DRYDEN, *Alexander's Feast*, l. 66.

The battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I *have passed.*

SHAKS. *Othello*, act i. sc. 3.

With battlements, that on their restless fronts
Bore stars.

WORDSWORTH, *The Excursion*, bk. ii.

I'd rather be a dog, and *bay the moon*,
Than such a Roman.

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar*, act iv. s. 3.

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic, if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

POPE, *An Essay on Criticism*, pt. ii. l. 135.

Be of good cheer: it is I, be not afraid.

Matt. xiv. 27.

Be plain in dress, and sober in your diet;
In short, my deary, kiss me! and be quiet.

LADY M. W. MONTAGU.*

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 3.

Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind.

PRIOR, *An English Padlock.*

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer.

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night i. l. 390.

Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

YOUNG, *Love of Fame*, satire ii. l. 282.

Be wisely worldly; but not worldly wise.

FRANCIS QUARLES, *Emblems*, bk. ii. 2.

A very *beadle to a humorous sigh.*

SHAKS. *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iii. sc. 1.

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* Called by her "A Summary of Lord Lyttelton's Advice to a Lady."
"The counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear!" &c.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite;
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And *beads and prayer-books* are the toys of age:
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

POPE, *Ep.* ii. l. 275.

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.

POPE, *Ep. to Dr. Arbuthnot, Prol. to the Satires*, l. 197.

Ye Gods it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And *bear the palm* alone.

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar*, act i. sc. 2.

Loose his *beard, and hoary hair*
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air.

GRAY, *The Bard*, pt. i. st. 2.

And dar'st thou then
To *beard the lion* in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?

SCOTT, *Marmion*, can. vi. st. 14.

'Tis merry in hall
When *beards wag all.*

THOM. TUSSER, *Five Hund. Points of Good Husbandry*, ch. xlvi.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let *bears and lions growl* and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

I. WATTS, *Divine Songs*, song xvi.

It is a *familiar beast to man*, and signifies—love.

SHAKS. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act i. sc. 1.

More upward working out the *beast*,
And let the ape and tiger die.

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, can. cxvii. v. 7.

A *righteous man regardeth the life of his beast;* but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.

Proverbs, xii. 10.

A *beast, that wants discourse of reason.*

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 2.

Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learned Chaucer, and rare *Beaumont lie*
A little nearer Spenser, to make room
For Shakspeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.

WILL. BASSE, *On Shakspeare.*

Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!
My Shakspeare rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid *Beaumont lie*
A little further, to make thee a room.

BEN JONSON, *To the Memory of Shaks.*

So stands the statue that enchants the world,
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
The mingled *beauties of exulting Greece.*

THOMSON, *The Seasons*, Summer, l. 1316.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light!

SIR H. WOTTON, *To his Mistress the Queen of Bohemia.*

She's *beautiful; and therefore to be wooed:*
She is a woman; and therefore to be won.

SHAKS. *King Henry VI. Part I.* act v. sc. 3.

Beautiful as sweet;
And young as beautiful; and soft as young;
And gay as soft; and innocent as gay!

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night iii. l. 81.

If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How *beautiful beyond compare*
Will paradise be found.

J. MONTGOMERY, *The Earth full of God's Goodness.*

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical.

SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet*, act iii. sc. 2.

The air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and *beautifully less.*

PRIOR, *Henry and Emma.*

And *beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.*'

BEATTIE, *Hermit.*

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness.

J. KEATS, *Endymion*, l. 1.

'Tis *beauty calls and glory leads* the way.

NATH. LEE, *Alexander the Great*, act ii. sc. 2.

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And *beauty draws us with a single air.*

POPE, *The Rape of the Lock*, can. ii. l. 27.

Fills the air around with beauty.

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. iv. st. 21.

To give unto them *beauty for ashes*, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

Isaiah, lxi. 3.

He hath a daily *beauty in his life.*

SHAKS. *Othello*, act v. sc. 1.

Underneath this stone doth lie
As *much beauty as could die;*
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live.

BEN JONSON, *Epitaph on Elizabeth.*

Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.
J. KEATS, *Ode on a Grecian Urn.*

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the *lines where beauty lingers.*
BYRON, *The Giaour*, l. 68.

For where is any author in the world
Teaches such *beauty as a woman's eye?*
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself.
SHAKS. *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iv. sc. 3.

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.
BYRON, *Hebrew Melodies.*

There shall be Love, when genial warm appears,
Like pensive *Beauty smiling in her tears.*
CAMPBELL, *Pleasures of Hope*, pt. ii. l. 95.

'Tis *beauty truly blent*, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.
SHAKS. *Twelfth Night*, act i. sc. 5.

To sigh, yet feel no pain,
To weep, yet scarce know why;
To sport an hour with *Beauty's chain*,
Then throw it idly by.
MOORE, *The Blue Stocking.*

Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.

SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet*, act v. sc. 3.

Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;
Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle.

MOORE, *Soliloquy on a Beauty in the Country.*

Misery acquaints a man with *strange bedfellows.*

SHAKS. *Tempest*, act ii. sc. 2.

Cos. Pray now, what may be that same *będ of honour.*

Kite. Oh, a mighty large bed! bigger by half than the great *bed at Ware*—ten thousand people may lie in it together, and never feel one another.

G. FARQUHAR, *The Recruiting Officer*, act i. sc. 1.

How doth *the little busy bee*
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day,
From every opening flower.

I. WATTS, *Divine Songs*, song xx.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie.

SHAKS. *Tempest*, act v. sc. 1.

Iago. To suckle fools, and *chronicle small beer.*

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!

SHAKS. *Othello*, act ii. sc. 1.

Sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of *innumerable bees.*

TENNYSON, *The Princess*, can. vii.

When King Cophetua loved the *beggar* maid.

SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 1.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty;
A *beggar that is dumb, you know,*
May challenge double pity.

SIR W. RALEIGH, *The Silent Lover.*

For her own person,
It *beggared all description.*

SHAKS. *Antony and Cleopatra,* act ii. sc. 2.

There's *beggary in the love* that can be reckoned.

Ibid, act i. sc. 1.

A *beggarly account of empty boxes.*

SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet,* act v. sc. 1.

The *beggarly last doit.*

COWPER, *The Task,* bk. v., *Winter Morning Walk.*

When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar,* act ii. sc. 2.

Begone, dull care, I prithee begone from me;
Begone, dull care, thou and I shall never agree.

From PLAYFORD'S *Musical Companion.*

And often did *beguile* her of her tears.

SHAKS. *Othello,* act i. sc. 3.

Faery elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side,
Or fountain, some *belated peasant* sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost,* bk. i. l. 781.

When night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the *sons*
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost,* bk. i. l. 500.

Stands not within the *prospect of belief.*

SHAKS. *Macbeth,* act i. sc. 3.

But the sound of the *church-going bell*
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a sabbath appeared.
COWPER, *Lines supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk.*

Silence that dreadful bell; it frights the isle
From her propriety.
SHAKS. *Othello*, act ii. sc. 3.

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sudden bell,
Remembered knolling a departed friend.
SHAKS. *King Henry IV. Part II.* act i. sc. 1.

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like *sweet bells jangled, out of tune* and harsh.
SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 1.

The *bell* invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or hell.
SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act ii. sc. 1.

The *bell* strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night i. l. 55.

Whose *God is their belly*, and whose glory is in their shame.
Philemon, iii. 19.

Every Jack-slave hath his *belly-full* of fighting.
SHAKS. *Cymbeline*, act ii. sc. 1.

Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.
GRAY, *The Progress of Poetry*, pt. iii. st. 3.

Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.
BURNS, *The Cotter's Saturday Night.*

A little *bench of heedless bishops* here,
And there a chancellor in embryo.

WILL. SHENSTONE, *The Schoolmistress.*

There's a bower of roses by *Bendemeer's stream.*

THOMAS MOORE, *The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

They fool me to the *top of my bent.*

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 2.

From the *still-vexed Bermoothes.*

SHAKS. *Tempest*, act i. sc. 2.

I come to pluck your berries, harsh and crude,
And, with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.

MILTON, *Lycidas*, l. 3.

Two lovely *berries* moulded on one stem.

SHAKS. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act iii. sc. 2.

The *best good man with the worst natured* muse.

ROCHESTER, *An Allusion to the Tenth Satire of the First Book of Horace.*

The *best in this kind are but shadows.*

SHAKS. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act v. sc. 1.

They say, *best men are moulded out of faults.*

SHAKS. *Measure for Measure*, act v. sc. 1.

The *best of men*,
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit.
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

THOMAS DEKKER, *The Honest Whore*, pt. i. act i. sc. 12.

Better a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

Proverbs, xv. 17.

I could have *better spared a better man.*

SHAKS. *King Henry IV. Part I.* act v. sc. 4.

Verily
I swear 'tis *better to be lowly born,*
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

SHAKS. *King Henry VIII.* act ii. sc. 3.

'Tis *better to have loved and lost,*
Than never to have loved at all.

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam,* xxvii.

Though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse
Appear the *better* reason.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost,* bk. ii. l. 113.

Bolus arrived, and gave a doubtful tap,
Between a single and a double rap.

COLEMAN, *Broad Grins.*

And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

SHAKS. *King Henry IV. Part I.* act i. sc. 3.

Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.

COWPER, *The Needless Alarm,* moral.

Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act i. sc. 3.

Under which king? Bezonian, speak, or die.

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part II.* act v. sc. 3.

The doctrine of chances is the *Bible of the fool.*

Times Newspaper.

Bibles laid open, millions of surprises.

SUCKLING, *Sin.*

The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, the important day, *big with the fate*
Of Cato, and of Rome.

ADDISON, *Cato*, act i. sc. 1.

And so I penned
It down, until at last it came to be,
For length and breadth, the *bigness which you see.*

BUNYAN, *Apology for his Book.*

Strongly it bears us along, in *swelling and limitless billows*,
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean.

COLERIDGE, *The Homeric Hexameter.*

And *binding Nature fast in fate*,
Left free the human will.

POPE, *Universal Prayer.*

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This *bird of dawning* singeth all night long:
And then they say no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 1.

For a *bird of the air* shall carry the voice, and that which had wings shall tell the matter.

Eccles. x. 20.

Sweet *bird, that shunn'st* the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!

MILTON, *Il Penseroso*, l. 61.

For time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no *birds in last year's nest!*

LONGFELLOW, *It is not always May.*

Our *birth is but a sleep* and a forgetting.

WORDSWORTH, *Intimations of Immortality*, st. 5.

While man is growing, life is in decrease;
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our *birth is nothing but our death* begun.

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night v. l. 717.

If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the *remainder biscuit*
After a voyage, he hath strange places crammed
With observation.

SHAKS. *As You Like It*, act ii. sc. 7.

Scarce can a *bishopric forepass them bye*,
But that it must be gelt in privacy.

SPENSER, *Prosopopoia, or Mother Hubbard's Tale.*

There was a state without king or nobles; there was a *church without a bishop*; there was a people governed by grave magistrates which it had selected, and equal laws which it had framed.

CHOATE, *Speech before the New England Society, New York, Dec.* 22, 1843.

Of all the griefs that harass the distressed,
Sure the most *bitter is a scornful jest.*

JOHNSON, *London*, l. 166.

But hushed be every thought that springs
From out the *bitterness of things.*

WORDSWORTH, *Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces*, xiii.

Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act iv. sc. 1.

The sun had long since in the lap
Of Thetis taken out his nap,
And, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From *black to red began to turn.*

BUTLER, *Hudibras*, pt. ii. can. ii. l. 29.

Give you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as *plenty as blackberries*, I would give no man a reason on compulsion.

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act ii. sc. 4.

Besides 'tis known he could speak Greek,
As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a *blackbird 'tis to whistle.*

BUTLER, *Hudibras*, pt. i. can. i. l. 51.

A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up *like a bladder.*

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act ii. sc. 4.

Whose wit in the combat, as gentle, as bright,
Ne'er carried a *heart-stain away on its blade.*

MOORE, *On the Death of Sheridan.*

And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two *blades of grass, to grow* upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.

SWIFT, *Gulliver's Travels, Brobdignag*, ch. 7.

How happy is the *blameless vestal's lot!*
The world forgetting, by the world forgot.

POPE, *Eloisa to Abelard*, l. 207.

Duke And what's her history?
Viola. A *blank*, my lord.

SHAKS. *Twelfth Night*, act ii. sc. 4.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the *blast of war* blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood.

SHAKS. *K. Henry V.* act iii. sc. 1.

O Heaven! he cried, my *bleeding country save.*

CAMPBELL, *Pleasures of Hope*, pt. i. l. 359.

It is *more blessed to give* than to receive.

Acts, xx. 35.

Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

ADDISON, *Cato*, act i. sc. 4.

My *blessing* like a line of light,
Is on the waters day and night.

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, can. xvii. v. 3.

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares,
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!

WORDSWORTH, *Personal Talk*, st. 4.

How *blessings brighten* as they take their flight!

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night ii. l. 602.

For *blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds*,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

WILL. CONGREVE, *The Morning Bride*, act v. sc. 12.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but *always to be blest.*
The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind.

POPE, *Ep.* i. l. 95.

I die—but first I have possessed,
And come what may, *I have been blest.*

BYRON, *The Giaour*, l. 1114.

Blest paper credit! last and best supply!
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly.

POPE, *Ep.* iii. l. 39.

Be that *blind bard*, who on the Chian strand,
By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey,
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

COLERIDGE, *Fancy in Nubibus.*

I was *eyes to the blind*, and feet was I to the lame.

Job, xxix. 15.

Ye *blind guides*, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel.

Matt. xxiii. 24.

The school boy heat,
The *blind hysterics of the Celt.*

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, can. viii.

And *if the blind lead the blind*, both shall fall into the ditch.

Matt. xv. 14.

The *blind old man* of Scio's rocky isle.

BYRON, *The Bride of Abydos*, can. ii. st. 2.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that hast survived the fall!

COWPER, *The Task, The Garden*, bk. iii.

Alas! by some degree of *woe*
We every bliss must gain;
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.

LYTTELTON, *Song.*

Very, very vain, my weary search to find
That *bliss which only centres in the mind.*

GOLDSMITH, *The Traveller*, l. 423.

That inward eye
Which is the *bliss of solitude.*

WORDSWORTH, *I Wandered Lonely.*

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven.

WORDSWORTH, *The Prelude.*

Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
'Tis *virtue makes the bliss,* where'er we dwell.

W. COLLINS, *Eclogue* i. l. 5.

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head.

POPE, *An Essay on Criticism,* pt. iii. l. 53.

You cannot get *blood out of a stone.**

Old Proverb.

Sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt in along the heart.

WORDSWORTH, *Tintern Abbey.*

The *blood will follow where the knife* is driven,
The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear.

YOUNG, *The Revenge,* act v. sc. 1.

We understood
Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent *blood*
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say her body thought.

DR. J. DONNE, *Funeral Elegies on the Progress of the Soul.*

What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the *blood of all the Howards.*

POPE, *Ep.* iv. l. 215.

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* Nemo potest nudo vestimenta detrahere.—*Latin Proverb.* A Scotch saying similar to this is, "It is ill takin' the breeks off a Highlandman," *i.e.* he has no breeks.—ED.

The *blood of the martyrs* is the seed of the Church.

Miscellaneous.

For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and *rebellious liquors in my blood.*

SHAKS. *As You Like It*, act ii. sc. 3.

The *blood more stirs*
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act i. sc. 3.

Fallen from his high estate,
And *weltering in his blood;*
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.

DRYDEN, *Alex. Feast*, l. 73.

Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.

Gen. ix. 6.

Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act i. sc. 7.

For his chaste muse employed her heaven-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire,
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line, which *dying he could wish to blot.*

LORD LYTTELTON, *Prologue to Thomson's Coriolanus.*

O'er her warm cheek, the rising bosom, move
The *bloom of young Desire*, and purple light of Love.

GRAY, *The Progress of Poesy*, pt. i. st. 3.

Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
SHAKS. *King Lear*, act iii. sc. 2.

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not,
Who would be free, *themselves must strike the blow?*
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. ii. st. 76.

Blow, *blow, thou winter wind,*
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.
SHAKS. *As You Like It*, act ii. sc. 7.

O "darkly, *deeply, beautifully blue,*"
As some one somewhere sings about the sky.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, can. iv. st. 110.

The sea, the sea, the open sea!
The *blue, the fresh, the ever free!*
B. W. PROCTER, *The Sea.*

O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us!
It wad *frae monie a blunder* free us,
And foolish notion.
BURNS, *To a Louse.*

In men this blunder still you find,
All think their little set mankind.
HANNAH MORE, *The Bas Bleu.*

It is *a blunder:* it is more than a crime, it is a political fault, words which I record because they have been repeated and attributed to others.
J. FOUCHÉ, *from his Memoirs.*

But 'neath yon crimson tree,
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
Her blush of maiden shame.
BRYANT, *Autumn Woods.*

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man. To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his *blushing honours* thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost.

SHAKS. *K. Henry VIII.* act iii. sc. 2.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.

Prov. xxvii. 1.

Such is the *patriot's boast*, where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is at home.

GOLDSMITH, *The Traveller*, l. 77.

Vessels large may venture more,
But *little boats should keep near shore.*

BENJ. FRANKLIN, *Poor Richard.*

And sat upon a rock, and *bobbed for a whale.*

W. KING, *Upon a Giant's Angling.*

To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die,—to sleep,—
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heartache, and a thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die;—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance, to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a *bare bodkin?* who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 1.

For of the soul the *body form doth take*
For soul is form, and doth the body make.

SPENSER, *Hymn in Honour of Beauty*, l. 132.

Is it so *nominated in the bond?*

SHAKS. *Mer. of Venice*, act iv. sc. 1.

Who is here so base, that *would be a bondman?*
If any, speak; for him have I offended.

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar*, act iii. sc. 2.

Bone and skin, two millers thin,
Would starve us all, or near it;
But be it known to Skin and Bone,
That Flesh and Blood can't bear it.

BYRON, *Ep. on Two Monopolists.*

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his *bones are coral* made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.

SHAKS. *Tempest*, act i. sc. 2.

For ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within *full of dead men's bones.*

Matt. xxiii. 27.

The evil that men do, lives after them;
The *good is oft interred with their bones.*

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar*, act iii. sc. 2.

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to *lay his weary bones* among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!

SHAKS. *K. Henry VIII.* act iv. sc. 2.

Some say, compared to *Bononcini*,
That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
Others aver that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

SWIFT, *On the Feuds between Handel and Bononcini.*

When yet was ever found a mother
Who'd give her booby for another.

GAY, *The Mother, Nurse, and Fairy.*

My *book and heart*
Must never part.

Miscell. From the New England Primer.

As *good almost kill a man as kill a good book;* who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself.

MILTON, *Areopagitica.*

He hath never fed of the *daintics that are bred in a book.*

SHAKS. *Love's Labour's Lost,* act iv, sc. 2.

Your *face, my thane, is as a book,* where men
May read strange matters.

SHAKS. *Macbeth,* act i. sc. 5.

Boughs are daily rifled
By the gusty thieves,
And the *book of Nature,*
Getteth short of leaves.

HOOD, *The Seasons.*

A good *book is the precious life-blood* of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.

MILTON, *Areopagitica.*

Often have I sighed to measure
By myself a lonely pleasure,
Sighed to *think I read a book,*
Only read, perhaps by me.

WORDSWORTH, (*To the Small Celandine*) *From Poems of Fancy.*

'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A *book's a book,* although there's nothing in't.

BYRON, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,* l. 61.

Books cannot always please, however good;
Minds are not ever craving for their food.

CRABBE, *The Borough,* letter xxiv. Schools.

He might have been a clever man by nature, but he laid so many *books on his head* that his brain had not room to move.

ROBERT HALL, *Life.*

Of *making many books there is no end;* and much study is a weariness of the flesh.

Eccles. xii. 12.

The painful warrior, famousèd for fight,
After a thousand victories once foiled,
Is from the *books of honour razed* quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.

SHAKS. *Sonnets,* son. xxv.

Learning hath gained most by those *books by which the printers have lost.*

FULLER, (*The Virtuous Lady*) *Of Books.*

Up! up! my friend, and *quit your books,*
Or surely you'll grow double:
Up! up! my friend, and clear your books;
Why all this toil and trouble?

WORDSWORTH, *The Tables Turned.*

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.

BACON, Ess. i. *Of Studies.*

The *spectacles of books.*

DRYDEN, *Essay on Dramatic Poetry.*

My only *books*
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.

MOORE, *The Time I've Lost, &c.*

Books which are no books.

LAMB, *Detached Thoughts on Books.*

Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And Learning *wiser grow without his books.*

COWPER, bk. vi. *Winter Walk at Noon.*

Her pretty feet, like snails, did creep
A little out, and then,
As if they *played at Bo-peep,*
Did soon draw in again.

HERRICK, *On her Feet.*

Society is now one polished horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes, the *bores and bored.*

BYRON, *Don Juan*, can. xiii. st. 95.

And *better had they ne'er been born,*
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

SCOTT, *The Monastery*, vol. i. ch. 12.

Born in a garret, in the kitchen bred.

BYRON, *A Sketch.*

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is *born to blush unseen,*
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

GRAY, *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*

I was not *born under a rhyming planet.*

SHAKS. *Measure for Measure*, act v. sc. 2.

In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.

SCOTT, *Marmion*, can. iii. st. 10.

Neither *a borrower nor a lender be,*
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—To thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 3.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The *bosom of his Father* and his God.

GRAY'S *Elegy, The Epitaph.*

Come home to men's business and bosoms.

BACON, *Dedication to the Essays*, Ed. 1615.

My *bosom's lord sits lightly* in his throne.

SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet*, act v. sc. 1.

O bosom, black as death!
O limed soul: that struggling to be free,
Art only more engaged. Help, Angels, make assay!
Bow stubborn knees! and heart with strings of steel
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 3.

Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide:
Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosomed high in tufted trees.

MILTON, *L'Allegro*, l. 75.

Solid men of Boston, make no long orations;
Solid men of Boston, drink no deep potations.

MORRIS, *Billy Pitt and the Farmer.*

One that would peep and *botanize*
Upon his mother's grave.

WORDSWORTH, *A Poet's Epitaph*, st. 5.

And *both were young*, and one was beautiful.

BYRON, *The Dream*, st. 2.

Both were so young, and one so innocent,
That bathing passed for nothing.

BYRON, *Don Juan*, can. ii. v. 172.

Bless thee, *Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.*

SHAKS. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act iii. sc. 1.

Not stepping o'er the *bounds of modesty*.

SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet*, act iv. sc. 2.

A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.
Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

GRAY'S *Elegy, The Epitaph.*

Here lies what once was Matthew Prior;
The son of Adam and of Eve:
Can *Bourbon or Nassau* claim higher?

PRIOR, *Epitaph on Himself.*

And that it was a great pity, so it was,
This villainous saltpetre should be digged
Out of the *bowels of the harmless earth,*
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns
He would himself have been a soldier.

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act i. sc. 3.

Thus far into the *bowels of the land*
Have we marched on without impediment.

SHAKS. *K. Richard III.* act v. sc. 2.

There St. John mingles *with my friendly bowl,*
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.

POPE, bk. ii. sat. i. l. 127.

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the *golden bowl be broken,* or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

Ecclesiastes, ch. xii. v. 6.

Ah, happy years! once more *who would not be a boy?*

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,* can. ii. st. 23.

Though the deep heart of existence beat for ever *like a boy's.*

TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall.*

And when with envy time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll *go wooing in my boys.*

PERCY'S RELIQUES, *Winefreda.*

The time hath been, a *boyish blushing time,*
When modesty was scarcely held a crime.

CHAS. CHURCHILL, *Times,* l. 1.

Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from *Bozrah.*

Isaiah, ch. lxiii. v. 1.

O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And *braggart with my tongue!*

Shaks. *Macbeth,* act iv. sc. 3.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand?
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight; or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation
Proceeding from the *heat oppressed brain?*

Ibid. act ii. sc. 1.

Shall quips, and sentences, and these *paper bullets of the brain* awe a man from the career of his humour?

Shaks. *Much Ado About Nothing,* act. ii. sc. 3.

Brain him with his lady's fan.

Shaks. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act ii. sc. 3.

Memory, the warder of the brain.

Shaks. *Macbeth,* act i. sc. 7.

This is the *very coinage of your brain.*

Shaks. *Hamlet,* act iii. sc. 4.

Within the book and *volume of my brain.*

Ibid. act i. sc. 5.

Cudgel thy brains no more about it.

Ibid. act v. sc. 1.

O that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to *steal away their brains.*

Shaks. *Othello,* act ii. sc. 3.

The times have been,
That, when the *brains were out,* the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools.

Shaks. *Macbeth,* act iii. sc. 4.

Claret is the liquor for boys, port for men; but he who aspires to be *a hero must drink brandy.*

JOHNSON, *Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

Men's *evil manners live in brass;* their virtues
We write in water.

SHAKS. *K. Henry VIII.* act iv. sc. 2.

As *sounding brass*, or a tinkling cymbal.

1 *Cor.* xiii. 1.

None but the *brave deserves the fair.*

DRYDEN, *Alexander's Feast*, l. 15.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blessed?

COLLINS, *Ode in* 1746.

The combat deepens. *On ye brave,*
Who rush to glory, or the grave!

CAMPBELL, *Hohenlinden.*

But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honoured in the breach, than the observance.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 4.

As quick as lightning, in the *breach,*
Just in the place where honour's lodged,
As wise philosophers have judged,
Because a kick in that place more
Hurts honour, than deep wounds before.

BUTLER, *Hudibras*, pt. vi. can. iii. l. 1067.

Gets him to rest, crammed with *distressful bread.*

SHAKS. *K. Henry V.* act iv. sc. 1.

Stolen waters are sweet, and *bread eaten in secret* is pleasant.

Prov. ix. 17.

Man shall not live by bread alone.

Matt. iv. 4.

Cast thy *bread upon the waters;* for thou shalt find it after many days.

Eccles. xi. 1.

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

TENNYSON, *Poems.*

You may as well say—that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his *breakfast on the lip of a lion.*

SHAKS. *K. Henry V.* act iii. sc. 7.

He that has light *within his own clear breast*
May sit i' th' centre and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun.

MILTON, *Comus,* l. 381.

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part II.* act iii. sc. 2.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay,
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade,
A *breath can make them,* as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village,* l. 51.

When the *good man yields his breath*
(For the good man never dies).

MONTGOMERY, *The Wanderer of Switzerland.*

One more unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death.

HOOD, *The Bridge of Sighs.*

And all the landscape—earth, and sky, and sea—
Breathes like a bright-eyed face that laughs out openly.
LEIGH HUNT, *Rimini*, can. i.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?
SCOTT, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, can. vi. st. i.

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His *breeches cost him but a crown;*
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor—lown.
SHAKS. *Othello*, act ii. sc. 3.

Rome, thou hast lost the *breed of noble bloods.*
SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar*, act. i. sc. 2.

United yet divided, twain at once,
So sit *two kings of Brentford* on one throne.
COWPER, *The Task*, bk. i. *The Sofa.*

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for *brethren to dwell together in unity.*
Psalm cxxxiii. 1.

Brevity is the soul of wit.
SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act. ii. sc. 2.

O how *full of briars is this working-day world.*
SHAKS. *As You Like It*, act i. sc. 3.

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune;
He had not the method of making a fortune.
GRAY, *On his own Character.*

Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the *bricks are alive* at this day to testify it.
SHAKS. *King Henry IV. Part II.* act iv. sc. 2.

Beautiful Venice! *bride of the sea.*

J. E. CARPENTER, *Songs.*

I stood in Venice, on the *Bridge of Sighs;*
A palace and a prison on each hand.

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. iv. st. 1.

Hamlet. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?
Ophelia. *'Tis brief,* my lord.
Hamlet. As woman's love.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 2.

Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And, ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

SHAKS. *Mid. Night's Dream*, act i. sc. 1.

"Forward the *Light Brigade!*
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of death
Rode the Six Hundred.

TENNYSON, *Charge of the Light Brigade.*

By heaven methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck *bright honour* from the pale-faced moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks.

SHAKS. *King Henry IV. Part I.* act i. sc. 3.

It were all one,
That I should love a *bright particular star,*
And think to wed it; she's so much above me!

SHAKS. *All's Well that Ends Well*, act i. sc. 1.

Bright Apollo's lute strung with his hair.

SHAKS. *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iv. sc. 3.

There's not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the *bright waters meet.*

MOORE, *The Meeting of the Waters.*

Brightest and best are the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid.

HEBER, *Christmas Hymn.*

Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

GRAY, *The Progress of Poesy*, part ii. st. 3.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.

CAMPBELL, *Ye Mariners of England.*

Rule Britannia, *Britannia rules the waves;*
Britons never will be slaves.

DYER, *Alfred*, act ii. sc. 5.

Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea.

TENNYSON, *Dedication of Poems.*

An honest man, close buttoned to the chin,
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within.

COWPER, *Epistle to Joseph Hill.*

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the *brook and river meet*,
Womanhood and childhood fleet.

LONGFELLOW, *Maidenhood.*

The moon looks
On many brooks,
The *brook can see no moon* but this.

MOORE, *While Gazing on the Moon's light.*

A *noise like of a hidden brook*
In the leafy month of June.

COLERIDGE, *The Ancient Mariner*, part v.

Oh for a seat in some poetic nook,
Just hid with trees and *sparkling with a brook.*

HUNT, *Politics and Poetics.*

Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
A *brother to relieve, how exquisite* the bliss.

BURNS, *A Winter's Night.*

His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a *vera brither,*
They had been fou for weeks together.

BURNS, *Tam o'Shanter.*

Men, *my brothers,* men the workers, ever reaping something new.

TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall.*

Sweet are the pleasures that to verse belong,
And doubly sweet a *brotherhood in song.*

KEATS, *Epistles.*

Monastic brotherhood, upon rock aërial.

WORDSWORTH, *The Excursion,* bk. iii.

Am I my *brother's keeper?*

Gen. iv. 9.

Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

BURNS, *Tam o'Shanter.*

A *bruised reed* shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench.

Isaiah, xlii. 3.

For *Brutus is an honourable man;*
So are they all, all honourable men.

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar,* act iii. sc. 2

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them.

SHAKS. *Macbeth,* act i. sc. 3

A solitary shriek, the *bubbling cry*
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

BYRON, *Don Juan,* can. ii. st. 83.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.

WORDSWORTH.

From reveries so airy, from the toil
Of *dropping buckets into empty wells*,
And growing old in drawing nothing up.

COWPER, *The Task*, bk iii. *The Garden.*

Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four *rogues in buckram* let drive at me.

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act ii. sc. 4.

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening *bud to Heaven conveyed*,
And bade it blossom there.

COLERIDGE, *Epitaph on an Infant.*

Where, where was Roderick then?
One blast upon his bugle horn
Were worth a thousand men.

SCOTT, *The Lady of the Lake*, can. iv. st. 18.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night cloud had lowered,
And sentinel stars set their watch in the sky.

CAMPBELL, *The Soldier's Dream.*

I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house,
Wherein at ease for age to dwell.
I said, "O soul, make merry and carouse,
Dear soul, for all is well."

TENNYSON, *Palace of Art.*

He knew
Himself to sing, and *build the lofty rhyme.*

MILTON, *Lycidas*, l. 10.

He *builded better than he knew.*

EMERSON, *The Problem.*

Built God a church, and laughed His word to scorn.

COWPER, *Retirement.*

Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark.

MILTON, *Lycidas*, l. 10

The royal navy of England hath ever been its greatest de fence and ornament; it is its ancient and natural strength,— the *floating bulwark* of our island.

SIR W. BLACKSTONE, *Commentaries*, vol. i. p. 41

Which have borne the *burden and heat of the day*.

Matt. xx. 12

For every man shall *bear his own burden*.

Gal. vi. 5.

But touch me, and no minister so sore;
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme;
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad *burden of some merry song*.

POPE, bk. ii. sat. i. l. 76.

That blessed mood,
In which the *burden of the mystery*,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened.

WORDSWORTH, *Tintern Abbey*.

And *the grasshopper shall be a burden*.

Eccles. xii. 5.

Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

SHAKS. *Much Ado About Nothing*, act iv. sc. 2.

Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed livery of *the burning sun*.

SHAKS. *Mer. of Venice*, act ii. sc. 1.

The light aërial gallery, golden railed,
Burnt like a fringe of fire.

TENNYSON, *Palace of Art*.

Let me not *burst in ignorance!*

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 4.

Good wine needs no bush.

SHAKS. *As You Like It*, epilogue.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The *thief doth fear each bush* an officer.

SHAKS. *K. Henry VI. Part III.* act v. sc. 6.

Towered cities please us then,
And the *busy hum of men.*

MILTON, *L'Allegro*, l. 117.

Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel,
Who breaks a *butterfly upon a wheel?*

POPE, *Prol. to the Sat.* l. 307.

She brought forth *butter in a lordly dish.*

Judges, v. 25.

On Fortune's cap we're not the very *button.*

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act ii. sc 2.

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned.

POPE, *To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.*

CABINED—CÆSAR.

CABINED, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act iii. sc. 4.

*A Cadmean victory.**

Greek Proverb.

Imperial *Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay*
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act v. sc. 1.

Cæsar had his Brutus—Charles the First his Cromwell—and George the Third—("Treason!" cried the Speaker) may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it.

PATRICK HENRY, *Speech*, 1765.

Put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar*, act iii. sc. 2.

Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more.

Ibid, act iii. sc. 2.

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* Such a victory as that in which the conquerors suffered as much as the defeated, called so from the victory of the Thebans (i.e. Cadmeans) over the celebrated seven:—

Συμμισγόντων δὲ τῇ ναυμαχίῃ, Καδμείη τις νίκη τοισι Φοινικηΐοισι ἐγένετο.—HERODOTUS, i. 166.

One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas:
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
Than *Cæsar with a senate* at his heels.

POPE, *Essay on Man*, ep. iv. l. 254.

But yesterday, the *word of Cæsar* might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar*, act iii. sc. 2.

Cæsar's wife should be above suspicion.

LANGHORNE'S PLUTARCH, *Vit. Cæs.* ch. 10.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.

LOVELACE, *To Althea, from Prison.*

God the first garden made, and *the first city Cain.**

COWLEY, *The Garden*, Ess. v.

My *cake is dough.*

SHAKS. *Taming of the Shrew*, act v. sc. 1.

Sir Toby. Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more *cakes and ale!*

Clown. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i'the mouth, too.

SHAKS. *Twelfth Night*, act ii. sc. 3.

O *Caledonia! stern and wild,*
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood;
Land of the mountain and the flood.

SCOTT, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, can. vi. st. 2.

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* God made the country, and man made the town.

COWPER, *The Task*, bk. i.

Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And *hang a calf's skin* on those recreant limbs.

SHAKS. *K. John*, act iii. sc. 1.

Ay, *call it holy ground*,
The soil where first they trod,
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

HEMANS, *The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England.*

The steady temper, Portius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
In the *calm lights of mild philosophy*.

ADDISON, *Cato*, act i. sc. 1.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou *shalt not escape calumny*.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 1.

Or call him up that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold.

MILTON, *Il Penseroso*, l. 100.

In King *Cambyses' vein.*

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act ii. sc. 4.

It is easier for a *camel to go through the eye of a needle*, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.

Matt. xix. 24.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine, enchanting ravishment?

MILTON, *Comus*, l. 244.

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act iii. sc. 4.

No, let the *candied tongue* lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 2.

How far that little *candle throws his beams!*
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

SHAKS. *Mer. of Venice,* act v. sc. 1.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, *out, brief candle!*
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

SHAKS. *Macbeth,* act v. sc. 5.

The *cankers of a calm world* and a long peace.

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act iv. sc. 2.

I *cannot but remember* such things were,
That were most precious to me.

SHAKS. *Macbeth,* act iv. sc. 3.

O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His *canon 'gainst self slaughter!* O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act i. sc. 2.

And they were *canopied by the blue sky,*
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in Heaven.

BYRON, *The Dream.*

A very riband in the *cap of youth.*

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act iv. sc. 7.

And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
And *captive* good attending *captain ill.*

SHAKS. *Sonnets,* son. lxvi.

That in the *captain's but a choleric word,*
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

SHAKS. *Measure for Measure,* act ii. sc. 2.

I would rather sleep in the corner of a little country churchyard, than in the *tomb of all the Capulets.*

BURKE, *Letter to Matt. Smith.*

For wheresoever the *carcass is, there will the eagles* be gathered together.

Matthew, xxiv. 28.

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin, so merry, draws one out.

DR. WOLCOT, *Expostulary Odes,* ode xv.

I am sure *care's an enemy to life.*

SHAKS. *Twelfth Night,* act i. sc. 3.

By *sports like these are all their cares beguiled;*
The sports of children satisfy the child.

GOLDSMITH, *The Traveller,* l. 133.

Full little knowest thou that hast not tride,
What hell it is in suing long to bide;
To loose good dayes that might be better spent,
To wast long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow.
* * * * *
To *fret thy soule with crosses and with cares;*
To eat thy heart through comfortlesse dispaires;
To fawne, to crouche, to waite, to ride, to ronne,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne.

SPENSER, *Mother Hubberd's Tale,* l. 895.

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye.

SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 3.

As the ancients
Say wisely, have a *care o' th' main chance*,
And look before you ere you leap,
For as you sow, y'are like to reap.

BUTLER, *Hudibras*, pt ii. can. ii. l. 501.

Now fitted the halter, *now traversed the cart*,
And often took leave; but was loth to depart.

MATT. PRIOR, *The Thief and the Cordelier*.

See, what a rent *the envious Casca* made!

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar*, act iii. sc. 2.

Let me have men about me, that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights;
Yond' *Cassius has a lean and hungry* look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ibid. act i. sc. 2.

I have *set my life upon a cast*,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.

SHAKS. *King Richard III.* act v. sc. 4.

For *a man's house is his castle*.

SIR E. COKE, *Third Institute*, p. 162.

Who shall decide, when doctors disagree,
And soundest *casuists doubt*, like you and me?

POPE, *Moral Essays*, ep. iii. l. 1.

But thousands die without or this or that,
Die, and *endow a college or a cat*.

Ibid. l. 95.

Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor *cat i' the adage*.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act i. sc. 7.

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The *cat will mew*, and dog will have his day.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act v. sc. 1.

Mur. We are men, my liege.
Mac. Ay, *in the catalogue ye go for men.*

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act iii. sc. 1.

The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite, a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thoughts supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.

WORDSWORTH, *Tintern Abbey.*

Motionless torrents! *silent cataracts!*

COLERIDGE, *Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni.*

I'll tickle your catastrophe.

SHAKS. *King Henry IV. Part II.* act ii. sc. 1.

The play's the thing
Wherein I'll *catch the conscience* of the king.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2.

Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and *catch the driving gale.*

POPE, *Essay on Man*, ep. iii. l. 177.

Better fifty years of Europe than a *cycle of Cathay.*

TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall.*

Heroic, stoic *Cato, the sententious*,
Who lent his lady to his friend Hortensius.

BYRON, *Don Juan*, cant. vi. st. 7.

Nor these alone: but every legend fair
Which the supreme *Caucasian mind*
Carved out of nature.

TENNYSON, *Palace of Art.*

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! *hear me for my cause;* and be silent that you may hear.

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar,* act iii. sc. 2.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the *cause of mankind,* if our creeds agree?

MOORE, *Come send round the Wine.*

O life! how pleasant in the morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold, pausing caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away
Like schoolboys at th' expected warning
To joy and play.

BURNS, *Ep. to James Smith.*

And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant *interlunar cave.*

MILTON, *Samson Agonistes,* l. 87.

'Twas *caviare to the general.*

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act ii. sc. 2.

He sees that this great round-about,
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs, and its businesses,
Is no concern at all of his,
And says—what *says he? Caw.*

COWPER, *The Jackdaw.*

To whom the angel, with a smile that glowed
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost,* bk. viii. l. 618.

You are not like *Cerberus, three gentlemen* at once, are you?

SHERIDAN, *The Rivals*, act iv. sc. 2.

No *ceremony that to great ones* 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does.

SHAKS. *Measure for Measure*, act ii. sc. 2.

O thou! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver?
Whether thou choose *Cervantes' serious air*,
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy-chair?

POPE, *The Dunciad*, bk. i. l. 21.

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing; more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat *hid in two bushels of chaff*: you shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the search.

SHAKS. *Mer. of Venice*, act i. sc. 1.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has *one vacant chair*.

LONGFELLOW, *Resignation*.

Stretched on the *rack of a too easy chair*,
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness.

POPE, *The Dunciad*, bk. iv. l. 342.

The *chamber where the good man meets his fate*,
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night ii. l. 633.

And we meet, with *champagne and a chicken*, at last.
LADY M. W. MONTAGUE, *The Lover.*

A lucky *chance that oft decides the fate*
Of mighty monarchs.
THOMSON, *The Seasons*, l. 1285.

A *change came o'er the spirit of my dream.*
BYRON, *The Dream*, st. 3.

* *

Each *change of many coloured life* he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new.
JOHNSON, (*Prologue on the opening of the Drury Lane Theatre.*)

Let the great world spin for ever down the *ringing grooves of change.*
TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall.*

The sky is changed! and *such a change!* Oh night,
And storm, and darkness! ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. iii. st. 92.

My lungs began to *crow like chanticleer.*
SHAKS. *As You Like It*, act ii. sc. 7.

Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds;
At which the universal host up sent
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of *Chaos and old night.*
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. i. l. 540.

Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not
Chaos is come again.
SHAKS. *Othello*, act iii. sc. 3.

Chaos of thought and passion all confused;
Still by himself abused or disabused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.

POPE, *Essay on Man*, ep. ii. l. 13.

I leave my character behind me.

SHERIDAN, *School for Scandal*, act ii. sc. 2.

'Tis *from high life high characters* are drawn;
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn.

POPE, *Essay on Man*, ep. i. l. 135.

"*Charge, Chester, charge!* on, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.

SCOTT, *Marmion*, can. vi. st. 32.

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The *Devil always builds a chapel* there;
An 'twill be found upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.

DEFOE, *The True Born Englishman*, pt. i. l. 1.

The primal duties shine aloft, like stars;
The *charities, that soothe*, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man, like flowers.

WORDSWORTH, *Excursion*, bk. ix.

Charity shall cover a multitude of sins.

1 *Peter*, iv. 8.

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for *melting charity*.

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part II.* act iv. sc. 4.

I bear a *charmed life*.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act v. sc. 7.

Hast thou a *charm to stay the morning star*
In his steep course?

COLERIDGE, *Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni*.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.
POPE, *The Rape of the Lock*, can. v. l. 34.

How happy could I be with either,
Were *t'other dear charmer away.*
GAY, *Beggar's Opera*, act i. sc. 1.

Whether the *charmer sinner it*, or saint it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.
POPE, *Moral Essays*, ep. ii. l. 15.

Thus when I shun Scylla, your father,
I fall into *Charybdis, your mother.*
SHAKS. *Mer. of Venice*, act iii. sc. 5.

The *chariest maid* is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.
SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 3.

Early, bright, transient, *chaste as morning dew*,
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night v. l. 600.

I thought of *Chatterton, the marvellous boy*,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride;
Of him who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough along the mountain-side.
WORDSWORTH, *Revolution and Independence*, st. 7.

The *cheap defence of nations*, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprize is gone.
BURKE, *On the French Revolution.*

When I consider *life, 'tis all a cheat.*
Yet fooled with hope, men favour the deceit;
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay:
To-morrow's falser than the former day;
Lies worse; and while it says, "We shall be blest
With some new joys," cuts off what we possessed.
Strange cozenage! none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain;

And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.

DRYDEN, *Aurengzebe*, act iv. sc. 1.

Doubtless the *pleasure is as great*
Of being cheated as to cheat.

BUTLER, *Hudibras*, pt. ii. can. iii. l. 1.

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

SHAKS. *Twelfth Night*, act ii. sc. 4.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

CAREW, *Disdain Returned.*

Her beauty hangs upon the *cheek of night*
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.

SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 5.

Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes, as warbled to the string,
Drew iron *tears down Pluto's cheek.*

MILTON, *Il Penseroso*, l. 105.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That *I might touch that cheek!*

SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 2.

'Tis now the summer of your youth: Time has not cropt the *roses from your cheek*, though sorrow long has washed them.

MOORE, *The Gamester*, act iii. sc. 4.

So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In *cheerful godliness.*

WORDSWORTH, *Sonnets to National Independence and Liberty*, pt. ii. 14.

A man he seems of *cheerful yesterdays*
And confident to-morrows.

WORDSWORTH, *The Excursion*, bk. vii.

Thought the moon was made of green cheese.

RABELAIS, bk. i. c. 2.

And prove that she's not made of *green cheese.*

BUTLER, *Hudibras*, pt. ii. can. iii. l. 203.

So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted.

SHAKS. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act iii. sc. 2.

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
There cherries grow, that none may buy
Till *cherry ripe* themselves do cry.*

R. ALISON, *Recreations*, 1606.

Look how the floor of Heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the *young-eyed cherubims:*
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

SHAKS. *Mer. of Venice*, act v. sc. 1.

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* Herrick, who published his Hesperides in 1648, has a song which Nell Gwynne used to sing.

Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe I cry,
Full and fair ones, come and buy.

ED.

The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door,
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a *chest of drawers by day.*

GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village*, l. 227.

Pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy.

SHAKS. *As You Like It*, act iv. sc. iii.

What, *all my pretty chickens*, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act iv. sc. 3.

To swallow gudgeons ere they're catched,
And *count their chickens ere they're hatched.*

BUTLER, *Hudibras*, pt. ii. can. iii. l. 623.

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!
They had no poet, and they died.

POPE, *Imitations of Horace*, bk. iv. ode 9.

If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it;
A *chiel's amang you taking notes*,
And, faith, he'll prent it.

BURNS, *On Capt. Grose's Peregrinations through Scotland.*

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for from within were heard
Murmurings whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.

WORDSWORTH, *The Excursion*, bk. iv.

On parent knees, *a naked new-born child,*
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled;
So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep.

SIR W. JONES, *From the Persian.*

A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

WORDSWORTH, *We are Seven.*

And listens like *a three years' child.*

WORDSWORTH, *Lines added to the Ancient Mariner.*

It is *a wise father that knows his own child.*

SHAKS. *Mer. of Venice,* act ii. sc. 2.

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.

SHAKS. *King John,* act iii. sc. 4.

When I was a child, *I spake as a child.*

1 *Cor.* xiii. 11.

The *child is father of the man.*

WORDSWORTH, *My Heart Leaps Up.*

The *child is not mine* as the first was,
I cannot sing it to rest,
I cannot lift it up, father,
And bless it upon my breast.

J. R. LOWELL, *The Changeling.*

Yes, *child of suffering,* thou mayst well be sure,
He who ordained the sabbath loves the poor!

HOLMES, *Urania.*

Love is a boy by poets styled,
Then spare the rod and *spoil the child.*

BUTLER, *Hudibras,* pt. ii. can. i. l. 849.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child.

SHAKS. *King Lear*, act i. sc. 4.

Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it.

Prov. xxii. 6.

But *the child's sob curseth deeper* in the silence
Than the strong man in his wrath.

E. B. BROWNING, *Cry of Children.*

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In *my days of childhood*, in my joyful school-days,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

LAMB, *Old Familiar Faces.*

O, ever thus, from *childhood's hour*,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.

MOORE, *The Fire Worshippers.*

Her *children rise up and call her blessed.*

Prov. xxxi. 28.

As *children gathering pebbles* on the shore.

MILTON, *Paradise Regained*, bk. iv. l. 330.

True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the *children of an idle brain*,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy.

SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 4.

Men are but *children of a larger growth.*

DRYDEN, *All for Love*, prologue.

Souls made of fire, and *children of the sun*,
With whom revenge is virtue.

YOUNG, *The Revenge*, act v. sc. 2.

For the *children of this world* are in their generation wiser than the children of light.

Luke, xvi. 8.

Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.

Matt. ii. 18.

Old wishes, ghosts of broken plans,
And phantom hopes assemble;
And that *child's heart within the man's*
Begins to move and tremble.

Tennyson, *Will. Waterproof.*

Of *chill poverty this effect is worst,*
That it doth place us proximate to sin
To suffer the contagion.

Hain Friswell, *The Author's Story.*

We have heard the *chimes at midnight.*

Shaks. *K. Henry IV. Part II.* act iii. sc. 2.

He cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old *men from the chimney-corner.*

Sir P. Sidney, *The Defence of Poesy.*

Gorgons, and hydras, and *chimeras dire.*

Milton, *Paradise Lost,* bk. ii. l. 628.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through *chinks that time has made;*
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.

Waller, *Verses upon his Divine Poesy.*

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared with that was next her *chin;*
Some bee had stung it newly.

Sir J. Suckling, *On a Wedding.*

Misses! the tale that I relate
This lesson seems to carry—
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry.

Cowper, *Pairing Time Anticipated.*

And *choose your author* as you choose your friend.

ROSCOMMON, *Translated Verse.*

There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its *chord in melancholy.*

HOOD, *Ode to Melancholy.*

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds;
And as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleased
With melting airs, or martial, brisk, or grave;
Some *chord in unison* with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.
How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet.

COWPER, bk. vi. *Winter Walk at Noon.*

We kind o' thought *Christ went agin war and pillage,*
And that eppyletts worn't the best mark of a Saint.

LOWELL, *Biglow Papers.*

But its *curus Christian dooty,*
This ere cuttin' folks's throats?

LOWELL, *Biglow Papers.*

A *Christian is God Almighty's gentleman.*

J. C. HARE, *Guesses at Truth.*

A *Christian is the highest style of man.*

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts,* night iv. l. 783.

Christians have burned each other, quite persuaded
That all the Apostles would have done as they did.

BYRON, *Don Juan,* can. i. st. 82.

At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For *Christmas comes but once a year.*

TUSSER, *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry,* chap. xii.

One entire and *perfect chrysolite.*

SHAKS. *Othello,* act v. sc. 2.

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.

POPE, *Moral Essays,* ep. iii. l. 285.

Rom. Courage, man! the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, *nor so wide as a church-door;* but 'tis enough.

SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet,* act iii. sc. 1.

'Tis now the very witching time of night
When *churchyards yawn,* and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to the world.

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act iii. sc. 2.

Melt, and dispel ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul!

CAMPBELL, *Pleasures of Hope,* pt. ii. l. 263.

The purpose firm, is equal to the deed:
Who does the *best his circumstance allows,*
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts,* night ii. l. 90.

Far from gay cities and the ways of men.

POPE, *Odyssey,* bk. xiv. l. 410.

Before *man made us citizens,* great Nature made us men.

LOWELL, *The Capture.*

Ye are the light of the world. *A city that is set on an hill* cannot be hid.

Matt. v. 14.

Give me an *ounce of civet,* good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination.

SHAKS. *K. Lear,* act iv. sc. 6.

From yon blue heaven above us bent,
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the *claims of long descent.*

TENNYSON, *Lady Clara Vere de Vere.*

Have always been at daggers-drawing,
And one another *clapper-clawing*.

BUTLER, *Hudibras*, pt. ii. can. ii. l. 79.

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravished eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on *classic ground*.

ADDISON, *A Letter from Italy*.

Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trusts in all things high,
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall,
He shall not *blind his soul with clay*.

TENNYSON, *The Princess*, can. vii.

This is the porcelain *clay of human kind*.

DRYDEN, *Don Sebastian*, act i. sc. 1.

O fiery soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er informed *the tenement of clay*.

DRYDEN, *Absolom and Achitophel*, pt. i. l. 156.

As *clear as a whistle*.

BYRON, *The Astrologer*.

With *clink of hammers* closing rivets up.

CIBBER, *Richard III. altered*, act v. sc. 1.

Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long;
Even wondered at, because he dropt no sooner.
Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years,
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more,
Till, like a *clock worn out* with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.

DRYDEN, *Œdipus*, act iv. sc. 1.

Look at the clock! said Winifred Pryce,
As she opened the door to her husband's knock,
Then paused to give him a piece of advice—
You nasty varmint, look at the clock!

BARHAM, *Ingoldsby Legends*, p. 35.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot:
This sensible warm motion to become
A *kneaded clod;* and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world.

SHAKS. *Measure for Measure*, act iii. sc. 1.

Clothing the palpable and familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.

COLERIDGE, *The Death of Wallenstein*, act i. sc. 1.

At the *close of the day*, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When naught but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove.

BEATTIE, *The Hermit.*

A *cloud of witnesses.*

Heb. xii. 1.

Behold, there ariseth a little *cloud out of the sea*, like a man's hand.

1 *Kings*, xviii. 44.

Was I deceived, or did a *sable cloud*
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?

MILTON, *Comus*, l. 221.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the *clouds that lowered* upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

SHAKS. *K. Richard III.*, act i. sc. 1.

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With spots quadrangular of diamond form,
Ensanguined hearts, *clubs typical of strife*,
And spades, the emblem of untimely graves.

COWPER, *The Task*, bk. iv. *Winter Evening.*

Go call a coach, and let a coach be called,
And let the man who calleth be the caller;
And in his calling let him nothing call,
But coach! coach! coach! O for a coach, ye gods!

H. CAREY, *Chrononhotonthologos*, act ii. sc. 4.

Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap *coals of fire on his head.*

Rom. xii. 20.

For thou shalt *heap coals of fire upon his head.*

Prov. xxv. 22.

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more:
He used to wear a long black *coat*,
All buttoned down before.

ALBERT G. GREENE, *Old Grimes.*

Often the *cockloft is empty*, in those which
Nature hath built many stories high.

FULLER, *Andronicus*, ad. fin. 1.

Coffee, which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes.

POPE, *The Rape of the Lock*, can. iii. l. 117.

Coigne of vantage.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act i. sc. 6.

I would that I were low laid in my grave;
I am *not worth this coil* that's made for me.

SHAKS. *K. John*, act ii. sc. 1.

The *cold in clime are cold in blood*,
Their love can scarce deserve the name.

BYRON, *The Giaour*, l. 1000.

The *cold, the changed,* perchance the dead anew,
The mourned, the loved, the lost—too many! yet how few!
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,* can. iv. st. 24.

As *cold waters to a thirsty soul,* so is good news from a far country.
Prov. xxv. 25.

Such is the aspect of this shore;
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So *coldly sweet,* so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
BYRON, *The Giaour,* l. 90.

While *stands the Coliseum,* Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls, the world.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,* can. iv. st. 145.

The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth *wash your city of Cologne;*
But tell me, nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine!
COLERIDGE, *Cologne.*

Why, man, he doth *bestride the narrow world*
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar,* act i. sc. 2.

Hail, *Columbia! happy land!*
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born land!
Who fought and died in freedom's cause.
J. HOPKINSON, *Hail Columbia.*

Now stir the fire, close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
COWPER, *The Task,* bk. iv. *Winter Evening.*

Sport, that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides,
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe.

MILTON, *L'Allegro*, l. 31.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded.

SCOTT, *Pibroch of Donald Dhue.*

Come, gentle Spring! ethereal mildness, come!

J. THOMSON, *The Seasons, Spring*, l. 1.

Show his eyes, and grieve his heart!
Come like shadows, so depart.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act iv. sc. 1.

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, and hills, and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountains, yield.

C. MARLOWE, *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.*

Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.

SCOTT, *The Lady of the Lake*, can. v. st. 10.

Come what, come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act i. sc. 3.

Miserable comforters are ye all.

Job, xvi. 2.

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And *coming events* cast their shadows before.

CAMPBELL, *Lochiel's Warning.*

How *commentators each dark passage shun*,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.

YOUNG, *Love of Fame*, sat. vii. l. 97.

Commentators! worthy folks who too often write on books as men with diamonds write on glass, obscuring light with scratches.

D. JERROLD, *Man Made of Money*, p. 194.

Thou unassuming *Commonplace*
Of Nature.

WORDSWORTH, *To the Daisy.*

The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The *common sun*, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.

GRAY, *Ode on the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude.*

They eat, they drink, and in *communion sweet*
Quaff immortality and joy.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. v. l. 637.

To him who in the love of *Nature holds*
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language.

BRYANT, *Thanatopsis.*

She and *comparisons are odious.*

DR. J. DONNE, elegy viii. *The Comparison.*

Comparisons are odorous.

SHAKS. *Much Ado about Nothing*, act iii. sc. 5.

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair!
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes down.

WALLER, *On a Girdle.*

Broad based upon her people's will,
And *compassed by the inviolate sea.*

TENNYSON, *Dedication to the Queen.*

He that *complies against his will*
Is of his own opinion still.

BUTLER, *Hudibras*, pt. iii. can. iii. l. 547.

In *complete steel*
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 4.

I'll example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a *composture stolen*
From general excrement: each thing's a thief.

SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet*, act iv. sc. 3.

Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.

BUTLER, *Hudibras*, pt. i. can. i. l. 215.

That no *compunctious visitings* of nature
Shake my fell purpose.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act i. sc. 5.

What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

BURNS, *Address to Unco Guid.*

A *concatenation accordingly.*

GOLDSMITH, *She Stoops to Conquer*, act i. sc. 2.

Be not *wise in your own conceits.*

Romans, xii. 16.

Be still the unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings; such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of heaven.

KEATS, *Endymion.*

But this denoted *a foregone conclusion.*

SHAKS. *Othello*, act iii. sc. 3.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with *concord of sweet sounds*,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.

SHAKS. *Mer. of Venice*, act v. sc. 1.

Condemn the fault, but not the actor of it.

SHAKS. *Measure for Measure*, act ii. sc. 2.

The community hath an indubitable, unalienable, and indefeasible right to reform, alter, or abolish government in such a manner as shall be by that community judged most *conducive to the public weal.*

Pennsylvanian Declaration of Rights.

Sir Plume, of amber snuff box justly vain,
And the nice *conduct of a clouded cane.*

POPE, *Rape of the Lock.*

His *conduct still right* with his argument wrong.

GOLDSMITH, *Retaliation*, l. 46.

By this time, like one who had set out on his way by night, and travelled through a region of smooth and idle dreams, our history now arrives on the *confines*, *where daylight* and truth meet us with a clear dawn, representing to our view, though at far distance, true colours and shapes.

MILTON, *History of England*, bk. i. ad fin.

Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, *confirmation strong*
As proofs of holy writ.

SHAKS. *Othello*, act iii. sc. 3.

Dire was the noise of conflict.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, b. vi. l. 211.

Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life of the building.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act ii. sc. 3.

With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. ii. l. 995.

In reading Mr. Catteau's account of the *congealed and blighted Laplanders*, we were struck with the infinite delight they must have in dying.

SYDNEY SMITH, *E. R.*, 1803.

Even there, where *merchants most do congregate.*

SHAKS. *Mer. of Venice*, act i. sc. 3.

I'm weary of conjectures.

ADDISON, *Cato*, act v. sc. 1.

Then fly betimes, for only *they*
Conquer love, that run away.

T. CAREW, *Conquest by Flight.*

And though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,
There's *a lean fellow beats all conquerors.*

T. DEKKER, *Old Fortunatus.*

Conquest has explored more than ever curiosity has done; and the path of *science* has been commonly opened by the *sword.*

SYDNEY SMITH, *E. R.*, 1803.

And *ever since the conquest* have been fools.

EARL OF ROCHESTER, *Artemira in the Town to Chloe in the Country.*

Her virtue, and the *conscience of her worth*,
That would be wooed and not unsought be won.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. viii. l. 502.

Conscience has no more to do with gallantry, than it has with politics.

SHERIDAN, *The Duenna*, act ii. sc. 4.

The *conscious water* saw its God and blushed.

R. CRASHAW, *Translation of Epigram on Joan II.*

The light that never was on sea or land,
The *consecration, and the poet's dream.*

WORDSWORTH, *Elegiac Stanzas suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle in a Storm*, st. 4.

Every man with an income of five hundred pounds a-year, is by nature *a conservative.*

Quarterly Review.

Outrun the constable at last.

BUTLER, *Hudibras*, pt. i. can. iii. l. 1067.

But I am *constant as the northern star*,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar*, act iii, sc. 1.

As soon
Seek roses in December, ice in June;
Hope *constancy in wind*, or corn in chaff,
Believe a woman, or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false.

BYRON, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, l. 75.

And in the morn and liquid dew of youth,
Contagious blasts are most imminent.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 3.

For *contemplation he and valour formed*,
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. iv. l. 297.

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* Johnson gave the credit of this to Dryden, when a boy at Westminster. The Latin line is

"Nympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit."

O now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! *farewell content!*
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife!

SHAKS. *Othello,* act iii. sc. 3.

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.

POPE, *Moral Essays,* ep. ii. l. 163.

I would do what I pleased, and doing what I pleased, I should have my will, and having my will, I should be contented; *and when one is contented,* there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to be desired, there is an end of it.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES, *Don Quixote,* pt. i. bk. iv. ch. 23.

A continual dropping in a very rainy day, and a *contentious woman* are alike.

Prov. xxvii. 15.

The *noblest mind the best contentment* has.

SPENSER, *Faerie Queene,* bk. i. can. i. st. 35.

What dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty *contests rise from trivial things.*

POPE, *The Rape of the Lock,* can. i. l. 1.

Small have *continual plodders* ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.

SHAKS. *Love's Labour's Lost,* act i. sc. 1.

It has all the *contortions of the sybil* without the inspiration.*

BURKE, *Prior's Life of Burke.*

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* Speaking of Croft's imitation of Johnson's style, he said, "No, no, it is not a good imitation of Johnson; it has all his pomp without his force; it has all the nodosities of the oak without its strength; it has all the contortions of the sybil without the inspiration."—ED.

Woman's at best a contradiction still.

POPE, *Moral Essays*, ep. ii. l. 270.

And, when you stick on *conversation's burrs*
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful *urs*.

HOLMES, *Urania*.

With thee *conversing, I forgot all time*,
All seasons and their change, all please alike.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. iv. l. 639.

Convey, the wise it call. Steal! foh! a fico for the phrase!

SHAKS. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act i. sc. 3.

Or ever the silver *cord be loosed*, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

Eccles. xii. 6.

Until a man might travel twelve stout miles,
Or *reap an acre of his neighbour's corn*.

WORDSWORTH, *The Brothers*.

Sits the wind in that corner?

SHAKS. *Much Ado about Nothing*, act ii. sc. 3.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

TENNYSON, *Lady Clara Vere de Vere*.

They (*corporations*) cannot commit trespass nor to be outlawed, nor excommunicate, for they *have no souls*.

SIR E. COKE, *Case of Sutton's Hospital*, 10 rep. p. 32.

I will be *correspondent to command*,
And do my spriting gently.

SHAKS. *Tempest*, act i. sc. 2.

He left a corsair's name to other times,
Linked with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.

BYRON, *The Corsair*, can. iii. st. 24.

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or, *like stout Cortez*, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

J. KEATS, *Sonnet* xi.

The *rational hind, Costard.*

SHAKS. *Love's Labour's Lost*, act i. sc. 2.

Mine be a *cot beside the hill;*
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall, shall linger near.

SAM. ROGERS, *A Wish.*

He *stood beside a cottage lone,*
And listened to a lute,
One summer's eve, when the breeze was gone,
And the nightingale was mute!

T. K. HERVEY, *The Devil's Progress.*

Sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one that wraps the *drapery of his couch*
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

BRYANT, *Thanatopsis.*

In the *multitude of counsellers* there is safety.

Prov. xi. 14.

Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The *counterfeit presentment* of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow!
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 4.

God made the country, and man the town.*
COWPER, *The Task*, bk. i. *The Sofa.*

True patriots all; for be it understood,
We left our *country for our country's* good.
From the "Prologue written for the opening of the Play-house at New South Wales, Jan. 16, 1796."

For *courage mounteth with* occasion.
SHAKS. *K. John*, act ii. sc. 1.

Screw your courage to the sticking-place.
SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act i. sc. 7.

I have fought a good fight, *I have finished my course*, I have kept the faith.
2 *Tim.* iv. 7.

Westward the *course of empire* takes its way,
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.
BISHOP BERKELEY, *On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America.*

For aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The *course of true love* never did run smooth.
SHAKS. *Midsummer's Night's Dream*, act i. sc. 1.

I am *the very pink of courtesy.*
SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 4.

I was a *coward on instinct.*
SHAKS. *King Henry IV. Part I.* act ii. sc. 4.

When all the banishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.
DR. G. SEWELL, *The Suicide.*

* See also quotation from Cowley.—ED.

A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not *march through Coventry* with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half-shirt is two napkins tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat with sleeves.

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act iv. sc. 2.

Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety.

SHAKS. *K. John,* act iii. sc. 1.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar,* act ii. sc. 2.

A *plague of all cowards,* I say.

SHAKS. *King Henry IV. Part I.* act ii. sc. 4.

With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard *crabtree and old iron rang.*

BUTLER, *Hudibras,* pt. i. can. ii. l. 831.

What? will the line stretch out to the *crack of doom?*

SHAKS. *Macbeth,* act iv. sc. 1.

Yet it lies in *my little one's cradle,*
And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of the heaven she's gone to
Transfigures its golden hair.

J. R. KEY, *The Changeling.*

Death borders upon our birth, and our *cradles stand in the grave.*

BISHOP HALL'S *Epistles*, dec. iii. ep. 2.

For 'tis a truth well known to most,
That whatsoever thing is lost,
We seek it, ere it come to light,
In *every cranny but the right.*

COWPER, *The Retired Cat.*

Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the gen'ral pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night i. l. 23.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

Eccles. xii. 1.

A *creature not too bright* or good
For human Nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

WORDSWORTH, *She was a Phantom of Delight.*

No *creature smarts so little* as a fool.

POPE, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, l. 84.

Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain;
The *creature's at his dirty work* again.

Ibid. l. 91.

That we can call these *delicate creatures* ours,
And not their appetites.

SHAKS. *Othello*, act iii. sc. 3.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. iv. l. 677.

Like following life through *creatures you dissect*,
You lose it in the moment you detect.

POPE, *Moral Essays*, ep. i. l. 29.

Now as the Paradisiacal pleasures of the Mahometans consist in playing upon the flute and lying with houris, be mine to read eternal new *romances of Marivaux and Crebillon.*

GRAY, *To Mr. West,* third series, letter iv.

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched,
But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the *glory of a creditor,*
Both thanks and use.

SHAKS. *Measure for Measure,* act i. sc. 1.

Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow, attend to the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.

JOHNSON, *Rasselas,* chap. 1.

Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer.

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,* can. iii. st. 107.

Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan *suckled in a creed outworn;*
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

WORDSWORTH, *Miscell. Sonnets,* pt. i. 33.

Save the *cricket on the hearth.*

MILTON, *Il Penseroso,* l. 82.

Where *crime is crowned,* where *guilt is glory.*

Nation Newspaper.

Small habits well pursued betimes
May *reach the dignity of crimes.*

HANNAH MOORE, *The Bas Bleu.*

Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee *undivulged crimes,*
Unwhipped of justice.

SHAKS. *King Lear,* act iii. sc. 2.

This day is called the *feast of Crispian:*
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when the day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.,,

SHAKS. *K. Henry V.* act iv. sc. 3.

For I am *nothing, if not critical.*

SHAKS. *Othello,* act ii. sc. 1.

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind?
Or, ravished with the whistling of a name,
See *Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame!*

POPE, *Essay on Man,* ep. iv. l. 281.

Pleased to the last, he *crops the flowery food,*
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.

Ibid. ep. i. l. 83.

On her white breast a *sparkling cross she wore,*
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.

POPE, *The Rape of the Lock,* can. ii. l. 7.

Faith, thou hast some *crotchets in thy head now.*

SHAKS. *Merry Wives of Windsor,* act. ii. sc. 1.

All *crowd who foremost* shall be damned to fame.

POPE, *The Dunciad,* bk. iii. l. 158.

Uneasy lies the *head that wears a crown.*

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part II.* act iii. sc. 1.

The hoary head is a *crown of glory.*

Prov. xvi. 31.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the *crown of life.*

James i. 12.

This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's *crown of sorrow* is remembering happier things.

Tennyson, *Locksley Hall.*

Let us *crown ourselves with rosebuds,* before they be withered.

Wisdom of Solomon, ii. 8.

Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave.

Thomson, *The Seasons,* Winter, l. 333.

I must be *cruel only to be kind.*

Shaks. *Hamlet,* act iii. sc. 4.

Yet the *dogs eat of the crumbs* which fall from their master's table.

Matt. xv. 27.

The wreck of matter, and the *crash of worlds.*

Addison, *Cato,* act v. sc. 1.

Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.

Goldsmith, *The Deserted Village,* l. 157.

Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war.

Shaks. *Julius Cæsar,* act iii. sc. i.

When the wife of the great Socrates threw a—hum!—threw a teapot at his erudite head, he was as *cool as a cucumber.*

Colman, *Heir at Law.*

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right *hand forget her cunning.*

Ps. cxxxvii. 5.

An I thought he had been valiant, and *so cunning in fence*,
I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challenged him.

SHAKS. *Twelfth Night*, act iii. sc. 4.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a *kiss but in the cup*,
And I'll not look for wine.

BEN JONSON, *The Forest, To Celia.*

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is winged *Cupid painted blind.*

SHAKS. *Midsummer's Night's Dream*, act i. sc. 1.

Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,
Harry, the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,
Be *in their flowing cups* freshly remembered.

SHAKS. *K. Henry V.* act iv. sc. 3.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And *cur of low degree.*

GOLDSMITH, *Elegy on a Mad Dog.*

The wealthy *curled darlings of our nation.*

SHAKS. *Othello*, act i. sc. 2.

He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the *current of a woman's will.*

SIR SAM. TUKE, *Adventures of Five Hours*, act v. sc. 3.

How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find.
With secret cause, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth *current of domestic joy.*

JOHNSON, *Lines added to Goldsmith's Traveller.*

He mouths a sentence as *curs mouth a bone.*
C. Churchill, *The Rosciad*, l. 322.

Curse on all laws, but those which love has made,
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Pope, *Eloisa to Abelard*, l. 74.

Never was heard such a *terrible curse!!*
But what gave rise
To no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse!
Barham, *Ingoldsby Legends, the Jackdaw*, p. 144.

My way of life
Is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny and dare not.
Shaks. *Macbeth*, act v. sc. 3.

Cursed be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe.
Pope, *Prologue to the Satires*, l. 203.

To rest, the *cushion and soft dean invite*,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.*
Pope, *Moral Essays*, ep. iv. l. 149.

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* Tom Brown, in his "Laconics," gives us this anecdote from a sermon by a certain worthy divine of the reign of Charles II.:—"In short, if you don't live up to the precepts of the gospel, but abandon yourselves to your irregular appetites, you must expect to receive your reward in *a certain place* which it is *not good manners to mention here.*"—Ed.

But soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be: sleeping within mine orchard,
My *custom always in the afternoon.*

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 5.

This was *the most unkindest cut* of all.

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar*, act iii. sc. 2.

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough,
That sometime grew within this holy man:
Faustus is gone.

MARLOWE, *Faustus*, conclusion.

A *cutpurse of the empire* and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole
And put it in his pocket.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 4.

Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. viii. l. 84.

Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The *Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.*

MILTON, *L'Allegro*, l. 72.

Choose a firm cloud before it fall, and in it
Catch ere she change, the *Cynthia of this minute.*

POPE, *Moral Essays*, ep. ii. l. 19.

DAFFODILS—DAISIES.

*DAFFODILS,**
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath.

SHAKS. *Winter's Tale*, act iv. sc. 3.

I will *speak daggers to her*, but use none.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 2.

When *daisies pied*, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight.

SHAKS. *Love's Labour's Lost*, act v. sc. 2.

Meadows trim with *daisies pied*.

MILTON, *L'Allegro*, l. 75.

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* Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon,
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon.

ROBERT HERRICK.—ED.

The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their *haunts in dale*, or piney mountain,
Or forests by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths; all these have vanished;
They live no longer in the faith of reason.

COLERIDGE, *Wallenstein*, pt. i. act ii. sc. 4.

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puffed and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose *path of dalliance* treads,
And recks not his own rede.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 3.

Through whim (our critics) or by envy led,
They *damn those authors whom they never read.*

CHURCHILL, *Cand.* l. 57.

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer.
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.

POPE, *Prologue to the Satires*, l. 201.

Thou hast *damnable iteration.*

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act i. sc. 2.

And deal *damnation round the land.*

POPE, *Universal Prayer.*

'Twas when the sea was roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A *damsel lay deploring*,
All on a rock reclined.

GAY, *What d'ye call't*, act iv. sc. 8.

I pity the man that can travel from *Dan to Beersheba*, and cry, 'Tis all barren.

STERNE, *Sentimental Journey. Calais.*

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, *Dan Cupid:*
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents.

SHAKS. *Love's Labour's Lost,* act iii. sc. 1.

On with the dance! let joy be unconfined.

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,* can. iii. st. 22.

Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act ii. sc. 3.

The meteor flag of England,
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till *danger's troubled night* depart,
And the star of peace return.

CAMPBELL, *Ye Mariners of England.*

Upon this hint I spake:
She *loved me for the dangers* I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.

SHAKS. *Othello,* act i. sc. 3.

A *Daniel come to judgment.* Yea, a Daniel.

SHAKS. *Mer. of Venice,* act iv. sc. 1.

What man dare, I dare.

SHAKS. *Macbeth,* act iii. sc. 4.

Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby.

G. HERBERT, *The Church Porch.*

O happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh
For which we bear to live, or *dare to die.*

POPE, *Essay on Man,* ep. iv. l. 1.

Judicious drank, and greatly *daring* dined.

POPE, *The Dunciad,* bk. iv. l. 318.

What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That, to the height of this great argument,
I may assert eternal Providence
And justify the ways of God to men.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. i. l. 22.

How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing *the raven-down*
Of darkness till it smiled.

MILTON, *Comus*, l. 249.

Yet from those flames
No light, but rather *darkness visible.*

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. i. l. 62.

And the devil did grin, for his *darling sin*
Is pride that apes humility.

COLERIDGE, *The Devil's Thoughts.*

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

BEN JONSON, *Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke.*

Still *harping on my daughter.*

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2.

I am all the *daughters of my father's house*,
And all the brothers too.

SHAKS. *Twelfth Night*, act ii. sc. 4.

And *Nathan said to David*, Thou art the man.

2 *Sam.* xii. 7.

Not only hating David, but the King.

DRYDEN, *Absalom and Achitophel*, pt. i. l. 512.

But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!
Oh! when shall it *dawn on the night in the grave!*

BEATTIE, *Hermit.*

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For *daws to peck at.*

SHAKS. *Othello,* act i. sc. 1.

But O, as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked; she fled; and *day brought back my night.*

MILTON, *Sonnets,* son. xxiii.

And make each *day a critic on the last.*

POPE, *Essay on Criticism,* pt. iii. l. 12.

"*I've lost a day*"—the prince who nobly cried,
Had been an emperor without his crown.

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts,* night ii. l. 99.

Night's candles are burnt out, and *jocund day*
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.

SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet,* act iii. sc. 5.

As merry as the day is long.

SHAKS. *Much Ado about Nothing,* act ii. sc. 1.

Thus with the year
Seasons return; but *not to me returns*
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost,* bk. iii. l. 40.

In the *posteriors of this day;* which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

SHAKS. *Love's Labour's Lost,* act v. sc. 1.

Her *suffering ended with the day,*
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose!

ALDRICH, *A Death Bed.*

Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. *Sufficient unto the day* is the evil thereof.

Matt. vi. 34.

Here in my body pent;
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A *day's march nearer home.*

J. MONTGOMERY, *At Home in Heaven.*

One of those heavenly days that cannot die.

WORDSWORTH, *Nutting.*

Behold! in Liberty's unclouded blaze
We lift our heads, a *race of other days.*

CHARLES SPRAGUE, *Centennial Ode*, st. 2.

Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

WORDSWORTH, *To a Butterfly.*

My *days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle.*

Job, vii. 6.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather in the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the *days that are no more.*

TENNYSON, *The Princess*, can. iv.

The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sere.

W. C. BRYANT, *The Death of the Flowers.*

More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged
To hoarse or mute, *though fallen on evil days,*
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. vii. l. 24.

So sinks the daystar in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.

MILTON, *Lycidas*, l. 168.

By the glare of false science betrayed,
That leads to bewilder, and *dazzles to blind.*

J. BEATTIE, *The Hermit.*

Enjoy your dear wit and gay rhetoric,
That hath so well been taught her *dazzling fence.*

MILTON, *Comus*, l. 700.

He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night ii. l. 21.

And Nicanor lay *dead in his harness.*

1 *Mac.* xv. 28.

My days among the dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

SOUTHEY, *Occasional Pieces*, xviii.

Those that he loved so long, and sees no more,
Loved and still loves,—*not dead, but gone before.*

ROGERS, *Human Life.*

This *dead of midnight* is the noon of thought,
And wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.

MRS. BARBAULD, *A Summer's Evening Meditation.*

Let the *dead past bury its dead.*

LONGFELLOW, *A Psalm of Life.*

Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.*

GRAY, *The Bard*, pt. i. st 3.

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* As dear to me as are *the ruddy drops*
That visit my sad heart.—*Julius Cæsar*, act ii. sc. 1.—ED.

Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died,
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the *dearest thing he owed*,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act. i. sc. 4.

How wonderful is death!
Death and his brother sleep.

P. B. SHELLEY, *Queen Mab.*

Be thou faithful unto death.

Rev. ii. 10.

Done to *death by slanderous tongues.*

SHAKS. *Much Ado about Nothing*, act v. sc. 3.

Death
Grinned horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be filled.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. ii. l. 845.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set;—but all,
Thou hast *all seasons for thine own, O Death!*

F. HEMANS, *The Hour of Death.*

In the midst of life we are in death.

The Burial Service.

There is *death in the pot.*

2 *Kings*, iv. 40.

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow.

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night v. l. 1011.

Man makes a *Death, which Nature never made.*

Ibid. l. 15.

Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower.

HEBER, *At a Funeral.*

And you, brave Cobham! to the latest breath
Shall feel your *ruling passion strong in death.*

POPE, *Moral Essays*, ep. i. l. 262.

And over them triumphant *death his dart*
Shook, but delayed to strike, though oft invoked.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. xi. l. 491.

I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a *soul*
Under the ribs of death.

MILTON, *Comus*, l. 560.

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and *in their death they were not divided.*

2 *Sam.* i. 23.

Though this may be *play to you,*
'Tis death to us.

R. L'ESTRANGE, *Fable* 398.

Time flies, *death urges, knells call,* heaven invites,
Hell threatens.

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night ii. l. 292.

For the *wages of sin is death.*

Rom. vi. 23.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

1 *Cor.* xv. 55.

A *death-bed's a detector of the heart.*

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night ii. l. 611.

O, that *deceit should dwell*
In such a gorgeous palace!

SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet*, act iii. sc. 2.

I hold every man a *debtor to his profession;* from the which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavour themselves by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereunto.

BACON, *Com. Law of England.*

Those graceful acts,
Those thousand *decencies, that daily flow*
From all her words and actions.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. viii. l. 000.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblems right meet of decency does yield.

W. SHENSTONE, *The Schoolmistress*, st. 5.

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For *want of decency is want of sense.*

EARL OF ROSCOMMON, *Essay on Translated Verse.*

The *flighty purpose* never is o'ertook,
Unless the *deed* go with it.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act iv. sc. 1.

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The *place is dignified by the doer's deed.*

SHAKS. *All's Well that Ends Well*, act ii. sc. 3.

A *deed without a name.*

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act. iv. sc. i.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes *ill deeds done.*

SHAKS. *King John*, act iv. sc. 2.

And with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, *excused his devilish deeds.*

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. iv. l. 393.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

P. J. BAILEY, *Festus.*

And, *in the lowest deep a lower deep*,
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. iv. l. 76.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

TENNYSON, *The Princess*, can. iv.

Glen. I can call *spirits from the vasty deep.*
Hot. Why so can I, or so can any man,
But will they come when you do call for them.

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act iii. sc. 1.

O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though *deep, yet clear;* though gentle yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full.

SIR J. DENHAM, *Cooper's Hill*, l. 189.

Deeper than e'er plummet sounded.

SHAKS. *Tempest*, act iii. sc. 3.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay *deep-mouthed welcome* as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

BYRON, *Don Juan*, can. i. st. 123.

Why, let the *stricken deer* go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep;
Thus runs the world away.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 2.

But mice, and rats, and *such small deer*,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

SHAKS. *King Lear*, act iii. sc. 4.

"*Defend me from my friends.*"*

Miscellaneous.

* The French Ana assign to Maréchal Villars taking leave of Louis XIV. this aphorism,—"Defend me from my friends; I can defend myself from my enemies." Canning has it, "Save, oh save me from the candid friend."—ED.

Pride in their port, *defiance in their eye,*
I see the lords of human kind pass by.

GOLDSMITH, *The Traveller*, l. 327.

In *this fool's paradise he drank delight.*

CRABBE, *The Borough, Letter* xii. *Players.*

A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn *delight into a sacrifice.*

GEO. HERBERT, *The Church Porch.*

What more felicitie can fall to creature
Than to enjoy *delight with libertie,*
And to be lord, of all the workes of Nature.

SPENSER, *The Fate of a Butterfly*, l. 209.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot.

THOMSON, *Spring*, l. 1149.

Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined,—
The *Delphian vales*, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.

HALLECK, *Burns.*

Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will *that fierce democraty.*

MILTON, *Paradise Regained*, bk. iv. l. 357.

In part to blame is she,
Which hath without consent bin only tride;
*He comes too neere that comes to be denide.**

SIR T. OVERBURY, *A Wife*, st. 30.

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 4.

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* Lady M. Wortley Montague took this line and wrote it on a window, just after her marriage, 1713.—ED.

So *down thy hill, romantic Ashbourne*, glides
The *Derby dilly carrying three insides.*

J. Hookham Frere, *The Loves of the Triangles*, l. 178.

Descend, ye Nine.

Pope, *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.*

That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat; *descent and fall*
To us is adverse.

Milton, *Paradise Lost*, bk. ii. l. 75.

The *desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.*

Isaiah, xxxv. 1.

O! that the *desert were my dwelling place*,
With one fair spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her.

Byron, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. iv. st. 177.

One simile that solitary shines
In the dry *desert of a thousand lines.*

Pope, *Satires*, bk. ii. ep. i. l. 111.

Use every *man after his desert*, and who should 'scape whipping.

Shaks. *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2.

Could swell the soul to rage, or *kindle soft desire.*

Dryden, *Alexander's Feast*, l. 100.

The *desire of the moth* for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow.

Shelley, *Poems written in* 1821.

The strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in heaven, now *fiercer by despair.*

Milton, *Paradise Lost*, bk. ii. l. 44.

None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair,
But love can hope, where *reason would despair.*

LORD LYTTLETON, *Epigram.*

Shall I, *wasting in despair,*
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?*

G. WITHER, *The Shepherd's Resolution.*

So saying, with *despatchful looks,* in haste.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost,* bk. v. l. 331.

The *Slough of Despond.*

J. BUNYAN, *Pilgrim's Progress.*

Pride goeth before destruction.

Prov. xvi. 18.

An you had any eye behind you, you might see more *detraction at your heels,* than fortune before you.

SHAKS. *Twelfth Night,* act ii. sc. 5.

The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
The devil was well, the *devil a monk was he.*†

FRANCIS RABELAIS, bk. iv. ch. 24.

The *Devil hath power*
To assume a pleasing shape.

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act ii. sc. 2.

Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the *devil, as a roaring lion,* walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.

1 *Peter,* v. 8.

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* Sir Walter Raleigh has the credit of writing,—

"If she undervalue me,
What care I how fair she be."

† He quotes the Lombardic proverb, "*Passato el periculo, gabbato el santo;*" our rhyme is from Sir T. Urquhart's translation.—ED.

The *devil can cite scripture* for his purpose.
SHAKS. *Mer. of Venice*, act i. sc. 3.

He *will give the devil his due.*
SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act i. sc. 2.

Go, poor devil, get thee gone; why should I hurt thee? This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.
STERNE, *Tristram Shandy*, vol. ii. ch. 12.

And that one *hunting, which the devil design'd,*
For one fair female, lost him half the kind.
DRYDEN, *Theodore and Honoria.*

The *devil hath not, in all his quiver's* choice,
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, can. xv. st. 13.

There was a *laughing devil* in his sneer.
BYRON, *The Corsair*, can. i. st. 9.

Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.
James, iv. 7.

Heaven sends us good meat, but the *devil sends cooks.*
GARRICK, *Epigram on Goldsmith's Retaliation.*

Devil take the hindmost.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, pt. i. can. ii. l. 632. PRIOR, *Ode on taking Namur.* POPE, *Dunciad*, bk. ii. l. 00. BURNS, *To a Haggis.*

He was a man
Who stole the livery of the court of Heaven
To serve the devil in.
POLLOK, *The Course of Time.* bk. viii. l. 00.

O, while you live, tell *truth, and shame the devil.*
SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act iii. sc. 1.

Nay, then let the *devil wear black.*
SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 2.

Oh, shame to men? *devil with devil damned*
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. ii. l. 496.

Your *ignorance is the mother of your devotion* to me.

DRYDEN, *The Maiden Queen*, act i. sc. 2.

True as the *dial to the sun*,
Although it be not shined upon.

BUTLER, *Hudibras*, pt. iii. can. ii. l. 175.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the *dial to the sun*.

BOOTH, *Song*.

Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon.

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act i. sc. 2.

Dictynna, good man Dull.

SHAKS. *Love's Labour's Lost*, act v. sc. 2.

Parson Wilbut sez he never hard in his life
That th' *Apostles rigg'd out in their swallow-tail coats*
An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,
To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez they *didn't know everythin' down in Judee*.

LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*.

Sighing that Nature formed but one such man,
And broke the *die in moulding Sheridan*.

BYRON, *Last Times*.

"*Die in the last ditch.*"*

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* To William of Orange may be ascribed this saying. When Buckingham urged the inevitable destruction which hung over the United Provinces, and asked him whether he did not see that the Commonwealth was ruined, "There is one certain means," replied the prince, "by which I can be sure never to see my country's ruin—*I will die in the last ditch.*"—ED.

Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die.

BURNS, *Bannockburn.*

Die of a rose in aromatic pain.

POPE, *Essay on Man*, ep. i. l. 200.

There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) *taught us how to die.*

TICKELL, *On the Death of Addison*, l. 81.

Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll *die with harness* on our back.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act v. sc. 5.

They sin *who tell us love can die.*
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.

SOUTHEY, *The Curse of Kehama*, can. x.

He *dies and makes no sign.*

SHAKS. *K. Henry VI. Part II.* act iii. sc. 3.

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. viii. l. 488.

The intellectual power through woods and things
Went sounding on, a *dim and perilous way.*

WORDSWORTH, *The Excursion*, bk. iii.

In *dim eclipse*, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. i. l. 597.

And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a *dim, religious light.*

MILTON, *Il Penseroso*, l. 159.

At whose sight all the stars
Hide their *diminished heads.*

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. iv. l. 34.

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, *that jurymen may dine.*

POPE, *The Rape of the Lock*, can. iii. l. 2.

It will *discourse most eloquent music.*

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 2.

Sure, he that made us with *such large discourse,*
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason,
To fust in us unused.

Ibid. act iv. sc. 4.

So sweet and *voluble in his discourse.*

SHAKS. *Love's Labour's Lost*, act ii. sc. 1.

So well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, *discreetest, best!*

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. viii. l. 548.

The *better part of valour is discretion.*

SHAKS. *King Henry IV. Part I.* act v. sc. 4.

An unforgiving eye, and a damned *disinheriting countenance.*

SHERIDAN, *School for Scandal*, act iii. sc. 1.

I am but a gatherer and *disposer of other men's stuff.*

SIR H. WOTTON, *Preface to the Elements of Architecture.*

Of whom to be *dispraised were no small praise.*

MILTON, *Paradise Regained*, bk. iii. l. 56.

Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity.

MOORE, *The Light of the Harem.*

'Tis *distance lends enchantment to the view,*
And robs the mountain in its azure hue.

CAMPBELL, *Pleasures of Hope,* pt. i. l. 7.

Brandy and water! That is the current, but not in your case, appropriate name: ask for a glass of liquid fire and *distilled damnation,* and you may have a gallon.

ROBERT HALL, *Life.*

I do perceive here a *divided duty.*

SHAKS. *Othello,* act i. sc. 3.

Through life's dark road his sordid way he wends,
An *incarnation of fat dividends.*

C. SPRAGUE, *Curiosity.*

To err is human, to *forgive divine.*

POPE, *Essay of Criticism,* pt. ii. l. 325.

There's such *divinity doth hedge a king,*
That treason can but peep to what it would.

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act iv. sc. 5.

They say there is *divinity in odd numbers,* either in nativity, chance, or death.

SHAKS. *Merry Wives of Windsor,* act v. sc. 1.

There's a *divinity that shapes our ends,*
Rough hew them how we will.

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act v. sc. 2.

'Tis the *divinity that stirs within us;*
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

ADDISON, *Cato,* act v. sc. 1.

That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the *division of a battle* knows.

SHAKS. *Othello,* act i. sc. 1.

But when ill indeed,
E'en *dismissing the doctor* don't always succeed.

G. COLMAN, *Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.*

What makes all *doctrines plain and clear?*
About two hundred pounds a year.
And that which was proved true before,
Prove false again? Two hundred more.

BUTLER, *Hudibras*, pt. iii. can. i. l. 1277.

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

POPE, *Epilogue to the Satires*, dialogue i. l. 136.

I had rather be a *dog, and bay the moon*,
Than such a Roman.

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar*, act iv. sc. 3.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams.

TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall.*

The man recovered of the bite,
The *dog it was that died.*

GOLDSMITH, *Elegy on a Mad Dog.*

I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, *let no dog bark!*

SHAKS. *Mer. of Venice*, act i. sc. i.

For a *living dog is better than a dead lion.*

Eccles. ix. 4.

Cel. Not a word?
Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

SHAKS. *As You Like It*, act i. sc. 3.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer han his horse.

TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall.*

The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

GOLDSMITH, *Elegy on a Mad Dog.*

I am his Highness's dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, sir, *whose dog are you.*

POPE, *On the Collar of a Dog.*

The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.
SHAKS. *King Lear*, act iii. sc. 6.

Throw physic to the dogs: I'll none of it.
SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act v. sc. 3.

Hark! from the tombs a *doleful sound.*
WATTS, *A Funeral Thought.*

Him of the western dome, whose mighty sense
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
DRYDEN, *Absalom and Achitophel*, pt. i. l. 893.

Life, like a *dome of many-coloured glass,*
Stains the white radiance of eternity.
SHELLEY, *Adonais.*

The *dome of thought*, the palace of the soul.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. ii. st. 6.

I am called
The richest monarch in the Christian world;
*The sun in my dominions never sets.**
SCHILLER, *Don Carlos*, act i. sc. 6.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And that cannot stop their tears.
E. B. BROWNING, *Cry of the Children.*

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* On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they (the Colonies) raised their flag against a power, to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared; a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth in one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.—DANIEL WEBSTER, *May* 7, 1834.

Alas! *regardless of their doom,*
The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day.

GRAY, *On a distant Prospect of Eton College.*

The *sweetest thing that ever grew*
Beside a human door.

WORDSWORTH, *Lucy Gray*, st. 2.

In perfect phalanx, to the *Dorian mood*
Of flutes and soft recorders.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. i. l. 550.

From Marlborough's eyes the *tears of dotage* flow,
And Swift expires, a driveller and a show.

JOHNSON, *Vanity of Human Wishes*, l. 317.

But oh! what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who *dotes, yet doubts;* suspects, yet strongly loves!

SHAKS. *Othello*, act iii. sc. 3.

Double, *double, toil and trouble.*

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act iv. sc. 1.

Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And *doubly dying*, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

SCOTT, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, can. vi. st. 1.

To be *once in doubt,*
Is once to be resolved.

SHAKS. *Othello*, act iii. sc. 3.

Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love;

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 1.

Our *doubts are traitors,*
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

SHAKS. *Measure for Measure,* act i. sc. 5.

I will roar you as *gently as any sucking dove;*
I will roar you an't were any nightingale.

SHAKS. *Mid. Night's Dream,* act i. sc. 2.

Oh that I had *wings like a dove.*

Ps. lv. 6.

Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and *harmless as doves.*

Matt. x. 16.

I am not now in fortune's power;
*He that is down can fall no lower.**

BUTLER, *Hudibras,* pt. i. can. iii. l. 877.

I weänt breäk rules for doctor, a knaws naw moor nor a floy;
Git ma yaäle I tell tha, an *gin I mun doy, I mun doy.*

TENNYSON, *Northern Farmer.*

And now, *drab-coloured men of Pennsylvania,* there is yet a moment left.

SYDNEY SMITH.

The castled *crag of Drachenfels*
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine.

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,* can. iii. st. 55.

And *drags at each remove* a lengthening chain.

GOLDSMITH, *The Traveller,* l. 10.

A flattering painter, who made it his care,
To *draw men as they ought to be,* not as they are.

Retaliation, l. 63.

Hunt half a day for a *forgotten dream.*

WORDSWORTH, *Heart Leap Well,* pt. ii.

I had a dream *which was not all a dream.*

BYRON, *Prisoner of Chillon,* can. viii.

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* *He that is down* need fear no fall.—BUNYAN, *Pilgrim's Progress.*

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"*Life is but an empty Dream!*"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

LONGFELLOW, *A Psalm of Life.*

The people's prayer—the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision, and *the old men's dream.**

DRYDEN, *Absalom and Achitophel*, pt. i. l. 238.

Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

WORDSWORTH, *Personal Talk*, st. 3.

To all, to each, a fair good-night,
And *pleasing dreams*, and slumbers light.

SCOTT, *Marmion*, can. vi. last lines.

O, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days.

SHAKS. *K. Richard III.* act i. sc. 4.

Condorcet filter'd through the *dregs of Paine.*

CANNING, *Poetry of ye Anti-Jacobin.*

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.

POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, pt. ii. l. 15.

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* Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions.—*Joel*, ii. 28.—ED.

Drink, pretty creature, drink.

WORDSWORTH, *The Pet Lamb.*

One kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu;
Though we sever, my fond heart
Till we meet shall pant for you.

DODSLEY, *The Parting Kiss.*

You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as the *ruddy drops*
That visit my sad heart.

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar*, act ii. sc. 1.

To that dry *drudgery at the desk's* dead wood.

CHAS. LAMB, *Work.*

A servant with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and the action fine.

GEO. HERBERT, *The Elixir.*

You are going to put *drugs of which you know nothing*, into bodies of which you know still less.*

Voltairiana.

The world! what do we know of the age of the world! she is like an old coquette who *disguises her age.*

Voltairiana.

In yonder grave a Druid lies.

W. COLLINS, *Ode on the Death of Thompson.*

Not a *drum was heard*, not a funeral note.

C. WOLFE, *The Burial of Sir J. Moore.*

They reel to and fro, and *stagger like a drunken man*, and are at their wit's end.

Psalm cvii. 27.

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* This saying was also appropriated by the first Napolean.—ED.

Render therefore to all their dues.

Rom. xiii. 7.

For me, poor man, *my library*
Was dukedom large enough.

SHAKS. *Tempest,* act i. sc. 2.

I never was on the *dull tame shore,*
But I loved the great sea more and more.

B. W. PROCTER, *The Sea.*

This king was born in *dull Bœotian air.**

FRANCIS'S HORACE.

And gentle *Dulness ever loves a joke.*

POPE, *The Dunciad,* bk. ii. l. 34.

On their own merits modest men are dumb.

G. COLMAN, *Broad Grins, Epi. to the Heir at Law.*

How much a *dunce that has been sent to roam,*
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.

COWPER, *The Progress of Error.*

A wit with dunces, and a *dunce with wits.*

POPE, *The Dunciad,* bk. iv. l. 92.

O, for a *single hour of that Dundee,*
Who on that day the word of onset gave.

WORDSWORTH, *Sonnet in the Pass of Killicrankie.*

In durance vile here must I wake and weep,
And all my frowzy couch in sorrow steep.

BURNS, *Ep. from Esopus to Maria.*

I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my *dusky race.*

TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall.*

Oh, but the good die first,
And they whose *hearts are dry as summer dust*
Burn to the socket.

WORDSWORTH, *The Excursion,* bk. i.

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* Bœotûm in crasso jurâres aëre natum.—*Horace,* ep. ii. l. 244.

His enemies shall lick the dust.

Psalm lxxii. 9.

Great contest follows, and much *learned dust.*

Cowper, *The Task,* bk iii. *The Garden.*

Then shall the *dust return to the earth* as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Eccles. xii. 7.

The knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

Coleridge, *The Knight's Tomb.*

In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread . . . . for *dust thou art,* and unto dust shalt thou return.

Gen. iii. 19.

My nature is subdued
To what it works in like *the dyer's hand.*

Shaks. *Sonnet* cxi.

EACH—EAGLE'S.

EACH *particular hair* to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O list!

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 5.

Eager hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,
And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,
Sees in Heaven the light of London flaring like a dusky dawn.

TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall.*

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her, as an *eagle mewing her mighty youth*, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam.

MILTON, *Areopagitica.*

So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.

BYRON, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, l. 820.

That *eagle's fate and mine are one*,
Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

WALLER, *To a Lady singing a Song of his composing.*

Where *more is meant than meets the ear.*

MILTON, *Il Penseroso*, l. 120.

That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the *word of promise to our ear;*
And break it to our hope.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act v. sc. 7.

Wrong sow by the ear.

BEN JONSON, *Every Man in his Humour*, act ii. sc. 1. BUTLER, *Hudibras*, pt. ii. can. iii. l. 580. COLMAN, *Heir at Law*, act i. sc. 1.

Thy old groans ring yet *in my ancient ears.*

SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 3.

He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

Mark, iv. 9.

Tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the *ears of the groundlings.*

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 2.

With words all *ears took captive.*

SHAKS. *All's Well that Ends Well*, act v. sc. 3.

And to his eye
There was but *one beloved face on earth,*
And that was shining on him.

BYRON, *The Dream*, st. 2.

The first man is of the *earth, earthly.*

1 *Cor.* xv. 47.

Earth felt the wound, and nature from her seat
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,
That all was lost.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. ix. l. 782.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea.

MOORE, *Remember Thee.*

No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All *earth forgot*, and all heaven around us.

MOORE, *Come o'er the Sea.*

Earth here is so kind, that just tickle her with a hoe, and she laughs into harvest.

D. JERROLD, *The Hermit.*

There were *giants in the earth* in those days.

Gen. vi. 4.

The common *growth of Mother Earth*
Suffices me,—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.

WORDSWORTH, *Peter Bell*, prologue, st. 27.

Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

MOORE, *Come, ye Disconsolate.*

Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

COLERIDGE, *Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni.*

Some feelings are to mortals given
With *less of earth* in them than heaven.

SCOTT, *The Lady of the Lake*, can. ii. st. 22.

There are *more things in heaven and earth*, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 5.

Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
As the best gem upon her zone.

R. W. EMERSON, *The Problem.*

I'll *put a girdle round the earth*
In forty minutes.

SHAKS. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act ii. sc. 2.

Ye are the *salt of the earth*: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted?

Matt. v. 13.

A youth to whom was given
So much of earth, so much of heaven.

WORDSWORTH, *Ruth.*

The thirsty *earth soaks up the rain,*
And drinks and gapes for drink again;
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair.

COWLEY, *From Anacreon.*

Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabout.

SHAKS. *Macbeth,* act ii. sc. 1.

To smell a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body; no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul.

FULLER, *Holy State, The Virtuous Lady.*

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again:
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

W. C. BRYANT, *The Battle-Field.*

I am going the *way of all the earth.*

Josh. xxiii. 14.

Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected.

J. R. LOWELL, *Irené.*

But *earthlier happy* is the rose distilled,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in *single blessedness.*

SHAKS. *Midsummer Night's Dream,* act. i. sc. 1.

Thus heavenly hope is all serene,
But *earthly hope,* how bright soe'er,
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.

HEBER, *On Heavenly Hope and Earthly Hope.*

Whate'er *he did was done with so much ease,*
In him alone 'twas natural to please.
DRYDEN, *Absalom and Achitophel,* pt. i. l. 27.

Shall I not take mine *ease in mine inn.*
SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act iii. sc. 3.

'Tis as *easy as lying.*
SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act iii. sc. 2.

You write with ease to show your breeding,
But *easy writing's cursed hard reading.*
SHERIDAN, *Clio's Protest.*

To *eat and to drink and to be merry.*
Eccles. viii. 15. *Luke,* xii. 19.

He hath *eaten me out of house and home.*
SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part II.* act ii. sc. 1.

High over-arch'd, and *echoing walks* between.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost,* bk. ix. l. 1107.

This is the very *ecstacy of love.*
SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act ii. sc. 1.

Whoe'er was edified, themselves were not.
COWPER, *The Task,* bk. ii. *The Timepiece.*

'Tis *education forms the common mind,*
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.
POPE, *Moral Essays,* ep. i. l. 149.

I shall detain you no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but strait conduct ye to a hill-side, where I will point ye out the right path of a *virtuous and noble education;* laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect, and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming.

MILTON, *Tract of Education.*

How index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the *eel of science* by the tail.

POPE, *The Dunciad*, bk. i. l. 279.

Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
An' go stick a feller thru,
Guvment aint to answer for it,
God 'll send the bill to you.

LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*, p. 5.

The vulgar boil, *the learned roast an egg.*

POPE, *Satires*, ep. ii. bk. ii. l. 85.

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart;
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than woman's are.

SHAKS. *Twelfth Night*, act iii. sc. 1.

So geographers, in Afric maps,
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place *elephants for want of towns.*
So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum.*

SWIFT, *Poetry, a Rhapsody.*

She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to *dare the elements* to strife.

BYRON, *The Corsair*, can. i. st. 3.

His life was gentle, and the *elements*
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar*, act v. sc. 5.

In discourse more sweet,
For *eloquence the soul*, song charms the sense:
Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will and fate;
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, b. ii. l. 555.

No words suffice the secret soul to show,
For truth denies all *eloquence to woe.*

BYRON, *The Corsair*, can. iii. st. 22.

That *old man eloquent.*

MILTON, *Sonnets*, son. x.

But spite of all the *criticizing elves*,
Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves.

CHAS. CHURCHILL, *The Rosciad*, l. 861.

Who as they sung, would take the prisoned soul,
And *lap it in Elysium.*

MILTON, *Comus*, l. 256.

And, oh! if there be an *Elysium on earth*,
It is this, it is this.

MOORE, *The Light of the Harem.*

Here once the *embattled farmers* stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

R. W. EMERSON, *Hymn at the Concord Monument.*

Hands, that the *rod of empire* might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstacy the living lyre.

GRAY, *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*

How various his employments whom the world
Calls idle; and who justly in return
Esteems the busy world an idler too.

COWPER, *The Task*, bk. iii. *The Garden.*

Wishing, of all the employments is the worst.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night iv. l. 71.

He makes sweet music with th' *enamel'd stones,*
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage.
SHAKS. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act. ii. sc. 7.

To leave this keen *encounter to our wits.*
SHAKS. *K. Richard III.* act i. sc. 2.

The *end must justify the means.*
PRIOR, *Hans Carvel.*

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first *endure, then pity,* then embrace.
POPE, *Essay on Man*, ep. ii. l. 217.

Is most tolerable, and *not to be endured.*
SHAKS. *Much Ado about Nothing*, act iii. sc. 3.

Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me *naked to mine enemies.*
SHAKS. *K. Henry VIII.* act iii. sc. 2.

A thing devised by the enemy.
SHAKS. *K. Richard III.* act v. sc. 3.

For 'tis the sport, to have the *engineer*
Hoist with his own petard.
SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 4.

England, with all thy faults I love thee still.*
COWPER, *The Task*, bk. ii. *The Timepiece.*

Dan Chaucer, well of *English undefyled.*
SPENSER, *Faerie Queene*, bk. iv. can. ii. st. 32.

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* Be England what she will,
With all her faults she is my country still.
CHURCHILL, *Farewell.*—ED.

Ay, tear her *tattered ensign* down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky.

HOLMES, *A Metrical Essay.*

I hold you as a thing *enskyed and sainted.*

SHAKS. *Measure for Measure,* act i. sc. 5.

This sickness doth infect
The very *life-blood of our enterprise.*

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act iv. sc. 1.

He that hath a wife and children hath given hostages to fortune, for they are *impediments to great enterprises,* either of virtue or mischief.

BACON, *Essay* VIII. *Of Marriage and Single Life.*

Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have *entertained angels unawares.*

Heb. xiii. 2.

Envy will merit as its shade pursue,
But like a shadow, proves the substance true.

POPE, *Essay on Criticism,* pt. ii. l. 200.

Base *envy withers at another's joy,*
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.

THOMSON, *The Seasons, Spring,* l. 283.

The aspiring youth, that fired the *Ephesian dome,*
Outlives in fame the pious fool that raised it.

CIBBER, *Richard III. altered,* act iii. sc. 1.

The fattest hog in *Epicurus' sty.*

WILL. MASON, *Heroic Ep.*

Let there be no inscription upon my tomb; let no man write my epitaph: *no man can write my epitaph.*

R. EMMET, *Speech on Trial for High Treason, Sept.* 1803.

A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but *all mankind's epitome;*
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long.
But in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.

DRYDEN, *Absalom and Achitophel*, pt. i. l. 545.

Though *equal to all things*, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit.

GOLDSMITH, *Retaliation*, l. 37.

This is *Ercles' vein.*

SHAKS. *Mid. Night's Dream*, act. i. sc. 2.

And lovelier things have mercy shown
To every failing but their own,
And every woe a tear can claim,
Except an *erring sister's shame.*

BYRON, *The Giaour*, l. 418.

If to her share some *female errors* fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

POPE, *The Rape of the Lock*, can. ii. l. 17.

Errors like straws upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.

DRYDEN, *Annus Mirabilis*, st. 39.

This *bodes some strange eruption* to our state.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 1.

Diseased *nature oftentimes breaks forth*
In strange eruptions.

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act iii. sc. i.

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.

POPE, *Ep. to Dr. Arbuthnot, Prologue to the Satires*, l. 314.

Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, can. iii. st. 86. v. 1.

Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
GOLDSMITH, *Deserted Village*, l. 192.

This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future, *two eternities.*
MOORE, *Lallah Rookh, The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole *eternity in bondage.*
ADDISON, *Cato*, act ii. sc. 1.

He that lacks time to mourn lacks time to mend,
Eternity mourns that.
H. TAYLOR, *Van Artevelde*, pt. i. act i. sc. 5.

That golden key
That *opes the palace of eternity.*
MILTON, *Comus*, l. 13.

For who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those *thoughts that wander through eternity,*
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide tomb of uncreated night?
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. ii. l. 146.

The Ethiop gods have Ethiop lips,
Bronze cheeks, and woolly hair;
The Grecian gods are like the Greeks,
As keen-eyed, cold, and fair.
Anonymous.

Can the *Ethiopian change his skin*, or the leopard his spots?
Jer. xiii. 23.

Thick as the autumnal leaves that strew the brooks,
In Vallombrosa, where the *Etrurian shades*
High over-arched imbower.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. i. l. 303.

From morn
To noon he fell, *from noon to dewy eve,*
A summer's day.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost,* bk. i. l. 742.

A child of our *grandmother Eve,* a female;
Or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman.

SHAKS. *Love's Labour's Lost,* act i. sc. 1.

Those *evening bells!* those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells.

MOORE, *Those Evening Bells.*

Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost,* bk. iv. l. 598.

Soon as the *evening shades prevail,*
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

ADDISON, *Ode.*

Often do the *spirits*
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.

COLERIDGE, *The Death of Wallenstein,* act v. sc. 1.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view?

J. DYER, *Grongar Hill,* l. 103.

Here comes the lady;—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the *everlasting flint.*

SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet,* act ii. sc. 6.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And *every conqueror creates a muse.*

WALLER'S *Panegyric on Cromwell; quoted in Dr. Hurd's Dialogues.*

Ay, *every inch a king.*

SHAKS. *K. Lear,* act iv. sc. 6.

Every one is as God made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse.

CERVANTES, *Don Quixote,* pt. ii. ch. 4.

And *every shepherd tells his tale,*
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

MILTON, *L'Allegro,* l. 67.

His time is for ever, *everywhere his place.*

COWLEY, *Friendship in Absence.*

Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For *every why he had a wherefore.*

BUTLER, *Hudibras,* pt. i. can. i. l. 131.

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;
But *every woman is at heart a rake.*

POPE, *Moral Essays,* ep. ii. l. 215.

Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the *evidence of things not seen.*

Heb. xi. 1.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

Rom. xii. 21.

So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse; all good to me is lost,
Evil, be thou my good.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost,* bk. iv. l. 108.

Be not deceived: *evil communications* corrupt good manners.

1 *Cor.* xv. 33.

As some affirm that we say, Let us *do evil that good may come.*

Rom. iii. 8.

For the love of *money is the root of all evil.*

1 *Tim.* vi. 10.

For *evil news rides post,* while good news bates.

Milton, *Samson Agonistes,* l. 1538.

By *evil report, and good report.*

2 *Cor.* vi. 8.

From seeming evil still educing good.

Thomson, *Hymn,* l. 114.

Of two evils, the less is always to be chosen.

Thos. a Kempis, *Imitation of Christ,* bk. iii. ch. 12.

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an *excellent thing in woman.*

Shaks. *K. Lear,* act v. sc. 3.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is *wasteful and ridiculous excess.*

Shaks. *K. John,* act iv. sc. 2.

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting, extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass;
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an *excuse for the glass.*

Sheridan, *School for Scandal,* act iii. sc. 3.

Whence and what art thou, *execrable shape?*

Milton, *Paradise Lost,* bk. ii. l. 681.

Execute their airy purposes.

Ibid. bk. i. l. 430.

A fabric huge
Rose, *like an exhalation.*

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. i. l. 710.

There came to the beach a poor *exile of Erin,*
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.

CAMPBELL, *The Exile of Erin.*

He hath indeed *better bettered expectation.*

SHAKS. *Much Ado about Nothing*, act i. sc. 1.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises.

SHAKS. *All's Well that Ends Well*, act ii. sc. 1.

'Tis *expectation makes a blessing dear;*
Heaven were not heaven, if we knew what it were.

SIR J. SUCKLING, *Against Fruition.*

For just *experience tells*, in every soil,
That those that think must govern those that toil.

GOLDSMITH, *The Traveller*, l. 372.

I had rather have a fool to make me merry,
Than *experience to make me sad.*

SHAKS. *As You Like It*, act iv. sc. 1.

Stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read;
For thee *explain a thing till all men doubt* it,
And write about it, goddess, and about it.

POPE, *The Dunciad*, bk. iv. l. 249.

Me, let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, *explain the asking eye,*
And keep awhile one parent from the sky.

POPE, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, Pro. to Satires*, l. 419.

I have an *exposition of sleep* come upon me.
SHAKS. *Midsum. Night's Dream*, act iv. sc. 1.

Come then, *expressive silence*, muse his praise.
THOMSON, *Hymn*, l. 118.

Speak of me as I am; *nothing extenuate*,
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely, but too well.
SHAKS. *Othello*, act v. sc. 2.

Extremes in nature equal good produce.
POPE, *Moral Essays*, ep. iii. l. 161.

Into the *eye and prospect of his soul*.
SHAKS. *Much Ado about Nothing*, act iv. sc. 1.

Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot.
Deut. xix. 21.

The *harvest of a quiet eye*,
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.
WORDSWORTH, *A Poet's Epitaph*, st. 13.

In my mind's eye, Horatio.
SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 2.

All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the *jaundiced eye*.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, pt. ii. l. 358.

And looking on it with *lack-lustre eye*,
Says, very wisely, "It is ten o'clock."
"Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags."
SHAKS. *As You Like It*, act ii. sc. 7.

Alack there lies *more peril in thine eye*,
Than twenty of their swords.
SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 2.

As ever in *my great task-master's eye*.
MILTON, *Sonnets*, son. vii.

Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love.
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every *eye negotiate for itself*,
And trust no agent.

SHAKS. *Much Ado about Nothing*, act ii. sc. 1.

It adds a *precious seeing to the eye.*

SHAKS. *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iv. sc. 3.

The minds of some of our statesmen, like the *pupil of the human eye*, contract themselves the more, the stronger light there is shed upon them.

MOORE, *Preface to Corruption and Intolerance.*

His fair large front and *eye sublime* declared
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. iv. l. 300.

In the *twinkling of an eye.*

1 *Cor.* xv. 52.

Stabbed with a *white wench's black eye.*

SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 4.

A noticeable *man, with large gray eyes.*

WORDSWORTH, *Stanzas written in Thomson.*

To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their *history in a nation's eye.*

GRAY, *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft *eyes looked love* to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell.

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. iii. st. 21.

The *light that lies*
In woman's eyes.

MOORE, *The Time I've Lost, &c.*

My *eyes make pictures*, when they are shut.

COLERIDGE, *A Day-Dream.*

Thou hast *no speculation in those eyes*
Which thou dost glare with.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act iii. sc. 4.

The eyes that shone
Now dimmed and gone.

MOORE, *Oft in the Stilly Night.*

Ladies, whose bright *eyes*
Rain influence.

MILTON, *L'Allegro*, l. 121.

And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes.

MILTON, *Il Penseroso*, l. 39.

Her *eyes the glow-worm lend thee*,
The shooting-stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

HERRICK, *Night Piece to Julia.*

FAIN—FACE.

AIN would I climb, but that I fear to fall.*

Let nothing but a *face of joy appear*,
The man who frowns this day shall lose his head
That he may have no face to frown withal.

FIELDING, *Tom Thumb.*

Can't I another's *face commend*,
And to her virtues be a friend,
But instantly your forehead lowers,
As if *her* merit lessened *yours*.

MOORE, fable ix. *The Farmer, the Spaniel, and the Cat.*

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A nymph, a naïad, or a grace,
Of *finer form, or lovelier face*.

SCOTT, *The Lady of the Lake*, can. i. st. 18.

As if the man had fixed his *face*
In many a solitary place,
Against the wind and open sky!

WORDSWORTH, *Peter Bell*, pt. i. st. 26.

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* Said to be written by Sir Walter Raleigh on a pane of glass in Queen Elizabeth's presence. Her answer is,—

"If thy heart fail thee, why then climb at all?"

Which is a good English adaptation of Ovid's "*Aut non tentavis aut perfice!*"—ED.

There's no art
To find the *mind's construction in the face.*
SHAKS. *Macbeth,* act i. sc. 4.

The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the *music breathing from her face,*
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole,
And oh! that eye was in itself a soul.
BYRON, *The Bride of Abydos,* can. i. st. 6.

He lives to build, not boast a generous race;
No *tenth transmitter of a foolish face.*
R. SAVAGE, *The Bastard,* l. 7.

The right honourable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests and to his *imagination for his facts.*
SHERIDAN, *Speech in Reply to Mr. Dundas.*

The vision and the *faculty divine.*
WORDSWORTH, *The Excursion,* bk. i.

We all do *fade as a leaf.*
Isaiah, lxiv. 6.

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is *no such word*
As—fail.
LYTTON, *Richelieu,* act ii. sc. 2.

They never *fail who die*
In a great cause.
BYRON, *Marino Faliero,* act ii. sc. 2.

And e'en his *failings leaned to virtue's side.*
GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village,* l. 164.

Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.
WILL. KING, *Orpheus and Eurydice,* l. 134.

Fair is foul, and foul is fair.
SHAKS. *Macbeth,* act i. sc. 1.

Is she not passing fair?
SHAKS. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act iv. sc. 4.

If thou wouldst view *fair Melrose* aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight.
SCOTT, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, can. ii. st. 1.

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one:
Exceeding wise, *fair spoken and persuading;*
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
SHAKS. *K. Henry VIII.* act iv. sc. 2.

Our *fairest dreams are made of truths.*
LEIGH HUNT, *Bodryddan.*

And truth severe, by *fairy fiction drest.*
GRAY, *The Bard*, pt. iii. st. 3.

By *fairy hands* their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.
COLLINS, *Ode in* 1746.

'Tis hers to pluck the *amaranthine flower*
Of faith, and round the sufferer's temples bind
Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.
WORDSWORTH, *Miscell. Sonnets*, pt. i. 35.

Whose *faith has centre every where,*
Nor cares to fix itself to form.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, xxxiii.

One in whom persuasion and belief
Had ripened into faith, and *faith become*
A passionate intuition.
WORDSWORTH, *The Excursion*, bk. iv.

In this awfully stupendous manner, at which reason stands aghast, and *faith herself is half confounded*, was the Grace of God to man at length manifested.

RICH. HURD, *Sermons*, vol. ii. p. 237.

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the *faith and morals hold*
Which Milton held.

WORDSWORTH, *Sonnets to National Independence and Liberty*, pt. i. 16.

The enormous *faith of many made for one.*

POPE, *Essay on Man*, ep. iii. l. 212.

His *faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might*
Be wrong; his *life*, I'm sure, was in the right.

COWLEY, *On the Death of Crashaw.*

There are no tricks in *plain and simple faith.*

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar*, act iv. sc. 2.

We walk by faith, not by sight.

2 *Cor.* v. 7.

So spake the seraph Abdiel, *faithful found*
Among the faithless, faithful only he.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. v. l. 896.

A *falcon, towering in her pride* of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at, and killed.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act ii. sc. 4.

If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again;—it had *a dying fall;*
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.

SHAKS. *Twelfth Night*, act i. sc. 1.

Great Cæsar fell,
O what a fall was there, my countrymen.

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar*, act iii. sc. 2.

O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 5.

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly *falling with a falling state.*

POPE, *Prologue to Addison's Cato.*

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new opened. O how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he *falls like Lucifer*,
Never to hope again.

SHAKS. *K. Henry VIII.* act iii. sc. 2.

False as dicers' oaths.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 4.

That practised *falsehood under saintly show*,
Deep malice to conceal.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. iv. l. 122.

Vain wisdom all, and *false philosophy.*

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. ii. l. 565.

Ah! who can tell how *hard it is to climb*
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar?

JAMES BEATTIE, *The Minstrel*, bk. i. st. 1.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury, with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life.

MILTON, *Lycidas*, l. 70.

What is the *end of Fame?* 'tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, can. i. st. 218.

Folly loves *the martyrdom of Fame.*
MONODY, *On the Death of Sheridan*, l. 68.

I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And *famous by my sword.*
MARQUIS OF MONTROSE, *Song, My Dear and Only Love.*

I awoke one morning, and *found myself famous.*
BYRON, *Memoranda from his Life.*

"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why that I cannot tell," said he;
But 'twas a *famous victory.*"
SOUTHEY, *The Battle of Blenheim.*

Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled *with thick-coming fancies,*
That keep her from her rest.
SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act v. sc. 3.

We figure to ourselves
The thing we like, and then we build it up
As chance will have it, on the rock or sand:
For thought is tired of wandering o'er the world,
And *home-bound fancy* runs her bark ashore.
TAYLOR, *P. van Artevelde*, pt. i. act i. sc. 5.

All *impediments in fancy's* course
Are motives of more fancy.
SHAKS. *All's Well that Ends Well*, act v. sc. 3.

While *fancy, like the finger of a clock,*
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.
COWPER, *The Task*, bk. iv. *The Winter Evening.*

Misled by *fancy's meteor ray*,
By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from heaven.

BURNS, *The Vision.*

Who o'er the herd would wish to reign
Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain?
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream,
Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as Frenzy's fevered blood.
Thou many-headed monster thing,
O who would wish to be a king?

SCOTT, *The Lady of the Lake*, can. v. st. 30.

Far as the solar walk or milky way.

POPE, *Essay on Man*, ep. i. l. 102.

Fare thee well! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare thee well.

BYRON, *Fare Thee Well.*

Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells! hail, horrors! hail.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. i. 249.

Farewell!
For in that word,—that fatal word,—howe'er
We promise—hope—believe,—there breathes despair.

BYRON, *The Corsair*, can. i. st. 15.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been:
A sound which makes us linger,—yet—farewell.

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. iv. st. 186.

Some to the *fascination of a name*,
Surrender judgment hoodwinked.

COWPER, *The Task*, bk. vi. *Winter Walk at Noon.*

The *glass of fashion*, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers!

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 1.

For the *fashion of this world* passeth away.

1 *Cor.* vii. 31.

Down on your knees,
And thank heaven, *fasting, for a good man's love.*

SHAKS. *As You Like It*, act iii. sc. 5.

Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.

BOSWELL, *Life of Johnson.*

And duller should'st thou be than the *fat weed*
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 5.

It was the owl that shrieked,
The *fatal bellman*, which gives the stern'st good night.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act ii. sc. 2.

Roll darkling *down the torrent of his fate.*

SAM. JOHNSON, *Vanity of Human Wishes*, l. 340.

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE, *Song, My Dear and only Love.*

Old *father antic* the law.

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act i. sc. 2.

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.

POPE, *Universal Prayer.*

My father's brother; but *no more like my father*
Than I like Hercules.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 2.

And, oftentimes, *excusing of a fault,*
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse.

SHAKS. *King John,* act iv. sc. 2.

And *he that does one fault* at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

WATTS, *Against Lying.*

Every one *fault seeming monstrous,* till his fellow-fault came to match it.

SHAKS. *As You Like It,* act iii. sc. 2.

Oh, what a world of vile ill-favoured faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year.

SHAKS. *Merry Wives of Windsor,* act iii. sc. 4.

A *favourite has no friends.*

GRAY, *On the Death of a Favourite Cat.*

To *be a prodigal's favourite*—then worse truth;
A miser's pensioner—behold our lot!

WORDSWORTH, *The Small Celandine, from Poems referring to Old Age.*

The *fear o' hell's* a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honour grip,
Let that aye be your border.

BURNS, *Ep. to a Young Friend.*

There is no fear in love; but *perfect love casteth out fear.*

1 *John,* iv. 18.

For I am *fearfully and wonderfully made.*

Psalm cxxxix. 14.

When our actions do not,
Our *fears do make us traitors.*

SHAKS. *Macbeth,* act iv. sc. 2.

Our *very hopes belied our fears,*
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

HOOD, *The Death-Bed.*

They have been at a great *feast of languages*, and stolen the scraps.

SHAKS. *Love's Labour's Lost*, act v. sc. 1.

A *feasting presence* full of light.

SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet*, act v. sc. 3.

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

POPE, *Essay on Man*, ep. iv. l. 247.

To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night i. l. 151.

Let that suffice, most *forcible Feeble*.

SHAKS. *King Henry IV. Part II.* act iii. sc. 2.

Great thoughts, *great feelings, came to them*,
Like instincts, unawares.

R. M. MILNES, *The Men of Old*.

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.

POPE, *Essay on Man*, ep. i. l. 217.

Her *feet beneath her petticoat*,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But oh! she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

SIR J. SUCKLING, *Ballad on a Wedding*.

Their cause I plead,—plead it in heart and mind,
A *fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind*.

GARRICK, *Prologue on Quitting the Stage, June*, 1776.

Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a *fellow of infinite jest;* of most excellent fancy.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act v. sc. 1.

A *fellow that hath had losses;* and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him.

SHAKS. *Much Ado about Nothing,* act iv. sc. 2.

If he be not *fellow with the best king,* thou shalt find the best king of good fellows.

SHAKS. *K. Henry V.* act v. sc. 2.

Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude.

CONGREVE, *Love for Love,* act ii. sc. 1.

For many are called, but *few are chosen.*

Matt. xxii. 14.

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree.

POPE, *Essay on Man,* ep. ii. l. 231.

Look round the habitable world, how *few*
Know their own good, or, knowing it pursue.

DRYDEN, *Trans. of Juvenal's Tenth Satire.*

'Tis strange—but true; for truth is always strange,
Stranger than fiction.

BYRON, *Don Juan,* can. xiv. st. 101.

Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.

SHAKS. *King Lear,* act iii. sc. 4.

Consider the *lilies of the field,* how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin.

Matt. vi. 28.

The other shape,
If shape it might be called that shape had none,
Distinguishable in member, joint or limb,
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
For each seemed either,—black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost,* bk. ii. l. 670.

Vile squeaking of the *wry-necked fife.*

SHAKS. *Mer. of Venice,* act ii. sc. 5.

For he who *fights and runs away*
May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain
Can never rise and fight again.

*From the Art of Poetry on a New Plan, Edited by Oliver Goldsmith.**

But, alas! to make me
The fixed *figure for the time, for scorn*
To point his slow and moving finger at.

SHAKS. *Othello,* act iv. sc. 2.

Not greedy of *filthy lucre.*

1 *Tim.* iii. 3.

The ethereal mould
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our *final hope*
Is flat despair.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost,* bk. ii. l. 139.

Fine by defect, and delicately weak.

POPE, *Moral Essays,* ep. ii. l. 43.

Three removes are as bad as a fire.

B. FRANKLIN, *Poor Richard.*

Behold, how great a matter *a little fire kindleth.*

James, iii. 5.

The glowworm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to *pale his uneffectual fire.*

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act i. sc. 5.

While I was musing the fire burned.

Psalm xxxix. 3.

On Prague's proud arch *the fires of ruin glow,*
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below.

CAMPBELL, *Pleasures of Hope,* pt. i. l. 385.

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* See also page 208.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

ADDISON, *A Letter from Italy.*

'Twas sad by fits, by starts, 'twas wild.

COLLINS, *The Passions,* l. 28.

Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot.

POPE, *Essay on Man,* ep. ii. l. 63.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valour given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
For ever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us.

DRAKE, *The American Flag.*

He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words, by *adding fuel to the flame?*

MILTON, *Samson Agonistes,* l. 1350.

Under the tropic is our language spoke,
And part of *Flanders hath received our yoke.*

WALLER, *Upon the Death of the Lord Protector.*

Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your *flashes of merriment,* that were wont to set the table on a roar?

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act v. sc. 1.

By flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause.

POPE, *Ep. to Dr. Arbuthnot,* l. 207.

But, when I tell him, *he hates flatterers,*
He says he does; being then most flattered.

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar,* act ii. sc. 1.

Lay not that *flattering unction* to your soul.

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act iii. sc. 4.

Ne'er
Was *flattery lost on poet's ear;*
A simple race! they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile.

SCOTT, *Lay of the Last Minstrel,* can. iv. st. 35.

Fleas are not lobsters, d— their souls.

WOLCOTT.

Some *fleeting good,* that mocks me with the view.

GOLDSMITH, *The Traveller,* l. 26.

All flesh is grass.

Isaiah, xl. 6.

Bone and Skin, two millers thin,
Would starve us all, or near it;
But be it known to Skin and Bone
That *Flesh* and Blood can't bear it.

J. BYROM, *Epigram on Two Monopolists.*

O flesh, *flesh, how art thou fishified!*

SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet,* act ii. sc. 4.

Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the *spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.*

Matthew, xxvi. 41.

Like summer friends,
Flies of estates and summershine.

G. HERBERT, *The Answer.*

The never-ending *flight*
Of future days.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost,* bk. ii. l. 221.

Fling but a stone, the giant dies.

GREEN, *The Spleen,* l. 62.

Weariness
Can *snore upon the flint*, when restive sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

SHAKS. *Cymbeline*, act iii. sc. 6.

Catch, then, O catch the transient hour;
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short summer,—*man a flower*,
He dies—alas! how soon he dies.

S. JOHNSON, *Winter, an Ode.*

A *flower when offered in the bud*,
Is no vain sacrifice.

I. WATTS, *Divine Songs*, song xii.

When *flowing cups* run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames.

R. LOVELACE, *To Althea, from Prison.*

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour
When pleasure, like the midnight flower
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon.

MOORE, *Fly not yet.*

For *those that fly* may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.

BUTLER, *Hudibras*, pt. iii. can. iii. l. 213.

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An *unrelenting foe to love;*
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between and bid us part?

THOMSON, *Song*, "*For ever Fortune.*"

And the stern joy which warriors feel
In *foemen worthy of their steel.*

SCOTT, *The Lady of the Lake*, can. v. st. 10.

Eye Nature's walks, shoot *folly as it flies,*
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

POPE, *Essay on Man*, ep. i: l. 13.

The picture, placed the busts between,
Adds to the thought much strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But *Folly's at full length.*

J. BRERETON, *On Beau Nash's Picture at full length, between the Busts of Sir I. Newton and Mr. Pope.*

Where lives the man that has not tried
How mirth can into folly glide,
And *folly into sin.*

SCOTT, *The Bridal of Triermain*, can. i. st. 21.

Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies,
Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis *folly to be wise.*

GRAY, *On a Distant Prospect of Eton College.*

When lovely *woman stoops to folly,*
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

GOLDSMITH, *Vic. of Wakefield*, Ch. xvii. *Elegy on a Mad Dog.*

O for a blast of that dread horn
On *Fontarabian echoes* borne.

SCOTT, *Marmion*, can. vi. st. 23.

Food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better.

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act iv. sc. 2.

And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,
And near a thousand tables *pined and wanted food.*

WORDSWORTH, *Guilt and Sorrow*, st. 41.

At *thirty, man suspects himself a fool;*
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night i. l. 97.

For *every inch that is not fool*, is rogue.
DRYDEN, *Absalom and Achitophel*, pt. ii. l. 463.

The *fool hath said* in his heart, there is no God.
Psalm xiv. 1.

A *fool must now and then be right*, by chance.
COWPER, *Conversation.*

The solemn fop, significant and budge;
A *fool with judges*, among fools a judge.
Ibid.

For *fools admire*, but men of sense approve.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, pt. ii. l. 191.

Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers
Say, *fools for arguments use wagers.*
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, pt. ii. can. i. l. 297.

In idle wishes fools supinely stay;
Be there a will,—and wisdom finds a way.
G. CRABBE, *The Birth of Flattery.*

Fools make a mock at sin.
Prov. xiv. 9.

Since called
The *Paradise of Fools*, to few unknown.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. iii. l. 495.

For *fools rush in* where angels fear to tread.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, pt. iii. l. 66.

"*Fools that do not know* how much more the half is than the whole."*

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* Νήπιοι· οὐδὲ ἴασιν ὅσῳ πλέον ἥμισυ παντός.
HESIOD, *Works and Days*, v. 40.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And *they are fools who roam:*
The world was nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut,—our home.

N. COTTON, *The Fireside*, st. 3.

Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And *fools who came to scoff*, remained to pray.

GOLDSMITH, *Deserted Village*, l. 179.

His very *foot has music in't*
As he comes up the stairs.

MICKLE, *The Mariner's Wife.*

A *foot more light*, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew.

SCOTT, *The Lady of the Lake*, can. i. st. 18.

Too late I stayed—forgive the crime—
Unheeded flew the hours;
How *noiseless falls the foot of time*,
That only treads on flowers.

HON. W. R. SPENCER, *Lines to Lady A. Hamilton.*

The inaudible and *noiseless foot of time.*

SHAKS. *All's Well that Ends Well*, act v. sc. 3.

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

LONGFELLOW, *A Psalm of Life.*

There is, however, a limit at which *forbearance ceases to be a virtue.*

BURKE, *The Present State of the Nation.*

Who *overcomes*
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. i. l. 648.

This is the night
That either *makes me or fordoes* me quite.

SHAKS. *Othello*, act v. sc. 1.

Jewels five words long,
That on the stretched *forefinger of all time*
Sparkle for ever.

TENNYSON, *The Princess*, can. ii.

The *foremost man* of all this world.

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar*, act iv. sc. 3.

Sleep, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And *steep my senses in forgetfulness?* , ,

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part II.* act iii. sc. 1.

Forgiveness to the injured does belong;
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.

DRYDEN, *Conquest of Grenada*, pt. ii. act i. sc. 2.

To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

SHAKS. *Much Ado about Nothing*, act iii. sc. 3.

After, with thousands, after wealth will run.
To many *fortune gives too much, enough to none.*

Martial, lib. xii. ep. 10.

Like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring; when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a *forked radish*, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife.

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part II.* act iii. sc. 2.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, *leads on to fortune*;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar*, act iv. sc. 3.

When *fortune* means to men most good,
She looks upon them *with a threatening eye.*

SHAKS. *King John,* act iii. sc. 4.

My *pride fell with my fortunes.*

SHAKS. *As You Like It,* act i. sc. 2.

And *railed on lady Fortune* in good terms,
In good set terms.

Ibid. act ii. sc. 7.

A man, that *fortune's buffets* and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks.

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act iii. sc. 2.

Oh for a *forty parson power.*

BYRON, *Don Juan,* can. x. st. 34.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with *forty pounds a year.*

GOLDSMITH, *Deserted Village,* l. 141.

An endless *fountain of immortal drink*
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

KEATS, *Endymion.*

A woman moved is like a *fountain troubled ;*
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty.

SHAKS. *Taming of the Shrew,* act v. sc. 2.

Tame villatic fowl.

MILTON, *Samson Agonistes,* l. 1695.

The *foxes have holes,* and the birds of the air have nests ; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.

Matt. viii. 20.

The little *foxes that spoil the vines.*

The Song of Solomon, ii. 15.

Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.

John, vi. 12.

Frailty, thy name is woman.

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act i. sc. 2.

Framed to make woman false.

SHAKS. *Othello*, act i. sc. 3.

" They *order*," said I, " *this matter better in France.*"

L. STERNE, *Sentimental Journey*, p. 1.

I am as *free as nature first made man,*
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

DRYDEN, *The Conquest of Grenada*, pt. i. act i. sc. 1.

Free-livers on a small scale; who are prodigal within the compass of a guinea.

W. IRVING, *The Stout Gentleman.*

No. *Freedom has a thousand charms* to show,
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.

COWPER, *Table Talk.*

Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And *Freedom shriek'd—as Kosciusko fell!*

CAMPBELL, *Pleasures of Hope*, pt. i. l. 381.

He is the *freeman whom the truth makes free.*

COWPER, *The Task*, bk. v. *Winter Morning Walk.*

The *freeman casting with unpurchased hand*
The vote that shakes the turrets of the land.

HOLMES, *A Metrical Essay.*

Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true,
A truth the *brilliant Frenchman* never knew.

COWPER, *Truth.*

The *Frenchman's darling.*

COWPER, *The Task*, bk. iv. *Winter Evening.*

To-morrow to *fresh woods and pastures new.*

MILTON, *Lycidas*, l. 193.

Friend after friend departs,—
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end.

MONTGOMERY, *Friends.*

I've often wished that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a-year,
A handsome *house to lodge a friend,*
A river at my garden's end.

SWIFT, *Imitation of Horace,* bk. ii. sat. 6.

But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh, *save me from the candid friend!*

CANNING, *New Morality.*

A man that hath friends must show himself friendly; and there is a *friend that sticketh closer than* a brother.

Prov. xviii. 24.

She that asks
Her dear five hundred friends.

COWPER, *The Task,* bk. ii. *The Timepiece.*

A friend should bear his *friend's infirmities,*
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar,* act iv. sc. 3.

I would *not enter on my list of friends*
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility), the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

COWPER, *The Task,* bk. vi. *Winter Walk at Noon.*

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? three treasures, love and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infants' breath;
And *three firm friends,* more sure than day or night,
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

COLERIDGE, *Reproof.*

And what is *friendship but a name,*
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep.

GOLDSMITH, *Vicar of Wakefield,* ch. viii. *The Hermit.*

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life! and solder of society.

BLAIR, *The Grave*, l. 88.

Who *ne'er knew joy but friendship* might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he died.

POPE, *Ep. on the Hon. S. Harcourt.*

Thus use your frog: put your hook, I mean the arming wire, through his mouth, and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming wire of your hook, or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire; and in so doing use him as though you loved him.

WALTON, *The Complete Angler*, pt. i. ch. 5.

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the *front o' battle lour.*

BURNS, *Bannockburn.*

To *frown at pleasure*, and to smile in pain.

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night viii. l. 1051.

The tree is *known by his fruit.*

Matt. xii. 33.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much *fruit of sense* beneath is rarely found.

POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, pt. ii. l. 109.

Of man's first disobedience and *the fruit*
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. i. l. 1.

The ripest fruit first falls.

SHAKS. *K. Richard II.* act ii. sc. 1.

Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the *full resounding line*,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.

POPE, *Imitations of Horace*, bk. ii. ep. i. l. 268

As Tammie gloured, amazed and curious,
The mirth and *fun grew fast and furious.*

BURNS, *Tam o' Shanter.*

Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the *funeral baked meats*
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act i. sc. 2.

Filled with fury, rapt, inspired.

COLLINS, *The Passions,* l. 10.

Beware the *fury of a patient man.*

DRYDEN, *Absalom and Achitophel,* pt. i. l. 1005.

GAE—GARDEN.

SEEM to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood,
Gae woo anither, an' she'll gang clean wud.
RAMSEY, *Gentle Shepherd.*

For to me to live is Christ, and to *die is gain.*
Philip. i. 21.

The starry *Galileo with his woes.*
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. iv. st. 54.

Let there be *gall enough in thy ink;* though thou write with a goose pen, no matter.
SHAKS. *Twelfth Night*, act iii. sc. 2.

Let the *galled jade wince*, our withers are unwrung.
SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 2.

So zigzag manuscript, and cheat the eyes
Of *gallery critics* by a thousand arts.
COWPER, *The Task*, bk. ii. *The Timepiece.*

My *galligaskins, that have long withstood*
The winter's fury and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue !)
A horrid chasm disclosed.
PHILLIPS, *The Splendid Shilling*, l. 12.

Who loves a *garden, loves a greenhouse too.*
COWPER, *The Task*, bk. iii. *The Garden.*

When he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the *garish sun.*

SHAKS. *Romeo and Julict,* act iii. sc. 2.

A poet soaring in the high reason of his fancies, with his *garland and singing robes* about him.

MILTON, *Reason of Church Government,* bk. ii.

Mine *host of the Garter.*

SHAKS. *Merry Wives of Windsor,* act i. sc. 1.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower, that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

HERRICK, *To the Virgins to make much of Time.*

Led by my hand, he sauntered Europe round,
And *gathered every vice* on Christian ground.

POPE, *The Dunciad,* bk. iv. l. 311.

Is this that haughty gallant, *gay Lothario?*

N. ROWE, *The Fair Penitent,* act v. sc. 1.

I never nursed *a dear gazelle,*
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die.

MOORE, *The Fire-Worshippers.*

When all of *Genius which can perish dies.*

BYRON, *Monody on the Death of Sheridan.*

He knew whose *gentle hand was at the latch,*
Before the door had given her to his eyes.

KEATS, *Isabella.*

Then *gently scan your brother* man,
Still gentler, sister woman;
Though they may gang a' kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human.

BURNS, *Address to the Unco Guid.*

His lockèd, lettered, braw brass collar,
Showed him the *gentleman and scholar.*

BURNS, *The Twa Dogs.*

The prince of darkness is a gentleman.

SHAKS. *King Lear*, act iii. sc. 4.

The mob of *gentlemen who wrote with ease.*

POPE, *Imitations of Horace*, bk. ii. ep. i. l. 108.

Some force whole regions, in *despite*
O' geography, to change their site;
Make former times shake hands with latter,
And that which was before, come after;
But those that write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think's sufficient at one time.

BUTLER, *Hudibras*, pt. ii. can. i. l. 23.

And *if his name be George*, I'll call him Peter:
For new-made honour doth forget men's names.

SHAKS. *K. John*, act i. sc. 1.

Get money; still *get money, boy;*
No matter by what means.

JONSON, *Every Man in His Humour*, act ii. sc. 3.

Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace;
If not, by any means get wealth and place.

POPE, *Horace*, ep. i. bk. i.

Get thee behind me, Satan.

Matt. xvi. 23.

There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act i. sc. 5.

Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

SHAKS. *King Lear,* act v. sc. 3.

O, it is *excellent*
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

SHAKS. *Measure for Measure,* act ii. sc. 2.

Look a *gift horse in the mouth.*

BUTLER, *Hudibras,* pt. i. can. i. l. 499. RABELAIS, bk. i. ch. 2. *Also quoted by St. Jerome.*

Are then regalities all *gilded masks?*

KEATS, *Endymion.*

Now let us sing, long live the King,
And *Gilpin long live he;*
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see.

COWPER, *History of John Gilpin.*

Give it an understanding, but no tongue.

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act i. sc. 2.

Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

WALLER, *On a Girdle.*

Give me neither poverty nor riches.

Prov. xxx. 8.

Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

SHAKS. *Macbeth,* act iv. sc. 3.

Give thy thoughts no tongue.

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act i. sc. 3.

Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. i. st. 9.

For now we see *through a glass, darkly.*
1 *Cor.* xiii. 12.

He was, indeed, the *glass*
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part II.* act ii. sc. 3.

The *glory dies not,* and the grief is past.
SIR S. E. BRYDGES, *Sonnet on the Death of Sir W. Scott.*

The *paths of glory* lead but to the grave.
GRAY, *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*

Who *track the steps of Glory to the grave.*
BYRON, *Monody on the Death of Sheridan*, l. 74.

But *trailing clouds of glory* do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
WORDSWORTH, *Intimations of Immortality*, st. 5.

Go where *glory waits* thee.
MOORE, *Go where glory waits thee.*

But when the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies;
She passed through *glory's mourning gate,*
And walked in Paradise.
J. ALDRICH, *A Death Bed.*

Go, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand!
Fear not to touch the best:
The truth shall be thy warrant;
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.
J. SYLVESTER, *The Soul's Errand.*

Go, and do thou likewise.

Luke x. 37.

I'll *go his halves.*

Rabelais, bk. iv. c. 23

God made the country, and man made the town.*

Cowper, *The Task.*

A *God all mercy* is a God unjust.

Young, *Night Thoughts,* night iv. l. 233.

His tribe were *God Almighty's gentlemen.*

Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel,* pt. i. l. 615.

Ye cannot serve *God and Mammon.*

Matt. vi. 24.

God helps them that help themselves.

B. Franklin, *Poor Richard.*

Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men.

Milton, *Samson Agonistes,* l. 293.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform:
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Cowper, *Light Shining out of Darkness.*

The *god of my idolatry.*

Shaks. *Romeo and Juliet,* act ii. sc. 2.

So over violent, or over civil,
That every man with him was *God or devil.*

Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel,* pt. i. l. 557.

God save our gracious king,
Long live our noble king,
God save the king.

H. Carey, *God Save the King.*

* Nec mirum, quod divina Natura dedit agros ars humana ædificavit urbes.—*Varro.* Cowper's is a wonderfully close translation, but it is quite possible that he had not seen the original.—Editor.

God sendeth and giveth the mouth and the meat.*

TUSSER, *Points of Husbandry.*

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.

L. STERNE, *Sentimental Journey, Paris.*

To *God the Father, God the Son,*
And God the Spirit, three in One;
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

WATTS, *Glory to the Father and the Son.*

Profaned the *God-given strength,* and married the lofty line.

SCOTT, *Marmion,* introd. to can. i.

Then he will talk—good *gods, how he will talk.*

NAT. LEE, *Alexander the Great,* act i. sc. 3.

God's prophets of the beautiful
These poets were.

E. B. BROWNING, *A Vision.*

Even *God's providence*
Seeming estranged.

HOOD, *The Bridge of Sighs.*

Fire-branded foxes to scar up and singe
Our *gold and ripe-ear'd hopes.*

KEATS, *Endymion.*

Yet *gold all is not that doth golden seem.*

SPENSER, *Faerie Queene,* bk. ii. can. viii. st. 14.

All as they say that glitters is not gold.

DRYDEN, *Hind and Panther.*

Gold! gold! gold! *gold!*
Bright and yellow, hard and cold.

HOOD, *Her Moral.*

I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people.

SHAKS. *Macbeth,* act i. sc. 7.

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* Where God sends babbies He sends penny loaves.

Modern London Proverb.

She was *good as she was fair,*
None, none on earth above her!
As pure in thought as angels are,
To know her was to love her.*

S. Rogers, *Jacqueline,* st. 1.

The *good are better made by ill,*
As odours crushed are sweeter still.

Ibid. st. 3.

And learn the *luxury of doing good.*†

Goldsmith, *Traveller,* l. 22.

The book is made (as all books are)
Which I to you have sent,
Some *good it hath, perchance much bad,*
And more indifferent.

Martial, ep. xvii. l. 1. *In Extenuation of his Book.*

Yes! you will find people ready enough to do the *good Samaritan without the oil and the twopence.*‡

Sydney Smith, *W. W.* p. 229.

Are you *good men and true?*

Shaks. *Much Ado about Nothing,* act iii. sc. 3.

Good night and joy be wi' ye a';
Your harmless mirth has charmed my heart;
May life's fell blasts out owre ye blaw,
In sorrow may ye never part.

Sir Alex. Boswell.

In a *good old age.*

Gen. xv. 15.

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* To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever.
Burns, *Bonnie Lesley.*

† For all their luxury was doing good.
Garth, *Claremont,* l. 148.
He tried the luxury of doing good.
Crabbe, *Tales of the Hall,* bk. iii.

‡ This was appropriated by Douglas Jerrold.

Because the *good old rule*
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

WORDSWORTH, *Rob Roy's Grave*, st. 9.

Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven.

POPE, *Moral Essays*, ep. iv. l. 43.

Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the *good the gods provide thee.*

DRYDEN, *Alexander's Feast*, l. 106.

Good the more
Communicated, more abundant grows.*

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. v. l. 71.

Oh, Christ! it is *a goodly sight to see*
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land.

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. i. st. 15.

A *good name is better than precious ointment.*

Eccles. vii. 1.

Good name in man and woman, dear, my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

SHAKS. *Othello*, act iii. sc. 3.

There is some soul of *goodness in things evil,*
Would men observingly distil it out.

SHAKS. *K. Henry V.* act iv. sc. 1.

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* That good diffused may more abundant grow.

COWPER, *Conversation.*

If *goodness lead him not*, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast.

HERBERT, *The Pulley.*

Virtue is bold, and *goodness never fearful.*

SHAKS. *Measure for Measure*, act iii. sc. 1.

Thou can'st not say, I did it; never shake
Thy *gory locks* at me.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act iii. sc. 4.

"And *gospel light first beamed from Bullen's eyes.*"

GRAY.

All *government*, indeed every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue, and every prudent act, *is founded on compromise* and barter.

BURKE, *Speech on Conciliation with America.*

Oh! could you view *the melody*
Of every grace,
And music of her face,*
You'd drop a tear;
Seeing more harmony
In her bright eye
Than now you hear.

LOVELACE, *Orpheus to Beatrice.*

Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name.

CAMPBELL, *Pleasures of Hope*, pt. ii. l. 5.

The grand old name of gentleman
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soiled with all ignoble use.

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, can. x.

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* The mind, the music breathing from her face.

BYRON, *Bride of Abydos*, st. 6.

Clown. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl.

Malvolio. That the *soul of our grandam* might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'st thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

SHAKS. *Twelfth Night*, act iii. sc. 4.

For I am proverbed with a *grandsire phrase.*

SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 4.

The fathers *have eaten sour grapes*, and the children's teeth are set on edge.

Ezek. xviii. 2.

The still *small voice of gratitude.*

GRAY, *Ode to Music*, l. 64.

The *grave, dread thing!*
Men shiver when thou'rt named: Nature appalled,
Shakes off her wonted firmness.

BLAIR, *The Grave*, l. 9.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But *she is in her grave*, and oh!
The difference to me!

WORDSWORTH, *Lucy.*

Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb.

HEBER, *At a Funeral.*

Formed by thy converse, happily to steer
From *grave to gay*, from lively to severe.*

POPE, *Essay on Man*, ep. iv. l. 379.

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* Heureux qui, dans ses vers, sait d'une voix légère
Passer du grave au doux, du plaisant au sévère.

BOILEAU, *L'Art Poétique*, chant 1er.

Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O *grave! where is thy victory?*
O death! where is thy sting?

POPE, *The Dying Christian to his Soul.*

Methought I saw the *grave where Laura lay.*

SIR W. RALEIGH, *Verses to Edmund Spenser.*

Bring down my gray hairs *with sorrow to the grave.*

Gen. xlii. 38.

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The *graves stood tenantless*, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 1.

The gray mare will be the better horse.

BUTLER, *The Marriage of True Wit and Science, Hudibras*, pt. ii. can. ii. l. 698.

Great is truth and mighty above all things.

Esdra, iv. 61.

*None think the great unhappy but the great.**

YOUNG, *Love of Fame*, sat. i. l. 228.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness,
And some have greatness thrust upon them.

SHAKS. *Twelfth Night*, act ii. sc. 5.

Hence ye profane, I hate ye all,
Both the *great vulgar* and the small.

COWLEY, *Horace*, bk. iii. ode 1.

Great wits will jump.

STERNE, *Tristam Shandy.*

It is the *greatest good to the greatest number* which is the measure of right or wrong.

BENTHAM.

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* As if misfortune made the throne her seat,
And none could be unhappy but the great.

ROWE, *The Fair Penitent*, prologue.

The *isles of Greece!* the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung.

BYRON, *Don Juan*, can. iii. st. lxxxvi. v. 1.

Small Latin and less Greek.

JONSON, *To the Memory of Shakespeare.*

But, for my own part, *it was Greek to me.*

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar*, act i. sc. 2.

When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war.

NAT. LEE, *Alexander the Great*, act iv. sc. 2.

And 'tis for this we think and toil, and knowledge strive to glean,
That we may pull the English red below the Irish green,
And leave our sons sweet liberty, sweet smiling plenty spread,
Above the land once dark with blood—the *green above the red!*

TOM. DAVIS.

Spreading himself like a *green bay tree.*

Psalm xxxvii. 35.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days,
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

HALLECK, *On the Death of J. R. Drake.*

He maketh me lie down in *green pastures;* he leadeth me beside the still waters.

Psalm xxiii. 2.

Those *green-robed senators of mighty woods,*
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars.

KEATS, *Hyperion.*

Nor *greetings where no kindness is.*

WORDSWORTH, *Tintern Abbey.*

I see you stand like *greyhounds in the slips,*
Straining upon the start.

SHAKS. *K. Henry V.* act iii. sc. 1.

No *greater grief than to remember days*
Of joy when misery is at hand.

CAREY'S *Dante*, can. v. l. 128.

Every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

SHAKS. *Much Ado About Nothing*, act iii. sc. 2.

In the first days
Of my distracting grief I found myself
As women wish to be who love their lords.

J. HOME, *Douglas*, act i. sc. 1.

Some griefs are med'cinable.

SHAKS. *Cymbeline*, act iii. sc. 2.

Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front.

SHAKS. *K. Richard III.* act i. sc. 1.

Grind the faces of the poor.

Isaiah, iii. 15.

Where'er we tread, 'tis *haunted, holy ground.*

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. ii. st. 88.

The *groves were God's first temples.*

BRYANT, *Forest Hymn.*

May I govern my passion with absolute sway,
And *grow wiser and better* as my strength wears away.

DR. W. POPE, *The Old Man's Wish.*

The young disease that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength.

POPE, *Essay on Man*, ep. ii. l. 135.

What will Mrs. Grundy say?

T. MORTON, *Speed the Plough*, act i. sc. 1.

Good humour an' bigouets shall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

RAMSAY, *Gentle Shepherd.*

There's a *gude time coming.*

SCOTT, *Rob Roy*, ch. 32.

For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, *speed the going guest.**

POPE, *Horace*, bk. ii. sat. ii. l. 159.

True friendship's laws are by this rule expressed,
Welcome the coming, *speed the parting guest.*

POPE, *Odyssey*, bk. xv. l. 83.

Thou wert my *guide, philosopher, and friend.*

POPE, *Essay on Man*, ep. iv. l. 390.

But the jingling of the *guinea helps the hurt* that honour feels.

TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall.*

Steal! to be sure they may, and, egad, serve your best thoughts as *gypsies do stolen children*, disfigure them to make them pass for their own.†

SHERIDAN, *The Critic*, act i. sc. 1.

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* See Pope's *Odyssey*, bk. xv. l. 83.

† Still pilfers wretched plans, and makes them worse;
Like gypsies, lest the stolen brat be known,
Defacing first, then claiming for his own.

CHURCHILL, *The Apology*, l. 233.

HABIT—HAND.

HOW *use doth breed a habit in a man.*
SHAKS. *Two Gentlemen of Verona,* act v. sc. 4.

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances.
SCOTT, *The Lady of the Lake,* can. ii. st. 19.

Hail, wedded love! mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost,* b. iv. l. 750.

He could *distinguish, and divide*
A hair, 'twixt south and south-west side.
BUTLER, *Hudibras,* pt. i. can. i. l. 67.

But the very *hairs of your head are all numbered.*
Matt. x. 30.

Where the *half-drunk lean over* the half-dressed.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *The Season.*

Half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
POPE, *Moral Essays,* ep. i. l. 40.

I'm *half seas o'er* in death.
DRYDEN, *Cleomenes.*

No man e'er felt the *halter draw*
With good opinion of the law.
T. TRUMBULL, *McFingal,* can. iii. l. 489.

His *hand will be against every man,* and every man's hand against him.
Gen. xvi. 12.

Whatsoever thy *hand findeth to do, do it* with thy might.
Eccles. ix. 10.

Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little *folding of the hands* to sleep.
Prov. vi. 10; xxiv. 33.

Hands promiscuously applied
Round the slight waist, or down the glowing side.
Byron, *The Waltz.*

All who joy would win
Must share it,—*Happiness was born a twin.*
Byron, *Don Juan*, can. ii. st. 172.

And there is ev'n a *happiness* ...
That makes the heart afraid.
Hood, *Ode to Melancholy.*

How bitter a thing it is to look into *happiness through another man's eyes!*
Shaks. *As You Like It*, act v. sc. 2.

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
"*Virtue alone is happiness* below."
Pope, *Essay on Man*, ep. iv. l. 309.

The hidden *soul of harmony.*
Milton, *L'Allegro*, l. 144.

Let not him that *girdeth on his harness* boast himself as he that putteth it off.
1 *Kings*, xx. 11.

Strange! that a *harp of thousand strings*
Should keep in tune so long.
Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, bk. ii. hymn 19.

The *harp* that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute *on Tara's walls,*
As if that soul were fled.
Moore, *The Harp that once through Tara's halls.*

We hanged our *harps upon the willows.*

Psalm cxxxvii. 2.

The *harvest truly is plenteous,* but the labourers are few.

Matt. ix. 37.

A *hat not much the worse for wear.*

Cowper, *History of J. Gilpin.*

Who love too much, *hate in the like extreme.*

Pope, *Odyssey,* bk. xv. l. 79.

These two *hated with a hate*
Found only on the stage.

Byron, *Don Juan,* can. iv. st. 93.

A good hater.

Johnsoniana, *Piozzi,* 39.

Heaven has no rage like *love to hatred turned,*
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.

Congreve, *The Mourning Bride,* act iii. sc. 1.

I know a *hawk from a handsaw.*

Shaks. *Hamlet,* act ii. sc. 2.

He that is not with me is against me.

Luke, xi. 23.

Shine by the side of every path we tread
With such a lustre, *he that runs may read.*

Cowper, *Tirocinium.*

He that fights and runs away
May live to fight another day.

Sir J. Mennis, *Musarum Deliciæ,* 12mo. 1656.

Inexorable conscience holds his court,
With still, small voice the plot of guilt alarms.

* * * * *

But wrapped in night, with terrors all his own,
He speaks in thunder when the deed is done.
Hear him, ye senates! hear this truth sublime,
"*He who allows oppression* shares the crime."

Eras. Darwin, *Mores concluded.*

The *head is not more native to the heart.*

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 2.

Such as take lodgings in a *head*
That's to *be let unfurnished.**

BUTLER, *Hudibras*, pt. i. can. i. l. 161.

Their *head's sometimes so little*, that there is no more room for wit; sometimes so long, that there is no wit for so much room.

FULLER, *Holy State of Natural Fools.*

How loved, how honoured once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A *heap of dust* alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

POPE, *To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady*, l. 7.

And the *heart* that is soonest *awake to the flowers*,
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns.

MOORE, *O think not my Spirits.*

Let not your *heart be troubled.*

John xiv. 1.

And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The *heart distrusting asks*, if this be joy.

GOLDSMITH, *Deserted Village*, l. 263.

Ferdinand. Here's my *hand.*
Miranda. And mine, *with my heart in it.*

SHAKS. *Tempest*, act iii. sc. 1.

The *heart knoweth his own bitterness.*

Prov. xiv. 10.

A *merry heart goes all the day*,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

SHAKS. *Winter's Tale*, act iv. sc. 2.

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* Often the cockloft is empty in those which nature hath built many stories high.—FULLER, *Holy and Profane State*, bk. v. chap. xviii.

And when once the young *heart of a maiden* is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

MOORE, *Ill Omens.*

But *on and up*, where Nature's *heart*
Beats strong amid the hills.

R. M. MILNES, *Tragedy of the Lac de Gaube*, st. 2.

Hope deferred maketh the *heart sick.*

Prov. xiii. 12.

To know, to esteem, to love—and then to part,
Makes up life's *tale to many a feeling heart!*

COLERIDGE, *On taking leave of* —, 1817.

If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see
That *heart, which others bleed for*, bleed for me.

WILL. CONGREVE, *Way of the World*, act iii. sc. 12.

When true *hearts lie withered,*
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

MOORE, *Last Rose of Summer.*

To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

CAMPBELL, *Hallowed Ground.*

Beholding heaven and feeling hell.

MOORE, *The Fire Worshippers.*

Oh Friend whom glad or grave we seek,
Heaven-holding shrine!
I ope thee, touch thee, hear thee speak,
And peace is mine.

LEIGH HUNT, *The Lover of Music.*

As sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes *heaven drowsy* with the harmony.*

SHAKS. *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iv. sc. 3.

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* See also *Apollo's lute*, Milton, p. 25.

Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banished lover, or some captive maid.

POPE, *Eloisa to Abelard*, l. 51.

Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the *kindred points of Heaven* and home.

WORDSWORTH, *To a Sky Lark*, xxx.

Hyperion to a satyr! so loving to my mother,
That he might not between the *winds of heaven*
Visit her face too roughly.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 2.

To heirs unknown descends the unguarded store,
Or wanders, *heaven-directed*, to the poor.

POPE, *Moral Essays*, ep. ii. l. 149.

Hung be the heavens with black.

SHAKS. *K. Henry VI. Part I.* act i. sc. 1.

A *Hebrew knelt, in the dying light*,
His eye was dim and cold,
The hairs on his brow were silver-white,
And his blood was thin and old.

HERVEY, *The Devil's Progress*.

Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take *heed lest he fall*.

1 *Cor.* x. 12.

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed
In one self place; but where we are is hell,
And where hell is, there must we ever be.
And to be short, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell, that are not heaven.

MARLOWE, *Faustus*.

All *hell broke loose*.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. iv. l. 918.

In hopes to merit Heaven by *making earth a Hell.*
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. i. st. 20.

The *hell of waters!* where they howl and hiss.
Ibid. can. iv. st. 69.

But, O ye lords of ladies intellectual!
Inform us truly, have they not *hen-pecked you all?*
BYRON, *Don Juan*, can. i. st. 22.

Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor never does a wise one.
EARL OF ROCHESTER, *Written on the Bedchamber Door of Charles II.*

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, xxxii.

Lord of himself,—that *heritage of woe!*
BYRON, *Lara*, can. i. st. 2.

*"No one is a hero to his valet."**

At your age,
The *hey-dey in the blood* is tame, it's humble.
SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 4.

At whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. iv. l. 34.

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* This phrase is commonly attributed to Madame de Sévigné, but on the authority of Madame Aisse belongs to Madame Cornuel.—*Lettres, édit. J. Ravenal*, 1853.

Few men are admired by their servants.
MONTAIGNE, *Essays*, bk. iii. ch. 11.

When Hermodotus in his poems described Antigonus as the son of Helius (the sun), "my valet-de-chambre," said he, "is not aware of this."—PLUTARCH, *De Iside et Osiride*, ch. xxiv.

What thou wouldst highly,
That thou wouldst holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act i. sc. 5.

The *hind that would be mated by the lion*
Must die for love.

SHAKS. *All's Well that Ends Well*, act i. sc. 1.

High thoughts!
They come and go,
Like the soft breathings of a listening maiden.

ROBERT NICOLL, *Poems.*

I have thee on the hip.

SHAKS. *Mer. of Venice*, act iv. sc. 1.

Histories make men wise, poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.

F. BACON, *Essay* i. *Of Studies.*

"Hobson's choice." *

Who first invented work and bound the free,
And *holiday-rejoicing spirit down.*

CHAS. LAMB, *Work.*

Hypocrisy is a sort of *homage that vice pays to virtue.*

FRANCIS DUC DE ROCHEFOUCAULD, *Maxim* ccxvii.

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's *no place like home.*†

J. H. PAYNE, *Home, Sweet Home.*‡

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* Tobias Hobson was the first man in England that let out hackney horses. When a man came for a horse, he was led into the stable, where there was a great choice, but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable door; so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance, from whence it became a proverb, when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say, *"Hobson's Choice."—Spectator*, No. 509.

† "Home is home though it be never so homely," was a proverb; it is found in the collections of the seventeenth century.

‡ From the Opera of Clari, the Maid of Milan.

Since all that is not Heaven must fade,
Light be the hand of ruin laid
Upon the *home I love.*

KEBLE, *Christian Year, Monday in Whitsuntide.*

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.

SHAKS. *Two Gentlemen of Verona,* act i. sc. 1.

An *honest tale speeds best,* being plainly told.

SHAKS. *K. Richard III.* act iv. sc. 4.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am *armed so strong in honesty,*
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not.

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar,* act iv. sc. 3.

Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is in that word, honour? What is that honour? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o'Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it: therefore I'll none of it: *Honour* is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism.

SHAKS. *King Henry IV. Part I.* act v. sc. 1.

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

R. LOVELACE, *To Lucasta on going to the Wars.*

Had left their walls lovely in form and mind;
In sunny manhood he,—she *honour'd, fair, and kind.*

L. HUNT, *Rimini.*

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

SHAKS. *K. Richard III.* act v. sc. 2.

While there is life there's hope, he cried.
J. Gay, *The Sick Man and the Angel.*

All *hope abandon ye who enter here.**
Carey's *Dante*, can. iii. l. 9.

Our *hopes, like tow'ring falcons*, aim
At objects in an airy height;
The little pleasure of the game
Is from afar to view the flight.
Prior, *To the Hon. Charles Montague.*

Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.
Shaks. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 2.

On *horror's head horrors* accumulate.
Shaks. *Othello*, act iii. sc. 3.

The *horse-leech hath two daughters*, crying, Give, give.
Prov. xxx. 15.

And *witch the world with noble horsemanship.*
Shaks. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act iv. sc. 1.

Poor *pensioner* on the bounties *of an hour.*
Young, *Night Thoughts*, night i. l. 67.

When the good man mends his armour,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the good wife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.
Macaulay, *Lays, Horatius.*

If *humour, wit, and honesty*, could save
The humorous, witty, honest, from the grave,
The grave had not so soon this tenant found,
Whom honesty, and wit, and humour crown'd.
Stephen Duck, *On Joe Miller.*

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* "Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate."

Some wee short hour ayont the twal.

BURNS, *Death and Dr. Hornbook.*

'Tis greatly *wise to talk with our past hours,*
And ask them, what report they bore to heaven.

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts,* night ii. l. 370.

It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the *house of feasting.*

Eccles. vii. 2.

You take my house, when you do take the *prop*
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

SHAKS. *Mer. of Venice,* act iv. sc. 1.

How hard their lot who neither won or lost.

J. BEATTIE, *Epigram. The Bucks had dined.*

While tumbling down the turbid stream,
Lord love us, *how we apples swim.*

D. MALLETT, *Tyburn.*

Hear ye not the *hum*
Of mighty workings.

J. KEATS, *Sonnet to Haydon.*

O *wearisome condition of humanity!*

F. GREVILLE, *Lord Brook Mustapha,* act v. sc. 4.

The *humour of it.*

SHAKS. *Merry Wives of Windsor,* act ii. sc. 1.

And *truant husband* should return, and say,
"My dear, I was the first who came away."

BYRON, *Don Juan,* can. i. st. 141.

I.

AM a part of all that I have met.

TENNYSON, *Ulysses.*

I am not only witty in myself, but the cause of wit in others.

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act i. sc. 2.

Triumphant arch that fill'st the sky
When hours prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art.

CAMPBELL, *To the Rainbow.*

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.

BISHOP STILL, *G. Gurton's Needle,* act. ii.

I care for nobody, no, not I,
If no one cares for me.*

Love in a Village, act i. sc. 3.

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* If naebody care for me,
I'll care for naebody.—BURNS.

'Tis strange the Hebrew noun which means *I am*,
The English always use to govern damn.

BYRON, *Don Juan*, can. i. st. 14.

I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more is none.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act i. sc. 7.

Surely 'tis better when summer is over,
To die when all fair things are fading away.
Some in life's winter may toil to discover
Means of procuring a weary delay.
I'd be a butterfly, living a rover,
Dying when fair things are fading away.

T. H. BAYLEY, *Songs*.

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.*

Tom Brown, 1704.

I give thee all—I can no more,
Tho' poor the offering be;
My heart and lute are all the store
That I can bring to thee.

MOORE, *National Airs*.

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* This is imitated from Martial, and has been a favourite with epigrammatists. Here are two versions:—

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare;
Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te.

MARTIAL, ep. xxxiii. lib. 1.

Je ne vous aime pas, Hylas;
Je n'en saurois dire la cause,
Je sais seulement un chose,
C'est que je ne vous aime pas.

BUSSY RABUTIN, ep. xxxiii. bk. 1.—ED.

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee d—d first.

CANNING, *Knife-Grinder.*

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay,
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

TICKELL, *Colin and Lucy.*

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I know but I love thee, whatever thou art.

MOORE, *Irish Melodies.*

I on my journey all alone proceed.

CHURCHILL, *The Journey,* l. 166.

Thank you, good sir, *I owe you one.*

COLMAN, *Poor Gentleman,* act i. sc. 2.

I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

HOOD, *Poems.*

Quoth Hudibras, "*I smell a rat;**
Ralpho, thou doth prevaricate.

BUTLER, *Hudibras,* can. i. l. 821.

I went to Frankfort, and got drunk
With that most learn'd professor, Brunck;
I went to Worts, and got more drunken
With that more learn'd professor, Ruhnecken.

PROF. PORSON, *Facetiæ Cantab.*

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* Smell a rat.—B. JONSON, *Tale of a Tub,* act iv. sc. 3.—ED.

The *idea of her life* shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination.

SHAKS. *Much Ado about Nothing*, act iv. sc. 1.

Beware the Ides of March.

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar*, act i. sc. 1.

As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner.*

An *idler is a watch* that wants both hands;
As useless as it goes as when it stands.

COWPER, *Retirement.*

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

SIR W. RALEIGH, *The Nymph's Reply to the Passionate Shepherd.*

Your *if is the only peacemaker;* much virtue in *if.*

SHAKS. *As You Like It*, act v. sc. 4.

And his best riches, *ignorance of wealth.*

GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village*, l. 62.

Nothing is more terrible than *active ignorance.*

GOETHE, *Opinions*, p. 108.

A man who is ignorant of foreign languages is also ignorant of his own.

Ibid. p. 112, ed. 1853.

Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the *topmost towers of Ilium?*
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.
Her lips suck forth my soul! see where it flies.

MARLOWE, *Faustus.*

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.

SHAKS. *K. Henry VI. Part III.* act ii. sc. 5.

An *ill-favoured thing*, sir, but mine own.

SHAKS. *As You Like It*, act v. sc. 4.

Ill ware is never cheap.

HERBERT, *Jacula Prudentum.*

It is an *ill wind* that turns none to good.

TUSSER, *One Hundred Points of Husbandry.*

Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the *ills o' life victorious.*

BURNS, *Tam o' Shanter.*

There mark what *ills the scholar's life assail*—
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.

S. JOHNSON, *Vanity of Human Wishes*, l. 150.

Illustrious predecessor.

BURKE, *Thoughts on the Present Discontents.*

But our captain counts the image of God nevertheless his *image cut in ebony*, as if done in ivory.

FULLER, *Holy State, The Good Sea-Captain.*

How widely its agencies vary—
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamped with the *image of good Queen Bess*,
And now of a Bloody Mary.

HOOD, *Miss Kilmansegg.*

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of *imagination all compact.*

SHAKS. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act. iv. sc. 1.

But who can paint
Like nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?

THOMSON, *The Seasons, Spring*, l. 465.

One of the few, the *immortal names*,
That were not born to die.

HALLECK, *Marco Bozzaris.*

It must be so.—Plato, thou reasonest well.
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This *longing after immortality?*

ADDISON, *Cato*, act v. sc. 1.

Never, believe me,
Appear the Immortals,
Never alone.

COLERIDGE, *The Visit of the Gods.**

Imparadised in one another's arms.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. iv. l. 506.

Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my *imperfections on my head.*

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 5.

Th' *imperial ensign*, which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. i. l. 536.

'Tis *impious* in a good man *to be sad.*

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night iv. l. 676.

Whoe'er she be,
That not *impossible she,*
That shall command my heart and me.

R. CRASHAW, *Wishes to his supposed Mistress.*

And *what's impossible can't be,*
And never, never comes to pass.

G. COLMAN, *The Younger. The Maid of the Moor.*

One *impulse from a vernal wood*
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

WORDSWORTH, *The Tables Turned.*

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* Imitated from Schiller.

The commons, faithful to their system, remained in a wise and *masterly inactivity.*

SIR J. MACKINTOSH, *Vindiciæ Gallicæ.*

"*Indemnity for the past, and security for the future.*"*

RUSSELL'S *Memoir of Fox,* vol. iii. p. 345.

Cassio. Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the *ingredient is a devil.*

Iago. Come, come; good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used.

SHAKS. *Othello,* act ii. sc. 3.

Man's *inhumanity to man*
Makes countless thousands mourn.

BURNS, *Man was made to mourn.*

O, *Mirth and Innocence!* O, Milk and Water!
Ye happy mixtures of more happy days!

BYRON, *Beppo,* st. 80.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
His *warmest welcome at an inn.*†

SHENSTONE, *Written on the Window of an Inn.*

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make *instruments to scourge us.*

SHAKS. *King Lear,* act v. sc. 3.

Wrongs unredressed, or *insults unavenged.*

WORDSWORTH, *The Excursion,* bk. iii.

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* Mr. Pitt's phrase.—DE QUINCEY, *Theological Essays,* vol. ii. p. 170.

† There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced, as by a good tavern or inn.—JOHNSON, *Boswell's Life,* 1766.

Archbishop Leighton used often to say, that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn.

*Hell is paved with good intentions.**

BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson.*

Intolerable, not to be endured.

SHAKS. *Taming of the Shrew,* act v. sc. 2.

O thou *invisible spirit of wine,* if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

SHAKS. *Othello,* act ii. sc. 3.

The *iron entered into his soul.*†

STERNE, *Sentimental Journey. The Captive.*

Ay me! what perils do inviron
The man that *meddles with cold iron.*

BUTLER, *Hudibras,* pt. i. can. iii. l. 1.

A man may cry Church! Church! at every word
With no more piety than other people;
A daw's not reckoned a religious bird
Because *it keeps a cawing from the steeple.*

HOOD, *Ep. to Rae Wilson, Esq.*

You yourself
Are much condemned to have an *itching palm.*

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar,* act. iv. sc. 3.

Him thus intent *Ithuriel with his spear*
Touched lightly.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost,* bk. iv. l. 810.

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* Hell is full of good meanings and wishings.

HERBERT, *Jacula Prudentum.*

† *Psalm* cv. 18. *Book of Common Prayer.*

JACK—JEW.

JACK shall pipe, *and Gill* shall dance.

WITHER, *Poem on Christmas.*

Love is hurt with *jar and fret.*
Love is made a vague regret.

TENNYSON, *Miller's Daughter.*

Drop head foremost in the *jaws*
Of vacant darkness and to cease.

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, can. xxxiv. 4.

And the driving is like the driving of *Jehu, the son of Nimshi:* for he driveth furiously.

2 *Kings* ix. 20.

I am a Jew else, *an Ebrew Jew.*

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act ii. sc. 4.

This is the *Jew*
*That Shakespeare drew.**

Attributed to POPE.

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

SHAKS. *Mer. of Venice*, act iv. sc. 1.

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* On the 14th of February, 1741, Macklin established his fame as an actor, in the character of Shylock, in the "Merchant of Venice," and restored to the stage a play which had been forty years supplanted by Lord Lansdowne's "Jew of Venice."

I am a Jew: *hath not a Jew eyes?* hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?

SHAKS. *Mer. of Venice*, act iii. sc. 1.

The time is out of joint.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 5.

The Muse, the *jolly Muse, it is!*
She answered to my call;
She changes with that mood or this,
Is all-in-all to all.

TENNYSON, *Will. Waterproof.*

Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

SHAKS. *Twelfth Night*, act ii. sc. 3.

Love endures no tie,
And *Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury.**

DRYDEN, *Palamon and Arcite*, bk. ii.

Joy, joy for ever! my task is done,
The gates are passed and heaven is won.

MOORE, *Paradise and the Peri.*

They hear a voice in every wind,
And *snatch a fearful joy.*

GRAY, *On a Distant Prospect of Eton College.*

Joy is the sweet voice, *joy the luminous cloud,*
We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms, or ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light.

COLERIDGE, *Dejection, an Ode*, st. 5.

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* Perjuria ridet amantium
Jupiter.—TIBULLUS, lib. iii. el. vi. l. 49.

A Latin proverb, translated by Shakespeare, Dryden, and others.

At lovers' perjuries, they say, Jove laughs.

SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 2.

Clear headed friend, whose *joyful scorn*,
Edged with sharp laughter, cuts atwain
The knots that tangle human creeds.

TENNYSON, *To ——, Poems*, p. 13.

Her birth was of the wombe of morning dew,
And her conception of the *joyous prime*.

SPENSER, *Faerie Queene*, bk. iii. can. vi. st. 3.

Of *joys departed*,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance.

R. BLAIR, *The Grave*, l. 109.

Commonly we say a *judgement falls upon a man* for something in him we cannot abide.

J. SELDEN, *Table Talk, Judgements.*

'Tis with our *judgements as our watches*, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.*

POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, pt. i. l. 9.

Though it make the unskilful laugh,
Cannot but make the *judicious grieve*.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 2.

And what is so rare as a *day in June?*
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.

J. R. LOWELL, *The Vision of Sir Launfal.*

The *jury* passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try.

SHAKS. *Measure for Measure*, act ii. sc. 1.

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* But as when an authentic watch is shown,
Each man winds up and rectifies his own,
So in our very judgments, &c.

SUCKLING, *Epilogue to Aglaura.*

KATERFELTO—KING.

KATERFELTO, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.

COWPER, *The Task*, bk. iv. *Winter Evening.*

The shadow clothed from head to foot,
Who *keeps the keys of all the creeds.*

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, xxxiii. 1.

A kick, that scarce would move a horse,
May kill a sound divine.

COWPER, *The Yearly Distress*, v. 16.

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the *leopard shall lie down with the kid.*

Isaiah xi. 6.

A little more than kin, and less than kind.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 2.

Not all the waters in the rough rude sea can wash the balm from an *anointed king.*

SHAKS. *K. Richard II.* act iii. sc. 2.

The *king himself has followed her*
When she has walked before.

GOLDSMITH, *Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize.**

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* Written in imitation of *Chanson sur le fameux La Palisse*, which is attributed to Bernard de la Monnoye,—

"On dit que dans ses amours
Il fut caressé des belles,
Qui le suivirent toujours,
Tant qu'il marcha devant elles."

But yonder comes the powerful *king of day*,
Rejoicing in the east.

THOMSON, *The Seasons, Summer*, l. 81.

Kings have no such couch as thine,
As the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

TENNYSON, *A Dirge*, p. 51.

The *kiss, snatched hasty* from the side-long maid.

THOMSON, *The Seasons, Winter*, l. 626.

He that had neyther been *kithe nor kin*
Might have seen a full fayre sight.

PERCY, *Guy of Gisborne.*

That all softening, *overpowering knell*,
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner-bell.

BYRON, *Don Juan*, can. v. st. 49.

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a *knell*
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act ii. sc. 1.

War, war is still the cry, "*war even to the knife!*" *

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. i. st. 86.

A zeal of God, but not *according to knowledge.*

Rom. x. 2.

And all our *knowledge is, ourselves to know.*

POPE, *Essay on Man*, ep. iv. l. 397.

Knowledge is power.—Nam et ipsa scientia potestas est.
Meditationes Sacræ, De Hæresibus (BACON).

Knowledge is proud that he has learnt so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

COWPER, *The Task*, bk. vi. *Winter Walk at Noon.*

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* "*War even to the knife,*" was the reply of Palafox, the governor of Saragoza, when summoned to surrender by the French when they besieged that city in 1808.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before.

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

Who *loves not knowledge*, who shall rail
Against her beauty? May she mix
With men and prosper! Who shall fix
Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

Ibid. cxiii. 1.

What shall I do *to be for ever known*,
And make the age to come my own?

COWLEY, *The Motto.*

To whip a top, to *knuckle down at taw*,
To swing upon a gate, to ride a straw,
To play at push-pin with dull brother peers,
To reign the monarch in a porter's ears.

CHURCHILL, *Cand.* l. 323.

Scotland—that *knuckle end of England*, that land of Calvin, oat-cakes, and sulphur.

SYD. SMITH, *Memoir.*

LABURNUMS dropping wells of fire.

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, lxxxii. 3.

The labourer is worthy of his reward.

1 *Tim.* v. 18.

I have had my *labour for my travel.*

SHAKS. *Troilus and Cressida*, act i. sc. 1.

Remembering without ceasing your work of faith, and *labour of love.*

1 *Thess.* i. 3.

Such *laboured nothings*, in so strange a style.

POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, pt. ii. l. 126.

Alas! we make
A ladder of our thoughts where angels step,
But sleep ourselves at the foot.

ELIZ. LANDON.

And when a *lady's in the case*,
You know all other things give place.

J. GAY, *The Hare and many Friends.*

The *lady protests too much*, methinks.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 2.

Well said; that was *laid on with a trowel*

SHAKS. *As You Like It*, act i. sc. 2.

Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden *lamps in old sepulchral urns.*

COWPER, *Conversation.*

Unto a *land flowing with milk* and honey.

Exod. iii. 8.

O *that those lips had language!* Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.

COWPER, *On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture.*

Falstaff sweats to death,
And *lards the lean earth,* as he walks along.

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act ii. sc. 2.

The *last link is broken*
That bound me to thee,
And the words thou hast spoken
Have rendered me free.

MISS FANNY STEERS, *Song.*

Though *last, not least, in love.*

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar,* act iii. sc. 1.

'Tis the *last rose of summer,*
Left blooming alone.

MOORE, *Last Rose of Summer.*

Last year, my love, it was my hap
Behind a grenadier to be,
And, but he wore a hairy cap,
No taller man, methinks, than me.

THACKERAY, *Mis.* i. p. 17.

Pleased me, long *choosing and beginning late.*

MILTON, *Paradise Lost,* bk. ix. l. 26.

Too early seen unknown, and *known too late.*

SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet,* act i. sc. 5.

Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

POPE, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot,* l. 213.

Feebly she *laugheth in the languid moon,*
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle-book.
KEATS, *Eve of St. Agnes.*

She is a woman, therefore may be wooed;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.
SHAKS. *Titus Andronicus,* act ii. sc. 1.

To the *law and* to the *testimony.*
Isaiah viii. 20.

Love is the fulfilling of the law.
Rom. xiii. 10.

Let us consider the reason of the case; for *nothing is law that is not reason.*
SIR J. POWELL, *Coggs vs. Bernard,* ii. Ld. Raym. 911.

Of Law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her *seat is the bosom of God,* her voice the harmony of the world: all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power.
R. HOOKER, *Ecclesiastical Polity,* bk. i.

The very *law which moulds a tear,*
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.
S. ROGERS, *To a Tear.*

Still you keep o' the *windy side of the law.*
SHAKS. *Twelfth Night,* act ii. sc. 3.

Content if hence the unlearned their wants may view,
The *learned reflect* on what before they knew.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism,* pt. iii. l. 70.

Of two evils I have chose the *least.**

PRIOR, *Imitation of Horace.*

Leave her to heaven
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 5.

Let those love now, who never loved before,
Let those who always loved, now love the more.†

PARNELL, *The Pervigilium Veneris.*

(Lady Elizabeth Hastings). Though her mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behaviour; *to love her was a liberal education.*‡

SIR R. STEELE, *The Tatler*, no. 49.

Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.

WEBSTER, *Second Speech on Foot's Resolution.*

O liberty! *liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name.*

MADAME ROLAND.

I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please.

SHAKS. *As You Like It*, act ii. sc. 7.

Give me Liberty, or give me *death!*

P. HENRY, *Speech, March*, 1775.

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* De duobus malis, minus est semper eligendum.

THOS. A KEMPIS, *Imitation of Christ*, bk. iii. ch. 12.

† Written in the time of Julius Cæsar, and by some ascribed to Catullus:—

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit,
Quique amavit, cras amet.

‡ Leigh Hunt incorrectly ascribes the expression, *to love her was a liberal education*, to Congreve.

License they mean when they cry liberty.

MILTON, *Sonnets*, son. xii.

Lies like truth.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act v. sc. 5.

In small proportion we just beauties see,
And *in short measures life* may perfect be.

JONSON, *Good Life, Long Life.*

Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know
That *life protracted is protracted woe.*

JOHNSON, *Vanity of Human Wishes*, l. 257.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low;
As in her breast *the wave of life*
Kept heaving to and fro.

HOOD, *The Death-Bed.*

We thought her *dying while she lived,*
And *living when she died.*

Ibid.

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act ii. sc. 3.

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.

COWPER, bk. ii. *The Timepiece.*

The *web of our life* is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together.

SHAKS. *All's Well that Ends Well*, act iv. sc. 3.

Life's a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, and now I know it.

GAY, *Epitaph on Himself.*

Years steal
Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb;
And *life's enchanted cup* but sparkles near the brim.

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. iii. st. 2.

That life is long which answers *life's great end.*

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night v. l. 773.

He was a *burning and a shining light.*

John v. 35.

Where Washington hath left
His awful memory
A *light for aftertimes!*

SOUTHEY, *Ode written during the War with America*, 1814.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks around in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that *light which Heaven sheds.*

MOORE, *I'd mourn the Hopes.*

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile.

SHAKS. *Love's Labour's Lost*, act i. sc. 1.

Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you.

John xii. 35.

Let your loins be girded about, and your *lights burning.*

Luke xii. 35.

Like—but oh! how different.

WORDSWORTH, *Poems of the Imagination*, xxix.

Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone and forever.

SCOTT, *The Lady of the Lake*, can. iii. st. 16.

As a wit, if not first, *in the very first line.*

GOLDSMITH, *Retaliation*, l. 96.

It is not *linen you're wearing out,*
But human creatures' lives.*

HOOD, *Song of the Shirt.*

But Titus† said with his uncommon sense,
When the Exclusion Bill was in suspense,
I hear a *lion in the lobby roar.*

REV. J. BRAMSTON, *Art of Politics.*

With a *smile on her lips* and a tear in her eye.

SCOTT, *Marmion,* can. v. st. 12.

Their *lips were four red roses* on a stalk.

SHAKS. *K. Richard III.* act iv. sc. 3.

Know ye not that a *little leaven* leaveneth the whole lump?

1 *Cor.* v. 6.

For we that *live to please, must please to live.*

JOHNSON, *Prologue on the Opening of Drury Lane Theatre.*

To *live with them* is far *less sweet*
Than to remember thee.‡

MOORE, *I saw Thy Form.*

The trembling knee
And frantic gape of *lonely Niobe,*
Poor, lonely Niobe! when her lovely young
Were dead and gone.

KEATS, *Endymion.*

To one who has been *long in city pent,*§
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven, to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.

KEATS, *Sonnets.*

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* It's no fish ye're buying, it's men's lives.

SCOTT, *The Antiquary,* ch. xi.

† Col. Titus, in a debate on the Exclusion Bill, January 7, 1680.

‡ In imitation of Shenstone. "Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse."

§ As one who long in populous city pent.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost,* bk. ix. l. 445.

Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go.

TUSSER, *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*, ch. lvii.

Nor cast one *longing lingering look* behind.

GRAY, *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*

Look not thou upon the wine, when it is red; when it giveth his colour in the cup; . . . at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

Prov. xxiii. 31, 32.

My business in this state
Made me a *looker-on here in Vienna.*

SHAKS. *Measure for Measure*, act v. sc. 1.

No sooner met, but they looked; no sooner *looked, but they loved;* no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason.

SHAKS. *As You Like It*, act v. sc. 2.

For whom the *Lord loveth he chasteneth.*

Heb. xii. 6.

Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.

POPE, *Horace*, bk. ii. sat. i. l. 6.

The Lord gave, and the *Lord hath taken away;* blessed be the name of the Lord.

Job i. 21.

Lord! what a doleful place is this!
There's neither coal nor candle;
And nothing I but fishes' tripes
And greasy guts do handle.

ZACHARY BOYCE'S *Bible History.**

I believe *Lord John Russell* would undertake to perform the operation for the stone—build St. Peter's—or assume (with or without ten minutes' notice) the command of the channel fleet; and no one would discover by his manner that the patient had died—the church tumbled down—and the channel fleet had been knocked to atoms.

SYDNEY SMITH, *Letter to Singleton.*

* Apropos of Jonah when swallowed by the whale.

Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR H. WOTTON, *The Character of a Happy Life.*

Lord of thy presence, and no land beside.

SHAKS. *King John*, act i. sc. 1.

That *loss is common, would not make*
My own less bitter, rather more:
Too common! *never morning wore*
To evening, but some heart did break.

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

"*All is lost save honour.*"*

FRANCIS I.

Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
Is—*Love, forgive us! cinders, ashes, dust.*

KEATS, *Lamia.*

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For *love is heaven, and heaven is love.*

SCOTT, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, can. iii. st. 1.

O love! in such a wilderness as this.

CAMPBELL, *Gertrude*, pt. iii. st. 1.*

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* It was from the imperial camp near Pavia that Francis I. before leaving for Pizzighettone, wrote to his mother the memorable letter, which, thanks to tradition, has become altered to the form of this sublime laconism: "Madame, tout est perdu fors l'honneur." The true expression is, "Madame, pour vous faire savoir comme se porte le reste de mon infortune, de toutes choses ne m'est demeuré que l'honneur et la vie qui est sauve."—MARTIN, *Histoire de France*, tom. viii.

Love is loveliest when embalmed *in tears.*

SCOTT, *The Lady of the Lake,* can. iv. st. 1.

But there's no *love lost between us.**

GOLDSMITH, *She Stoops to Conquer,* act i. sc. 4.

I have heard of reasons manifold
Why *love must needs be blind,*
But this the best of all I hold—
His eyes are in his mind.

COLERIDGE, *To a Lady offended by a Sportive Observation.*

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said, by ancient sages,
That *love of life increased with years*
So much, that in our latter stages
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.

MRS. THRALE, *Three Warnings.*

The *love of praise,* howe'er concealed by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart.

YOUNG, *Love of Fame,* sat. i. l. 51.

Alas! the *love of women!* it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing.

BYRON, *Don Juan,* can. ii. st. 199.

Love on through all ills, and love on till they die.

MOORE, *The Light of the Harem.*

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

SHAKS. *Twelfth Night,* act iii. sc. 1.

And *love the offender* yet detest the offence.

POPE, *Eloisa to Abelard,* l. 192.

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* A proverbial expression; Garrick also makes use of it in his correspondence, 1759.

Love thyself last.

SHAKS. *K. Henry VIII.* act iii. sc. 2.

Very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy *love to me was wonderful,* passing the love of women.

2 *Sam.* i. 26.

They sin who tell us *love can die:*
Its holy flame for ever burneth;
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth;
Too oft on earth a troublous guest,
At times received, at times oppressed;
It here is tried and purified,
In Heaven it hath its perfect rest,
It soweth here with grief and care,
But the *harvest time of love is there.*

WORDSWORTH, *Poems of Imagination.*

Whom he had *sensibility to love,*
Ambition to attempt, and skill to win.

WORDSWORTH, *The Excursion, The Solitary.*

O, my *luve's like a red, red rose,*
That's newly sprung in June,
O, my luve's like the melodie,
That's sweetly played in tune.

BURNS, *Song, A Red, Red Rose.*

There's nothing half so sweet in life
As *love's young dream.*

MOORE, *Love's Young Dream.*

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The *luve of life's young day.*

MOTHERWELL, *Jeannie Morrison.*

Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.

THOMSON, *Autumn*, l. 204.

Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
For *lover's love the western star.*

SCOTT, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, can. iii. st. 24.

How art thou fallen from heaven, O *Lucifer, son of the morning!*

Isaiah xiv. 12.

In his *old lunes* again.

SHAKS. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iv. sc. 2.

O Luxury! thou cursed by heaven's decree.

GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village*, l. 385.

Weep on, and as thy sorrows flow,
I'll taste the *luxury of woe.*

MOORE, *Anacreontic.*

For all their *luxury was doing good.*

GARTH, *Claremont*, l. 148.

He tried the *luxury of doing good.*

CRABBE, *Tales of the Hall*, bk. iii.

Blest hour! it was a *luxury—to be!*

COLERIDGE, *Reflections on having left a Place of Retirement.*

Who ran
Through *each mood of the lyre*, and was master of all.

MOORE, *On the Death of Sheridan.*

MACASSAR—MADE.

IN virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
Save thine "incomparable oil," *Macassar!*

BYRON, *Don Juan*, can. i. st. 17.

Lay on, *Macduff;*
And damned be he that first cries, Hold, enough!

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act v. sc. 2.

Nick *Machiavel* had ne'er a trick,
Though he gave his name to our old Nick.

BUTLER, *Hudibras*, pt. iii. can. i. l. 1313.

There is a pleasure sure
In being mad which none but madmen know.

DRYDEN, *Spanish Friar*, act ii. sc. 1.

That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis 'tis true.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2.

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and *madden round the land.*

POPE, *Prologue to Satires*, l. 5.

Wow! Jenny can their greater pleasure be
Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee;
When a' they ettle at, their greatest wish,
Is to be *made o', an obtain a kiss.*

RAMSAY, *Gentle Shepherd.*

Great wits are sure to *madness near allied,*
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.*

DRYDEN, *Absalom and Achitophel,* pt. i. l. 163.

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like *madness in the brain.*

COLERIDGE, *Christabel,* pt. ii.

Though this be *madness, yet there's method in it.*

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act ii. sc. 2.

And *moody madness laughing wild*
Amid severest woe.

GRAY, *Ode, Eton College.*

Bring me to the test,
And I the matter will reward: which *madness*
Would gambol from.

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act iii. sc. 4.

Led by the *light of the Mœonian star.*

POPE, *Essay on Criticism,* pt. iii. l. 89.

Or the *maid-mother by a crucifix,*
In tracks of pasture sunny-warm,
Beneath branch-work of costly sardonyx
Sat smiling, babe in arm.

TENNYSON, *Palace of Art.*

When *maidens innocently young*
Say often what they never mean,
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
But tent the language o' their een.

RAMSAY, *Gentle Shepherd.*

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* What thin partitions sense from thought divide.

POPE, *Essay on Man,* ep. i. l. 220.

Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend.

POPE, *Essay on Criticism,* pt. i. l. 152.

In *maiden meditation*, fancy free.

SHAKS. *Midsum. Night's Dream*, act ii. sc. 2.

'Tis an old tale, and often told;
But did my fate and wish agree,
Ne'er had been read, in story old,
Of *maiden true betrayed for gold*,
That loved, or was avenged, like me.

SCOTT, *Marmion*, can. ii. st. 27.

Be careful still of the *main chance*.

DRYDEN, *Persius*, sat. vi.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle,
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime?
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime!

* * * * *

Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all save *the spirit of man is divine*.*

BYRON, *The Bride of Abydos*, can. i. st. 1.

A still small voice comes through the wild,
Like a father consoling his fretful child,
Which banishes bitterness, wrath and fear,
Saying, "*Man is distant but God is near.*"

PRINGLE, *Afar in the Desert*.

A proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day.

SHAKS. *Midsum. Night's Dream*, act i. sc. 2.

A man after his own heart.

1 *Sam.* xiii. 14.

And *all may do what has by man been done.*

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night vi. l. 000.

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* Know'st thou the land where the lemon-trees bloom,
Where the gold orange grows in the deep thicket's gloom,
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel, and myrtle, and rose?

GOETHE, *Wilhelm Meister*.

A poor, infirm, weak, and *despised old man.*

SHAKS. *K. Lear*, act iii. sc.

Man delights me not,—no, nor woman neither.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act ii. sc.

Life is as tedious as a twice-*told tale*,
Vexing the *dull ear of a drowsy man.*

SHAKS. *K. John*, act iii. sc. 4.

Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die,)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan.

POPE, *Essay on Man*, ep. i. l. 1.

Man goeth to his long home.

Eccles. xii. 5.

A *good old man*, sir; he will be talking.

SHAKS. *Much Ado about Nothing*, act iii. sc. 5.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call to-day his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.

DRYDEN, *Imitation of Horace*, bk. i. ode xxix. l. 65.

Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

HERBERT, *Man.*

Greater love hath no man than this, that a *man lay down his life* for his friends.

John xv. 13.

God made him, and therefore *let him pass for a man.*

SHAKS. *Mer. of Venice*, act i. sc. 2.

And now am I, if a *man* should speak truly, *little better than one of the wicked.*

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act i. sc. 2.

A little *round, fat, oily man* of God.

THOMSON, *Castle of Indolence,* can. i. st. 69.

A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A *living dead man.*

SHAKS. *Comedy of Errors,* act v. sc. 1.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright.

Psalm xxxvii. 37.

The *mind's the standard of man.*

WATTS, *Horæ Lyricæ,* bk. ii. *False Greatness.*

There is *no man suddenly* either excellently *good,* or extremely evil.*

SIR P. SIDNEY, *Arcadia,* bk. i.

Tender handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a *man of mettle,*
And it soft as silk remains.

AARON HILL, *Verses written on a Window in Scotland.*

Why
Should every creature drink but I?
Why, *man of morals,* tell me why?

COWLEY, *From Anacreon.*

A *man of my kidney.*

SHAKS. *Merry Wives of Windsor,* act iii. sc. 5.

A *man of pleasure is a man of pains.*

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts,* night viii. l. 703.

Temple was a *man of the world* amongst men of letters, a man of letters amongst men of the world.

MACAULAY, *Life and Writings of Sir Will. Temple.*

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* There is a method in man's wickedness,
It grows up by degrees.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *A King and no King,* act v. sc. 4.

The origin of both of these is most probably the "nemo repente fuit turpissimus" of Juvenal.

The *man of wisdom is the man of years.*
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night v. l. 775.

I was *not always a man of woe.*
SCOTT, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, can. ii. st. 12.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O!
Her *'prentice han' she tried on man,*
And then she made the lasses, O!*
BURNS, *Green grow the Rushes.*

Man proposes, but God disposes.†
THOMAS A KEMPIS, *Imitation of Christ*, bk. i. ch. 19.

He was a *man, take him for all in all,*
I shall not look upon his like again.
SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 2.

Ah! how unjust to nature, and himself,
Is thoughtless, *thankless, inconsistent man.*
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night ii. l. 112.

The *man that blushes is not quite a brute.*
Ibid. night vii. l. 496.

That *man that hath a tongue*, I say, is no man
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
SHAKS. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act iii. sc. 1.

The world was sad—the garden was a wild;
And *Man, the hermit, sighed*—till Woman smiled.
CAMPBELL, *Pleasures of Hope*, pt. ii. l. 37.

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* Man was made when Nature was
But an apprentice, but woman when she
Was a skilful mistress of her art.
Cupid's Whirligig, l. 607. See p. 266.

† This expression is of much greater antiquity; it appears in the Chronicle of Battle Abbey, p. 27 (Lower's translation), and in *Piers Ploughman's Vision*, l. 13994.

A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps.
Prov. xix. 9.

And he is oft *the wisest man*
Who is not wise at all.

WORDSWORTH, *The Oak and the Broom.*

But they shall sit every *man* under his vine and *under his fig-tree.*

Mic. iv. 4.

Man wants but little, nor that little long.*

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts,* night iv. l. 118.

When he is forsaken,
Withered and shaken,
What can an old man do but die?

HOOD, *Ballad.*

If the *man who turnips cries*
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.

JOHNSON, *Johnsoniana, Piozzi,* 30.

And laid my *hand upon thy mane,*—as I do here.

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,* can. iv. st. 184.

Let observation with extensive view
Survey *mankind from China to Peru.*

JOHNSON, *Vanity of Human Wishes,* l. 1.

A *man's best things* are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet.

R. M. MILNES, *The Men of Old.*

Man's love is of man's life *a thing apart,*
'Tis woman's whole existence.

BYRON, *Don Juan,* can. i. st. 194.

In my Father's house are many mansions.

John xiv. 2.

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* Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

GOLDSMITH, *The Hermit.*

Many a time and oft,
In the Rialto, you have rated me.
SHAKS. *Mer. of Venice*, act i. sc. 3.

The *many still must labour for the one!*
BYRON, *The Corsair*, can. i. st. 8.

The mountains look on Marathon—
And *Marathon looks on the sea;*
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, can. iii. st. 86. ver. 3.

His heart was one of those which most enamour us,
Wax to receive, and *marble to retain.**
BYRON, *Beppo*, st. 34.

In life's morning march, when my bosom was young.
CAMPBELL, *The Soldier's Dream.*

The stormy March has come at last,
With wind and clouds and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy valley flies.
BRYANT, *March.*

The virtuous *Marcia towers above her sex.*
ADDISON, *Cato*, act i. sc. 4.

They that *marry ancient people* merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves in hope that one will come and cut the halter.
FULLER, *Holy State of Marriage.*

Thou *marshal'st me the way* that I was going.
SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act ii. sc. 1.

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* For her my heart is wax to be moulded as she pleases, but enduring as marble to retain whatever impression she shall make upon it.
CERVANTES, *La Gitanilla.*

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his *martial cloak around him.*

CHAS. WOLFE, *The Burial of Sir J. Moore.*

But one thing is needful: and *Mary hath chosen that good part,* which shall not be taken away from her.

Luke x. 42.

Think of that, Master Brook.

SHAKS. *Merry Wives of Windsor,* act iii. sc. 5.

And hence one *master passion* in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

POPE, *Essay on Man,* ep. ii. l. 131.

Though Britain boasts her British hosts,
About them all right little care we,
Give us to guard our native coasts
The *matchless men of Tippérary.*

TOM DAVIS, *Poetry of the Nation Newspaper.*

The knell, the shroud, the *mattock, and the grave,*
The deep, damp vault, the darkness, and the worm.

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts,* night iv. l. 10.

With a little hoard of *maxims, preaching down a daughter's heart.*

TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall.*

But winter lingering *chills the lap of May.*

GOLDSMITH, *The Traveller,* l. 172.

But all things else about her drawn
From *Maytime and the cheerful dawn.*

WORDSWORTH, *She was a Phantom of Delight.*

And *out of good still to find means of evil.*

MILTON, *Paradise Lost,* bk. i. l. 165.

Measures, not men, have always been my mark.*

GOLDSMITH, *The Good-natured Man.*

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* Of this stamp is the cant of *not men but measures;* a sort of charm by which some people get loose from every honourable engagement.

BURKE, *Present Discontents.*

The thing is true, according to the *law of the Medes and Persians*, which altereth not.

Dan. vi. 12.

The *miserable have no other medicine*,
But only hope.

SHAKS. *Measure for Measure*, act iii. sc. 1.

If the rascal have not given me *medicine to make me love him*, I'll be hanged.

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act ii. sc. 2.

Without the *meed of some melodious tear.*

MILTON, *Lycidas*, l. 14.

The *meek-eyed Morn* appears, mother of dews.

THOMSON, *The Seasons, Summer*, l. 47.

We *meet thee, like a pleasant thought*,
When such are wanted.

WORDSWORTH, *To the Daisy.*

The *meeting points the sacred hair dissever*
From the fair head, forever and forever!

POPE, *Rape of the Lock*, can. iii. l. 53.

Placed far amid the *melancholy main.*

THOMSON, *Castle of Indolence*, can. i. st. 30.

Moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. xi. l. 485.

Albeit unused to the *melting mood.*

SHAKS. *Othello*, act v. sc. 2.

Dear son of memory, great heir of fame.

MILTON, *Ep. on Shakespeare.*

While *memory holds a seat*
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial, fond records.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 5.

Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll
In pleasing *memory of all he stole.*

POPE, *The Dunciad,* bk. i. l. 127.

Meek *Walton's heavenly memory.*

WORDSWORTH, *Eccles. Sonnets,* pt. iii. *Walton's Lives.*

While *memory watches* o'er the sad review
Of joys that faded like the morning dew.

CAMPBELL, *Pleasures of Hope,* pt. ii. l. 45.

Men are April when they woo, December when they wed.

SHAKS. *As You Like It,* act iv. sc. 1.

Nae mair 'o that,—dear Jenny, to be free
There's some *men constanter in love than we.*

RAMSAY, *Gentle Shepherd.*

Far most *men* (*till by losing rendered sager*)
Will back their own opinions by a wager.

BYRON, *Beppo,* st. 27.

Men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

The King of France, with *forty thousand men,*
Went up a hill, and so came down again.

R. TARLTON, *From the Pigges Corantoe,* 1642.

Men have died, from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but *not for love.*

SHAKS. *As You Like It,* act iii. sc. 1.

Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts,* night iv. l. 843.

Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.

POPE, *Essay on Criticism,* pt. iii. l. 15.

As *men of inward light* are wont
To turn their optics in upon't.

BUTLER, *Hudibras,* pt. iii. can. i. l. 481.

Where nature's end of language is declined,
And *men talk only to conceal their mind.**
YOUNG, *Love of Fame*, sat. ii. l. 207.

O, *what men dare do!* what men may do!
What men daily do! not knowing what they do.
SHAKS. *Much Ado about Nothing*, act iv. sc. 1.

When bad men combine, the good must associate; else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice, in a contemptible struggle.
BURKE, *Present Discontent.*

But love in whispers lets us ken
That *men were made for us, and we for men.*
RAMSAY, *Gentle Shepherd.*

Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain.
SIR W. JONES, *Ode in Imitation of Alcæus.*

The *world knows nothing of its greatest men.*
TAYLOR, *P. van Artevelde*, pt. i. act i. sc. 5.

Whose *merchants are princes.*
Isaiah xxiii. 8.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That *mercy I to others show,*
That mercy show to me.
POPE, *Universal Prayer.*

Sweet *mercy is nobility's true badge.*
SHAKS. *Titus Andronicus*, act i. sc. 2.

Hope withering fled, and *mercy sighed farewell!*
BYRON, *The Corsair*, can. i. st. 9.

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* The germ of this thought is found in Jeremy Taylor; Lloyd, Southey, Butler, Young, and Goldsmith have repeated it after him.

Yet I shall *temper so*
Justice with mercy, as many illustrate most,
Them full satisfied, and thee appease.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. x. l. 77.

Be to her merits kind,
And to her faults, whate'er they are, be blind.

PRIOR, *Pro. to the Royal Mischief*.

What *things have we seen*
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble and so full of subtile flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life.

F. BEAUMONT, *Letter to Ben Jonson*.

A *merry monarch*, scandalous and poor.*

ROCHESTER, *On the King*.

I am never *merry when I hear sweet music*.

SHAKS. *Mer. of Venice*, act v. sc. 1.

Here's *metal more attractive*.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 2.

He knew what's what, and that's as *high*
As metaphysic wit can fly.

BUTLER, *Hudibras*, pt. i. can. i. l. 149.

This is *miching mallecho*; it means mischief.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 2.

On his bold visage *middle age*
Had slightly pressed its signet sage.

SCOTT, *The Lady of the Lake*, can. i. st. 21.

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* This occurs in a very scandalous poem by the way, but the line is so happy that it has become a quotation.

And bear about the mockery of woe
To *midnight dances*, and the public show.
POPE, *To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady*, l. 57.

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books *consumed the midnight oil?**
GAY, *Fables, The Shepherd and the Philosopher.*

The *mighty hopes that make us men.*
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, lxxxiv.

They have *measured many a mile,*
To tread a measure with you on this grass.
SHAKS. *Love's Labour's Lost*, act v. sc. 2.

Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute.
C. C. PINCKNEY, *When Ambas. to the French Republic*, 1796.

But to the hero when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of *millions yet to be.*
HALLECK, *Marco Bozzaris.*

Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full of the *milk of human kindness.*
SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act i. sc. 5.

It were better for him that a *milstone were hanged about his neck*, and he cast into the sea.
Luke xvii. 2.

How *fleet is a glance of the mind!*
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.
COWPER, *Verses supposed to be written by Alex. Selkirk.*

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* The *midnight oil* was a common phrase; it is used by Shenstone, Cowper, Lloyd, and others.

Time flies, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And *gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.*
EDW. MOORE, *The Happy Marriage.*

A mind not to be changed by place or time,
The *mind is its own place*, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. i. l. 253.

The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud *laugh that spoke the vacant mind.*
GOLDSMITH, *Deserted Village*, l. 121.

O, what a *noble mind is here o'erthrown!*
The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's eye, tongue, sword.
SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 1.

My *mind to me a kingdom is;**
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss,
That God and nature hath assigned.
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.
PERCY, *From Byrd's Psalmes, Sonnets, &c.* 1588.

True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven;
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die;

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* Mens regnum bona possidet.
SENECA, *Thyestes*, act ii. l. 380.
My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health.
R. SOUTHWELL, 1560-1595.

It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and *mind to mind*,
In body and in soul can bind.

SCOTT, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, can. v. st. 13.

Minds that have nothing to confer,
Find little to perceive.

WORDSWORTH, *Poems founded on the Affections*, xvi.

Is it not lawful for me to *do what I will with mine own?*

Matt. xx. 15.

Hear you this *Triton of the minnows.*

SHAKS. *Coriolanus*, act iii. sc. 1.

To hold, as 'twere, the *mirror up to nature.*

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 2.

A merrier man
Within the *limit of becoming mirth*,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.

SHAKS. *Love's Labour's Lost*, act ii. sc. 1.

To be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. i. l. 157.

O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Patient though sorely tried!

LONGFELLOW, *The Goblet of Life.*

Dim with the *mist of years*, gray flits the shade of power.

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. ii. st. 2.

And *mistress of herself, though china fall.*

POPE, *Moral Essays*, ep. ii. l. 208.

Unreal mockery, hence!

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act iii. sc. 4.

Thy *modesty's a candle* to thy merit.

FIELDING, *Tom Thumb*, act i. sc. 2.

Live while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day;
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And *give to God each moment* as it flies.
Lord, in my view let both united be;
I live in pleasure when I live to thee.

P. DODDRIDGE, *Epigram on his Family Motto.**

I am *monarch of all I survey*,
My right there is none to dispute.

COWPER, *Verses supposed to be written by Alex. Selkirk.*

There 's no such thing in nature, and you'll draw
A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw.

SHEFFIELD, Duke of Buckinghamshire, *Essay on Poetry.*

O beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the *green-ey'd monster*, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on.

SHAKS. *Othello*, act iii. sc. 3.

The many-headed *monster of the pit.*

POPE, *Ep. to Dr. Arbuthnot*, bk. ii. ep. i. l. 304.

A little month, ere yet those shoes were old.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 2.

It is unseasonable and unwholesome in all *months that have not an R* in their name to eat an oyster.

BUTLER, *Dyet's Dry Dinner*, 1599.

In *listening mood* she seemed to stand,
The guardian naïad of the strand.

SCOTT, *The Lady of the Lake*, can. i. st. 17.

I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the *auld moon in her arm.*

From the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, Sir Patrick Spens.

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* "Dum vivimus vivamus."—From Ortin's *Life of Doddridge.*

The *moon followed by a single star,* like a lady by her page.
B. Disraeli, *Coningsby.*

He made an instrument to know
If the *moon shine at full or no.*
Butler, *Hudibras,* pt. ii. can. iii. l. 261.

How sweet the *moonlight sleeps upon this bank!*
Shaks. *Mer. of Venice,* act v. sc. 1.

The gentle *Lady married to the Moor,*
And heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb.
Wordsworth, *Personal Talk,* st. 3.

All honest men, whether counts or cobblers, are of the same rank, if classed by *moral distinctions.*
Syd. Smith, *E. R.* 1823.

There lives *more faith in honest doubt,*
Believe me, than in half the creeds.
Tennyson, *In Memoriam,* can. xcv.

Another *morn*
Risen on mid-noon.
Milton, *Paradise Lost,* bk. v. l. 310.

Another *morn risen on mid-noon.*
Wordsworth, *The Prelude,* bk. vi.

What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or *tresses like the morn?* *
Milton, *Comus,* l. 752.

When the *morning stars sang together,* and all the sons of God shouted for joy.
Job xxxviii. 7.

Learn thou this *most infallible of rules,*
The "taste" of Fashion is the law of fools.
Hain Friswell, *New Rosciad.*

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* As sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair.
Shaks. *Love's Labour's Lost,* act iv. sc. 3.

The same old toil—no end—no aim!
The same vile babble in my ears,
The same unmeaning smiles; the same
Most miserable dearth of tears.

OWEN MEREDITH, *Wanderer*, p. 63.

The gay *motes that people the sunbeams.*

MILTON, *Il Penseroso*, l. 8.

I arose a *mother in Israel.*

Judges v. 7.

A *mother is a mother still,*
The holiest thing alive.

COLERIDGE, *The Three Graves.*

Motley's the only wear.

SHAKS. *As You Like It*, act ii. sc. 7.

Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.

COWPER, *The Task*, bk. ii. *The Timepiece.*

And there was *mounting in hot haste.*

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. iii. st. 25.

When Dido found Æneas would not come,
She *mourned in silence, and was di do dum.*

PORSON, *Facetiæ Cantabrigienses.*

Her cheeks sae ruddy, an' her een sae clear;
An' oh! her *mouth's like ony hinny pear.*

ALLAN RAMSAY, *Gentle Shepherd.*

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee.

Luke xix. 22.

Your name is great
In *mouths of wisest censure.*

SHAKS. *Othello*, act ii. sc. 3.

The *multitude* is always in the wrong.*

ROSCOMMON, *Translated Verse.*

One to destroy, is murder by the law,
And jibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To *murder* thousands, *takes a specious name*,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

YOUNG, *Love of Fame*, sat. vii. l. 55.

One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero. Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.

B. PORTEUS, *Death*, l. 151.

For, *murder, though it have no tongue*, will speak
With most miraculous organ.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2.

In *hollow murmurs died away.*

COLLINS, *The Passions*, l. 68.

He *murmurs near the running brooks*
A music sweeter than their own.

WORDSWORTH, *A Poet's Epitaph*, st. 10.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend the knotted oak.

WILL. CONGREVE, *The Mourning Bride*, act i. sc. 1.

When *Music, heavenly maid*, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung.

COLLINS, *The Passions*, l. 1.

The *music in my heart* I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

WORDSWORTH, *The Solitary Reaper.*

The still, sad *music of humanity.*

WORDSWORTH, *Tintern Abbey.*

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* Probably equally true as the celebrated "*Vox populi vox Dei*," a proverb quoted by William of Malmesbury in the Twelfth Century, the author of which is not known.—ED.

O *music! sphere descended maid,*
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid!

COLLINS, *The Passions*, l. 95.

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

SHELLEY, *To* ——.

Music's golden tongue
Flattered to tears this aged man and poor.

KEATS, *St. Agnes' Eve*, st. 3.

When, *musing on companions* gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone.

SCOTT, *Marmion*, introd. to can. ii.

*Mute creation.** . . .

Call it not vain;—they do not err,
Who say that, when the poet dies,
Mute nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies.

SCOTT, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, can. v. st. 1.

To return to our muttons.†

F. RABELAIS, bk. i. ch. 1. note 2.

With filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, "*My Father made them all!*"

COWPER, *The Task*, bk. v. *Winter Morning Walk.*

A horse! a horse! *My kingdom for a horse!*

SHAKS. *K. Richard III.* act v. sc. 4.

Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

MOTHERWELL, *Jeannie Morison.*

---

* A term invented by Lord Erskine instead of "Brute Creation."

† "Revenons à nos moutons," a proverb taken from the old French farce of *Pierre Patelin.*

I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me.

THACKERAY, *Miscel.* vol. i. p. 32.

My native land—good night.

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,* can. i. st. 13.

My sentence is for open war.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost,* b. ii. l. 51.

Pluck out the *heart of my mystery.*

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act iii. sc. 2.

Within that awful volume lies
The *mystery of mysteries!* *

SCOTT, *The Monastery,* vol. i. ch. 12.

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* This is printed in Lord Byron's works (Paris ed., 1822), and entitled, "Verses found in Lord Byron's Bible."

NAKED—NATURE.

HEAVEN'S sovereign saves all beings but himself,
That hideous sight,—a *naked human heart.*
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night iii. l. 226.

And thus I clothe my *naked villany*
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.
SHAKS. *K. Richard III.* act i. sc. 3.

My *name is Legion.*
Mark v. 9.

One science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so *narrow human wit.*
POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, pt. i. l. 60.

A little one shall become a thousand, and *a small one a strong nation.*
Isaiah lx. 22.

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was light.
POPE, *Ep. intended for Sir I. Newton.*

For art may err, but *Nature cannot miss.*
DRYDEN, *The Cock and the Fox*, l. 452.

Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time.
SHAKS. *Mer. of Venice*, act i. sc. 1.

Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part;
Nature in him was almost lost in art.

COLLINS, *To Sir T. Hanmer on his Edition of Shakespeare.*

Whom drink made wits, though *nature made them fools.*

CHURCHILL, *The Candidate*, 2.

Knowing that *nature never did betray*
The heart that loved her.

WORDSWORTH, *Tintern Abbey.*

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

SHAKS. *Troilus and Cressida*, act iii. sc. 3.

True wit is *nature to advantage dressed,*
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.

POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, pt. ii. l. 97.

Meek *Nature's evening comment* on the shows,
That for oblivion take their daily birth
From all the fuming vanities of earth.

WORDSWORTH, *Sky Prospect, from the Plains of France.*

I have thought some of *Nature's journeymen* had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.*

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 2.

Whoe'er amidst the sons
Of reason, valour, liberty, and virtue,
Displays distinguished merit, it is *noble*
Of Nature's own creating.

THOMSON, *Coriolanus*, act iii. sc. 3.

Go forth under the open sky, and list
To *Nature's teachings.*

BRYANT, *Thanatopsis.*

All *nature wears one universal grin.*

FIELDING, *Tom Thumb.*

Can there any *good thing come out of Nazareth?*

John i. 46.

* A similar thought is found in Burns, when he says of Nature, "Her *prentice* hand she tried on man."

To *make a virtue of necessity.*

CHAUCER, *Squiers' Tale*, pt. ii. SHAKS. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* RABELAIS, bk. i. ch. 2. DRYDEN, *Palamon and Arcite.*

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw *nectar on a lip,*
But where my own did hope to sip.

SHERIDAN, *The Duenna*, act i. sc. 2.

Neglected Tray and Ponto lie.

PRIOR, *Alma*, can. 1.

'Tis *neither here nor there.*

SHAKS. *Othello*, act iv. sc. 3.

Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

SHAKS. *Mer. of Venice*, act i. sc. 1.

War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour, but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying.

DRYDEN, *Alexander's Feast*, l. 99.

Had we *never loved sae kindly,*
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

BURNS, *Song, Ae Fond Kiss.*

Quoth the raven, "*never more!*"

E. A. POE, *The Raven.*

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths;

Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!

SOUTHEY, *Thalaba.*

Doth make the *night joint-labourer* with the day.

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act i. sc. 1.

It is the hour when from the boughs
The *nightingale's high note* is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word.

BYRON, *Parisina,* st. 1.

But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the *ninth part of a hair.*

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act iii. sc. 1.

Like *Niobe, all tears.*

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act i. sc. 2.

The *Niobe of Nations!* there she stands.

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,* can iv. st. 79.

No more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

SHAKS. *King Henry IV. Part I.* act ii. sc. 4.

No pent up Utica contracts your powers,
But the whole boundless continent is yours.

SEWALL, *Epilogue to Cato.**

We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be *noble we'll be good.*†

PERCY, *Winefreda.*

My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills
My father fed his flocks.

J. HOME, *Douglas,* act ii. sc. 1.

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* Written for the Bow Street Theatre, Portsmouth, N. H.

† Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only *noble to be good.*

TENNYSON, *Lady Clara Vere de Vere.*

Nose, nose, *nose, nose,*
And who gave thee *that jolly red nose?*
From Song No. 7, Ravenscroft's "Deutoromela," 1609.

Thou troublest me; I am *not in the vein.*
SHAKS. *K. Richard III.* act iv. sc. 2.

Not what we wish, but what we want.
J. MERRICK, *Hymn.*

The buried are *not lost, but gone before.**
E. ELLIOT, *The Excursion.*

Not means, but blunders round about a meaning.
DRYDEN, *McFlecknoe.*

In *notes by distance made more sweet.*
COLLINS, *The Passions,* l. 60.

Nothing, thou elder brother even to a shade,
That had'st a being ere the world was made,
And well-fixed, art alone of ending not afraid.
ROCHESTER, *Poem on Nothing.*

Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
DRYDEN, *Absalom and Achitophel.*

He touches nothing but he adds a charm.†
FENELON, *Eulogy on Cicero.*

Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an *eternal now* does always last.‡
COWLEY, *Davideis,* vol. i. bk. i. p. 302.

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I *lisped in numbers,* for the numbers came.
POPE, *Ep. to Dr. Arbuthnot,* l. 127.

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* Not dead but gone before.—ROGERS, *Human Life.*

† *Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.*
JOHNSON, *Epitaph on Goldsmith.* See note, p. 5.

‡ One of our poets (which is it?) speaks of an *eternal now.*—SOUTHEY'S *Doctor,* p. 63.

The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration.

WORDSWORTH, *Miscellaneous Sonnets*, pt. i. xxx.

The land of scholars, and the *nurse of arms.*

GOLDSMITH, *The Traveller*, l. 356.

So terrible his name,
The giant *nurses frighten children* with it.

FIELDING, *Tom Thumb.*

It was enough to say, Here's Essex come,
And *nurses still'd their children* with the fright.

BANKS, *Earl of Essex.*

Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remembered.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 1.

The *nympholepsy of some fond despair.*

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. iv. st. 116.

OATH—OCEAN.

E that imposes an oath makes it,
Not he that for convenience takes it.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, pt. ii. can. ii. l. 377.

A good *mouth-filling oath.*
SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act iii. sc. 1.

Obliged by hunger and request of friends.
POPE, *Ep. to Dr. Arbuthnot*, l. 44.

To *observations which ourselves we make,*
We grow more partial for the observer's sake.
POPE, *Moral Essays*, ep. i. l. 11.

And *I have loved thee, Ocean!* and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. iv. st. 184.

Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies,
Methinks her patient sons before me stand
Where the broad *ocean leans against the land.*
GOLDSMITH, *The Traveller*, l. 232.

He laid his hand upon "*the ocean's mane,*"
And played familiar with his hoary locks.*
POLLOK, *The Course of Time*, bk. iv. l. 689.

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* 'And I have loved thee, Ocean!
. . . . . .
And laid my hand upon thy mane.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. iv. st. 184.

O'er the hills and far away.

GAY, *Beggar's Opera*, act i. sc. i.

Off with his head! so much for Buckingham.

K. Richard III. act iv. sc. 3.*

Hail, holy light! *offspring of Heaven first-born.*

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. iii. l. 1.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

MOORE, *Oft in the Stilly Night.*

And *oft repeating, they believe 'em true.*

PRIOR, *Alma*, can. 3.

One God, one law, one element,
And *one far off divine event*
To which the whole creation moves.

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, conclusion.*

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet.

J. SELDEN, *Table Talk, Friends.*

Old wood to burn! Old wine to drink! Old friends to trust! Old authors to read.†

Unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

Matt. xxv. 29.

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* Cibber, altered.

† Alonso of Aragon was wont to say, in commendation of age, that age appeared to be best in these four things.—MELCHIOR, *Floresta Español de Apoteghmas o sentencias, &c.*, II. i. 20.

I love everything that's old. Old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine.—GOLDSMITH, *She Stoops to Conquer*, act i. sc. 1.

How long *halt ye between two opinions?*

1 *Kings* xviii. 21.

But *optics sharp it needs*, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen.

J. TRUMBULL, *McFingal*, can. i. l. 67.

Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit.

SHAKS. *As You Like It*, act iv. sc. 1.

Order is Heaven's first law.

POPE, *Essay on Man*, ep. iv. l. 49.

"*Orthodoxy is my doxy—Heterodoxy is another man's doxy.*"*

Othello's occupation's gone.

SHAKS. *Othello*, act iii. sc. 3.

It *out-herods Herod.*

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 2.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine died.

KEATS, *St. Agnes.*

What *outward form and feature are*
He guesseth but in part;
But what within is good and fair
He seeth with the heart.

COLERIDGE, *To a Lady offended by a Sportive Observation.*

Why, *then the world's mine oyster*,
Which I with sword will open.

SHAKS. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act ii. sc. 2.

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* I have heard frequent use (said the late Lord Sandwich, in a debate on the Test Laws,) of the words Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy; but I confess myself at a loss to know precisely what they mean. "Orthodoxy, my lord" (said Bishop Warburton in a whisper), "Orthodoxy is my doxy,—Heterodoxy is another man's doxy."—PRIESTLEY's *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 372.

PACK—PAINS.

HE cast off his friends, *as a huntsman his pack*,
For he knew, when he pleased, he could whistle them back.

GOLDSMITH, *Retaliation*, l. 107.

Hence, *pageant history!* hence, gilded cheat!
Swart planet in the universe of deeds!

KEATS, *Endymion*.

He is *well paid, that is well satisfied.*

SHAKS. *Mer. of Venice*, act iv. sc. 1.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A *stranger yet to pain.*

GRAY, *On a Distant Prospect of Eton College.*

To each his sufferings; all are men,
Condemned alike to groan;
The *tender for another's pain*,
The unfeeling for his own.

Ibid.

The *labour we delight in, physics pain.*

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act ii. sc. 3.

There is a *pleasure in poetic pains*,
Which only poets know.

COWPER, *The Task*, bk. ii. *The Timepiece.*

He *best can paint them who shall feel them most.*

POPE, *Eloisa to Abelard*, last line.

Like a *painted Jove*,
Kept idle thunder in his painted hand.

DRYDEN, *Annus Mirabilis*, st. 39.

Is she not more *than painting can express*,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love?

N. ROWE, *The Fair Penitent*, act ii. sc. 1.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

SIR J. SUCKLING, *Song*.

Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
The *pale, unripened beauties* of the north.

ADDISON, *Cato*, act i. sc. 4.

E'en *Palinurus nodded* at the helm.

POPE, *The Dunciad*, bk. iv. l. 614.

No hammers fell, no ponderous axes rung;*
Like some tall palm, the mystic fabric sprung.
Majestic silence!

HEBER, *Palestine*.

A hit, a very *palpable hit.*

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act v. sc. 2.

The *palpable obscure.*

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. ii. l. 406.

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* Altered in later editions to—
No workmen steel, no ponderous axes rung,
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung;
Silently as a dream the fabric rose,
No sound of hammer or of saw was there.
COWPER, *The Task*, bk. v. *The Winter Morning Walk.*

Palsied eld.

SHAKS. *Measure for Measure*, act iii. sc. 1.

Phillips, whose touch harmonious could remove
The *pangs of guilty power* or hapless love;
Rest here, distressed by poverty no more,
Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before;
Sleep undisturbed, within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

JOHNSON, *Epitaph on Claudius Phillips, the Musician.*

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; and there is *pansies, that's for thoughts.*

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iv. sc. 5.

Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a *paper-mill.*

SHAKS. *K. Henry VI. Part II.* act iv. sc. 7.

*None but himself can be his parallel.**

LOUIS THEOBALD, *The Double Falsehood.*

Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that *parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man?*

SHAKS. *K. Henry VI. Part II.* act iv. sc. 2.

These are thy glorious works, *Parent of good!*

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. v. l. 153.

The sons of *parents passed into the skies.*

COWPER, *On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture.*

The *why* is plain as *way to parish church.*

SHAKS. *As You Like It*, act ii. sc. 7.

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* Quæris Alcidæ parem?
Nemo est nisi ipse.
SENECA, *Hercules Furens*, act i. sc. 1.

Is there a *parson much bemused in beer*,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross?

POPE, *Ep. to Dr. Arbuthnot*, l. 15.

There *goes the parson*, oh illustrious spark!
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk!

COWPER, *On Observing some Names of Little Note.*

Good night, good night! *parting is such sweet sorrow*,
That I shall say good night, till it be to-morrow.

SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 2.

In the winter of 1824, there set a great flood upon the town of Sidmouth, the tide arose to a terrible height. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused, *Mrs. Partington's spirit* was up; but I need not tell you the contest was unequal; the Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest.

SYD. SMITH, *Speech at Taunton*, 1832.

What thin *partitions* sense from thought divide.*

POPE, *Essay on Man*, ep. i. l. 226.

All are but *parts of one stupendous whole*,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

Ibid. l. 267.

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* Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

DRYDEN, see ante, p. 244.

"Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ fuit." SENECA, *De Tranquillitate Animi*, xvii. 12. quotes this from Aristotle, who gives as one of his Problemata (xxx. 1.), Διὰ τί πάντες ὅσοι περιττοὶ γεγόνασιν ἄνδρες ἢ κατὰ φιλοσοφίαν ἢ πολιτικὴν ἢ ποίησιν ἢ τέχνας φαίνονται μελαγχολικοὶ ὄντες.

Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And *to party gave up what was meant for mankind.*

GOLDSMITH, *Retaliation*, l. 21.

E'en like the *passage of an angel's tear*
That falls through the clear ether silently.

KEATS, *Sonnets.*

Rich windows that exclude the light,
And *passages that lead to nothing.*

GRAY, *A Long Story.*

But I have that within which *passeth show;*
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 2.

My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas *passing strange;*
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful;
She wished she had not heard it: yet she wished
That Heaven had made her such a man.

SHAKS. *Othello*, act i. sc. 3.

And, like a *passing thought*, she fled
In light away.

BURNS, *The Vision.*

The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still.

POPE, *Moral Essays*, ep. iii. l. 153.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?
Cassio. Ay, *past all surgery.*

SHAKS. *Othello*, act ii. sc. 3.

A king of shreds and patches.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 4.

You *beat your pate*, and fancy wit will come:
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.*

POPE, *Epigram.*

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go;
Its checkered *paths of joy and woe*
With cautious steps we'll tread.

NAT. COTTON, *The Fireside*, st. 13.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her *paths are peace.*

Prov. iii. 17.

Patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest.

SHAKS. *King Lear*, act iv. sc. 3.

'Tis all men's *office to speak patience*
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself.

SHAKS. *Much Ado about Nothing*, act v. sc. 1.

Patience!—why patience wanted a nightingale; patience waited and the egg sang!

D. JERROLD, *Hermit.*

The worst speak something good; if all want sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth *Pa-ti-ence.*

G. HERBERT, *The Church Porch.*

Therein the *patient must minister to himself.*

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act v. sc. 3.

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* His wit invites you by his looks to come;
But when you knock it never is at home.

COWPER, *Conversation.*

Where *peace*
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost,* bk. i. l. 65.

To the memory of the Man, first in war, *first in peace,* and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens.*

H. LEE, *From the Resolutions presented to the House of Representatives, on the Death of General Washington, December,* 1799. *Marshall's Life of Washington.*

There is no *peace,* saith the Lord, *unto the wicked.*

Isaiah xlviii. 22.

Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war.

MILTON, *Sonnets,* son. xvi.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there's *peace to be found in the world,*
A heart that was humble might hope for it here."

MOORE, *Ballad Stanzas.*

He makes a *solitude, and calls it—peace.*†

BYRON, *The Bride of Abydos,* can. ii. st. 20.

Nor *peace nor ease the heart* can know,
Which, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But, turning, trembles too.

MRS. GREVILLE,‡ *A Prayer for Indifference.*

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* To the memory of the Man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.—*Eulogy delivered by Gen. Lee, Dec.* 26, 1799. *Memoirs of Lee.*

† Solitudinem faciunt,—pacem appellant.

TACITUS, *Agricola,* cap. 30.

‡ The pretty Fanny Macartney.—WALPOLE'S *Memoirs.*

Why I, in this weak *piping time of peace,*
Have no delight to pass away the time.
SHAKS. *K. Richard III.* act i. sc. 1.

He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and *slept in peace.*
SHAKS. *K. Henry VIII.* act iv. sc. 2.

Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, *sowed the earth with orient pearl.*
MILTON, *Paradise Lost,* bk. v. l. 1.

Of one, whose hand,
Like the base Judæan, *threw a pearl away,*
Richer than all his tribe.
SHAKS. *Othello,* act v. sc. 2.

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient *pearls at random strung.*
SIR W. JONES, *A Persian Song of Hafiz.*

Neither cast ye your *pearls before swine.*
Matt. vii. 6.

Some asked *how pearls did grow,* and where?
Then spoke I to my girl,
To part her lips, and showed them there
The quarelets of pearl.
HERRICK, *The Rock of Rubies, and the Quarrie of Pearls.*

In short, their toes so gently to amuse,
The priest had ordered *peas into their shoes.*
PETER PINDAR, *Wolcott.*

Presenting Thebes, or *Pelops' line,*
Or the tale of Troy divine.
MILTON, *Il Penseroso,* l. 99.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the *pelting of this pitiless storm,*
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these?

SHAKS. *King Lear,* act iii. sc. 4.

The feather, whence the *pen*
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropped *from an angel's wing.**

WORDSWORTH, *Eccles. Sonnets,* pt. iii. *Walton's Lives.*

Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
The *pen is mightier than the sword.*†

E. B. LYTTON, *Richelieu,* act ii. sc. 2.

My tongue is the *pen of a ready writer.*

Psalm xlv. 1.

This dull *product of a scoffer's pen.*

WORDSWORTH, *The Excursion,* bk. ii.

Man!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,* can. iv. st. 100.

Come buy my lays, and read them if you list,
My *pensive public,* if you list not buy.

AYTOUN, *Bon Gualtier, Prologue.*

In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column;
In the *pentameter aye falling in* melody back.

COLERIDGE, *The Ovidian Elegiac Metre.*

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* The pen wherewith thou dost so heavenly sing
Made of a quill from an angel's wing.

H. CONSTABLE, *Sonnet.*

Whose noble praise
Deserves a quill pluckt from an angel's wing.

DOROTHY BERRY, *Sonnet.*

† The first Napoleon said that "three hostile journals were more to be feared than a hundred thousand bayonets."

The *people here, a beast of burden slow,*
Toil'd onward, prick'd with goads and stings.
TENNYSON, *Palace of Art.*

For whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: *thy people shall be my people,* and thy God my God.
Ruth i. 16.

Here shall the Press the *people's right maintain,*
Unawed by influence, and unbribed by gain;
Here patriot Truth her glorious precepts draw,
Pledged to Religion, Liberty, and Law.
J. STORY, *Motto of the Salem Register.**

Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door—
Perched and sat and nothing more.
E. A. POE, *The Raven.*

A *perfect woman,* nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command.
WORDSWORTH, *She was a Phantom of Delight.*

One morn a *Peri at the gate*
Of Eden stood disconsolate.
MOORE, *Paradise and the Peri.*

That's a *perilous shot* out of an elder gun.
SHAKS. *K. Henry V.* act iv. sc. 1.

At *lovers' perjuries,*
They say, Jove laughs.
SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet,* act ii. sc. 2.

A *Persian's Heaven* is easily made,
'Tis but black eyes and lemonade.
MOORE, *Intercepted Letters,* let. vi.

Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.
Rom. xiv. 5.

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* *Life of Story,* vol. i. p. 127.

By magic numbers and *persuasive sound.*

W. Congreve, *The Mourning Bride,* act i. sc. 1.

For there is *no respect of persons* with God.

Rom. ii. 11.

Perverts the Prophets and purloins the Psalms.

Byron, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,* l. 220.

And was not *Pharaoh a saucy rascal*
That would not let the children of Israel, their wives
And little ones, their flocks and herds, go
Out in the wilderness forty days
To eat the Pascal?

Z. Boyd, *Bible History.*

The *Philistines be upon thee,* Samson.

Judyes xvi. 9.

For there was never yet *philosopher*
That could endure the toothache patiently.

Shaks. *Much Ado about Nothing,* act v. sc. 1.

Hast ány philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Shaks. *As You Like It,* act. iii. sc. 2.

I have read somewhere or other, in Dionysius of Halicarnassus, I think, that History *is Philosophy teaching by examples.**

Bolingbroke, *On the Study and Use of History,* letter 2.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And *Phœbus 'gins arise.*†

Shaks. *Cymbeline,* act ii. sc. 3.

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* Dionysius of Halicarnassus, *Ars Rhet.* xi. 2 (p. 398, R), says,—Παιδεία ἄρα ἐστὶν ἡ ἔντευξις τῶν ἠθῶν· τοῦτο καὶ Θουκυδίδης ἔοικε λέγειν, περὶ ἱστορίας λέγων· ὅτι καὶ ἱστορία φιλοσοφία ἐστὶν ἐκ παραδειγμάτων, quoting Thuc. i. 22.

† None but the lark so shrill and clear!
Now at Heaven's gate she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.

John Lyly, *Alex. and Campaspe,* act v. sc. 2.

O Amos Cottle! *Phœbus! what a name!*
BYRON, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, l. 399.

Herbs, and other country messes,
Which the *neat-handed Phyllis* dresses.
MILTON, *L'Allegro*, l. 85.

You have the *Pyrrhic dance* as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?
BYRON, *Don Juan*, can. iii. st. 86. v. 10.

Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel.
SHAKS. *K. Lear*, act iii. sc. 4.

Physician, heal thyself.
Luke iv. 23.

These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the *womb of pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion.
SHAKS. *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iv. sc. 2.

Whoever thinks a *faultless piece* to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.*
POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, pt. ii. l. 33.

In doing of aught let your wit bear a stroke
For buying or selling of *pig in a poke.*
TUSSER, *Points of Husbandry.*

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* "High characters," cries one, and he would see
Things that ne'er were, nor are, nor e'er will be.
SUCKLING, *Epilogue to the Goblins.*

Pigmies are pigmies still though perched on Alps,
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night vi. l. 209.

The *pilot of the Galilean lake.*

MILTON, *Lycidas*, l. 109.

One *Pinch; a hungry lean-faced villain,*
A mere anatomy.

SHAKS. *Comedy of Errors*, act v. sc. 1.

Risest from forth thy *silent sea of pines.*

COLERIDGE, *Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni.*

I do not *set my life at a pin's fee.*

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 4.

They are not a *pipe for fortune's finger*
To sound what stops she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, aye, in my heart of hearts,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.

Ibid. act iii. sc. 2.

He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith.

Eccles. xiii. 1.

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His *pity gave ere charity began.*

GOLDSMITH, *Deserted Village*, l. 161.

Are not within the *leaf of pity* writ.

SHAKS. *Timon of Athens*, act iv. sc. 3.

For *pity melts the mind to love.*

DRYDEN, *Alexander's Feast*, l. 96.

But yet the *pity of it Iago!* O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

SHAKS. *Othello*, act iv. sc. 1.

Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier there;
Far lovelier! *pity swells the tide of love.*

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night iii. l. 104.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.
T. Moss, *The Beggar.*

*Pity's akin to love.**
T. Southerne, *Oroonoka,* act ii. sc. 1.

"A jolly place," said he, "in times of old!
But something ails it now: the spot is cursed."
Wordsworth, *Heart-Leap Well,* pt. ii.

He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his *place know him any more.*†
Job vii. 10.

In the *place where the tree falleth,* there it shall be.
Eccles. xi. 3.

The *lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places.*
Psalm xvi. 6.

For such kind of borrowing as this, if it be not bettered by the borrower, *among good authors is accounted plagiarè.*
Milton, *Iconoclastes,* xxiv. *ad fin.*

A plague o' both the houses! I am sped!
Shaks. *Romeo and Juliet,* act iii. sc. 1.

Plain as a pikestaff.
T. Smollet, *Trans. of Gil Blas,* bk. xii. ch. 8.

Mark now, how *a plain tale* shall put you down.
Shaks. *K. Hen. IV. Part I.* act ii. sc. 4.

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* *Viola.* I pity you.
Olivia. That's a degree to love.
Shaks. *Twelfth Night,* act iii. sc. 1.

† For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.—*Psalm* ciii. 16.
Usually quoted, "The place that has known him shall know him no more."

It must be so.—*Plato, thou reasonest well.*
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?

ADDISON, *Cato*, act v. sc. 1.

Here *play'd a tiger, rolling to and fro*
The heads and crowns of kings.

TENNYSON, *Palace of Art.*

I've reached the harbour, hope and chance, adieu,
You've *play'd with me, now play* with others too.*

Translated from the Anthologia Græca.

Sweet is *pleasure after pain.*

DRYDEN, *Alexander's Feast*, l. 60.

Youth on the prow, and *pleasure at the helm.*

GRAY, *The Bard*, pt. ii. st. 2.

There is a *pleasure in the pathless woods,*
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but nature more.

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. iv. st. 178.

That though *on pleasure she was bent,*
She had a frugal mind.

COWPER, *History of John Gilpin.*

To-day it is our *pleasure to be drunk,*
And this our Queen shall be as drunk as we.

FIELDING, *Tom Thumb.*

Who *mixed reason with pleasure,* and wisdom with mirth.

GOLDSMITH, *Retaliation*, l. 34.

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* From lines at the end of Lesage's *Gil Blas.*

Inveni portum, spes et fortuna valete,
Sat me lusistis, ludite nunc alios.

Translated from the Anthologia Græca. Burton ascribes this version to Prudentius. These lines are not in St. Marc Girardin's edition, Paris, 1860.—ED.

'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world, to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.
COWPER, *The Task,* bk. iv. *The Winter Evening.*

But *pleasures are like poppies* spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or, like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white, then melts for ever.
BURNS, *Tam O'Shanter.*

The sweet influences of Pleiades.
Job xxxviii. 31.

They have a *plentiful lack of wit.*
SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act ii. sc. 2.

And they shall beat their *swords into ploughshares,* and their spears into pruning-hooks.
Mic. iv. 3.

But as some *muskets* so contrive it,
As oft to miss the mark they drive at,
And though well *aimed at duck or plover,*
Bear wide, and kick their owners over.
J. TRUMBULL, *McFingal,* can. i. l. 33.

And *plucked his gown,* to share the good man's smile.
GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village,* l. 184.

Deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book.
SHAKS. *Tempest,* act v. sc. 1.

Truly, *I would the gods had made thee poetical.*
SHAKS. *As You Like It,* act iii. sc. 3.

Most wretched men
Are *cradled into poetry* by wrong;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.
P. B. SHELLEY, *Julian and Maddalo.*

Poets are all who love, who feel great truths
And tell them,—and the truth of truths is love.

BAILEY'S *Festus*.

Sighed the chaste Arria to her *Poetus brave*,
Drawing the sword which pierced her from her heart,
" Smarts not the wound, ah trust me! which I gave,
The wound which pierces you bears all the smart."*

MARTIAL, ep. xiv. *Translated by the Editor.*

Don't *put too fine a point* to your wit for fear it should get blunted.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES, *The Little Gypsy* (*La Gitanilla*).

Sweet, sweet, sweet *poison for the age's tooth.*

SHAKS. *King John*, act i. sc. 1.

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh *from Indus to the Pole.*

POPE, *Eloisa to Abelard*, l. 57.

The green *mantle of the standing pool.*

SHAKS. *King Lear*, act iii. sc. 4.

For the *poor always ye have* with you.

John xii. 8.

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough.

SHAKS. *Othello*, act iii. sc. 3.

Thou found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so.

GOLDSMITH, *Deserted Village*, l. 411.

Nor do I know what is become
Of him, *more than the Pope of Rome.*

BUTLER, *Hudibras*, pt. i. can. iii. l. 263.

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* For the relation of this fact, words pronounced according to the Jesuit editor of Martial, Vincentius Collesso, " voce immortali ac pene divina," the reader is referred to Pliny, epistle xvi. lib. 3, and Tacitus, annal. lib. 16.

Not *poppy nor mandragora*,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

SHAKS. *Othello*, act iii. sc. 3.

From humble *Port to imperial Tokay*.

J. TOWNLEY, *High Life Below Stairs*, act ii. sc. 1.

All places that the Eye of Heaven visits,
Are to a wise man *ports and happy havens*.

SHAKS. *K. Richard II.* act i. sc. 3.

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The *post of honour is a private station*.

ADDISON, *Cato*, act iv. sc. 2.

Potations pottle deep.

SHAKS. *Othello*, act ii. sc. 3.

Most *potent, grave, and reverend seigniors*.

Ibid. act i. sc. 3.

My poverty, but not my will consents.

SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet*, act v. sc. 1.

Steeped me in poverty to the very lips.

SHAKS. *Othello*, act iv. sc. 2.

With one hand he put
A penny in *the urn of poverty*,
And with the other took a shilling out.

R. POLLOCK, *The Course of Time*, bk. viii. l. 632.

His rod reversed,
And backward mutters of *dissevering power*.

MILTON, *Comus*, l. 816.

Power, like a desolating pestilence
Pollutes whate'er it touches; and obedience,
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame
A mechanized automaton.

SHELLEY, *Queen Mab*, pt. iii. p. 212.

The *power of thought*,—the magic of the mind.

BYRON, *The Corsair*, can. i. st. 8.

The *powers that be* are ordained of God.

Rom. xiii. 1.

Remote from man with God he passed the days,
Prayer all his business, *all his pleasure praise.*

T. PARNELL, *The Hermit*, l. 5.

And *solid pudding against empty praise.*

POPE, *The Dunciad*, bk. i. l. 54.

Praise is the best diet for us after all.

S. SMITH, *W. W.* p. 333.

Praise undeserved is satire in disguise.*

From the Garland, a Collection of Poems, 1721, *by Mr. Br—st, author of a Copy of Verses called "The British Beauties."*

Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear.

SHAKS. *All's Well that Ends Well*, act v. sc. 3.

Prayer ardent opens heaven.

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night viii. l. 721.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

JAS. MONTGOMERY, *on Prayer.*

The *imperfect offices of prayer* and praise.

WORDSWORTH, *The Excursion*, bk. i.

Wherever God erects a house of prayer
The devil always builds a chapel there.

DE FOE, *True-Born Englishman*, pt. i. l. 1.

* This line is quoted by Pope, in the First Ep. of Horace, bk. ii.:—"Praise undeserved is *Scandal* in disguise;" and was first traced to its source by the editor of the present volume in one of the early numbers of *Notes and Queries.*

He *prayeth well*, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

COLERIDGE, *The Ancient Mariner.*

I *preached as never sure to preach again*,
And as a dying man to dying men.

BAXTER, *Love breathing Thanks and Praise.*

For precept must be upon precept, *precept upon precept;* line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little.

Isaiah xxviii. 10.

Let none admire
That riches grow in hell: that soil may best
Deserve the *precious bane.*

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. i. l. 690.

Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act i. sc. 3.

Press not a falling man too far.

SHAKS. *K. Henry VIII.* act iii. sc. 2.

A *pretty kind of—sort of—kind of thing*,
Not much a verse, and poem none at all.

LEIGH HUNT, *A Thought or Two.*

If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To *prey at fortune.*

SHAKS. *Othello*, act iii. sc. 3.

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew *Priam's curtain* in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burned.

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part II.* act i. sc. 1.

By the *pricking of my thumbs*,
Something wicked this way comes.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act iv. sc. 1.

A gentle knight was *pricking o'er the plaine.*
SPENSER, *Faerie Queen*, bk. i. can. i. l. 1.

It is hard for thee *to kick against the pricks.*
Acts ix. 5.

'Tis pride, rank *pride and haughtiness of soul;*
I think the Romans call it stoicism.
ADDISON, *Cato*, act i. sc. 4.

Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war.
SHAKS. *Othello*, act. iii. sc. 3.

Never to *blend our pleasure or our pride,*
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.
WORDSWORTH, *Heart Leap Well*, pt. ii.

Wit that can creep, and *pride that licks the dust.*
POPE, *Ep. to Dr. Arbuthnot*, l. 333.

Pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, pt. ii. l. 6.

One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight;
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight.*
POPE, *Eloisa to Abelard*, l. 272.

A *primrose by a river's brim,*
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.
WORDSWORTH, *Peter Bell*, pt. i. st. 12.

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.
GOLDSMITH, *Deserted Village*, l. 329.

A *prince can make a belted knight,*
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he munna fa' that.
BURNS, *Is there for Honest Poverty.*

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* Priests, tapers, temples, swam before my sight.
ED. SMITH, *Phædra and Hippolytus.*

Thrones, dominations, *princedoms, virtues, powers.*
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. v. l. 601.

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and *principles with times.**
POPE, *Moral Essays*, ep. i. l. 173.

Procrastination is the thief of time.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night i. l. 393.

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.
SHAKS. *Induction*, act i. sc. 1.

A *progeny of learning.*
SHERIDAN, *The Rivals*, act i. sc. 2.

Cause Grace and Virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin;
And therefore no true saint allows
They shall be suffered to espouse.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, pt. iii. can. i. l. 1233.

Two truths are told,
As *happy prologues* to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.
SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act i. sc. 3.

And though he *promise to his loss,*
He makes his promise good.
TATE and BRADY, *Ps.* xv. 15.

O good old man; how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion.
SHAKS. *As You Like It*, act ii. sc. 3.

Give me the ocular proof.
SHAKS. *Othello*, act iii. sc. 3.

* Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis.—BORBONIUS.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The *proper study of mankind* is man.*

POPE, *Essay on Man*, ep. ii. l. 1.

Property has its duties as well as its rights.

MARQUIS OF NORMANDY, when Earl Mulgrave.†

A *prophet is not without honour*, save in his own country and in his own house.

Matt. xiii. 57.

The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with *prophetic ray!*

BYRON, *The Bride of Abydos*, can. ii. st. 20.

O my *prophetic soul!* mine uncle!

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 5.

I, that am *curtailed of this fair proportion*,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up.

SHAKS. *K. Richard III.* act i. sc. 1.

And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but *prose run mad.*

POPE, *Ep. to Dr. Arbuthnot*, l. 187.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.

SHAKS. *Love's Labour's Lost*, act v. sc. 2.

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* From Charron (de la Sagesse):—"La vraye science et le vray étude de l'homme c'est l'homme."

† This has been attributed to Chief Baron Woulfe and to Mr. Drummond, but there is authority for stating that Lord Mulgrave, then filling the vice-regal chair at Dublin, wrote the letter in which it occurred himself, and gave it to Mr. Drummond, the under-secretary, to transcribe.—ED.

I wish you *all sorts of prosperity* with a little more taste.

ALAIN-RENE LE SAGE, *Gil Blas*, bk. vii. chap. 4.

Surer to prosper than *prosperity*
Could have assured us.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. ii. l. 39.

Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy *proud waves be stayed.*

Job xxxviii. 11.

Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk.

SHAKS. *Cymbeline*, act iii. sc. 3.

A *proverb and a by-word* among all people.

1 *Kings* ix. 7.

'Tis *Providence alone secures*
In every change both mine and yours.

COWPER, *A Fable*, (moral.)

The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and *Providence their guide.*

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. xii. l. 646.

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but *leather or prunello.*

POPE, *Essay on Man*, ep. iv. l. 203.

He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the *dead corpse of Public Credit*, and it sprung upon its feet.*

Speech on Hamilton, March, 1831.

My *punishment is greater than I can bear.*

Gen. iv. 13.

Pun-provoking thyme.

WILL. SHENSTONE, *The Schoolmistress*, st. 11.

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* He it was that first gave to the law the air of a science. He found it a skeleton, and clothed it with life, colour, and complexion; he embraced the cold statue, and by his touch it grew into youth, health, and beauty.—BARRY YELVERTON (Lord Avonmore), *On Blackstone.*

Unto the pure all things are pure.

Titus i. 15.

Like the stained web that whitens in the sun,
Grow pure by being purely shone upon.

Moore, *The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

Purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly.

Shaks. *King Henry IV. Part I.* act v. sc. 4.

The *Puritans hated bear-baiting*, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators.*

Macaulay, *History of England*, vol. i. chap. 2.

Infirm of purpose.

Shaks. *Macbeth*, act ii. sc. 2.

Put money in thy purse.

Shaks. *Othello*, act i. sc. 3.

Push on—keep moving.

T. Morton, *A Cure for the Heartache*, act ii. sc. 1.

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* Even bear-baiting was esteemed heathenish and unchristian; the sport of it, not the inhumanity, gave offence.

Hume, *History of England*, vol. i. chap. 62.

QUALITY—QUIPS.

COME, give us *a taste of your quality.*

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2.

Greatly to find *quarrel in a straw,*
When honour's at the stake.

Ibid. act iv. sc. 4.

The *quarrel is a very pretty quarrel* as it stands; we should only spoil it by trying to explain it.

SHERIDAN, *The Rivals*, act iv. sc. 3.

Your castle is surprized; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughtered: to relate the manner
Were *on the quarry of these murdered deer*
To add the death of you.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act iv. sc. 3.

The *quiet sense of* something lost.

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, lxxvii.

That would have made *Quintilian stare* and gasp.

MILTON, *Sonnets*, sonnet 11.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles.

MILTON, *L'Allegro*, l. 25.

RANK—RAIN.

RANK is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.*

BURNS, *Is there for Honest Poverty.*

Let others hail the rising sun,
I bow to that whose race is run.

DAVID GARRICK, *On the Death of Mr. Pelham.*

The man forgets not, though in rags he lies,
And know the mortal through a clown's disguise.

MARK·AKENSIDE, *Ep. to Curio.*

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It *droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven*
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:
But mercy is above this sceptered sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,

* I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better.—WYCHERLEY, *The Country Wife*, act i. sc. 1.

It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

SHAKS. *Mer. of Venice*, act iv. sc. 1.

Be thou the *rainbow to the storms of life!*

BYRON, *The Bride of Abydos*, can. ii. st. 20.

He (Steele) was a *rake among scholars*, and a scholar among rakes.

MACAULAY, *Review of Aiken's Life of Addison.*

Silence, ye wolves! while *Ralph to Cynthia howls*,
And makes night hideous;* answer him, ye owls.

POPE, *The Dunciad*, bk. iii. l. 165.

As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the *rapt seraph that adores* and burns.

POPE, *Essay on Man*, ep. i. l. 277.

Alas! for the *rarity*
Of Christian charity
Under the sun.

T. HOOD, *The Bridge of Sighs.*

And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the *rascal naked through the world.*

SHAKS. *Othello*, act iv. sc. 2.

Rather than be less
Cared not to be at all.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. ii. l. 47.

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* Making night hideous.—SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 4.

And *raw in fields* the rude militia swarms;
Mouths without hands; maintained at vast expense,
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence;
Stout once a month they march, a blustering band,
And ever, but in times of need, at hand.

DRYDEN, *Cymon and Iphigenia*, l. 400.

A fellow in a market town,
Most musical, *cried razors* up and down.

DR. WOLCOT, *Farewell Odes*, ode iii.

'Gainst the tooth of time
And *razure of oblivion.*

SHAKS. *Measure for Measure*, act v. sc. 1.

Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor;
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.

SHEFFIELD, Duke of Buckingham, *Essay on Poetry.*

Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.

Collect for the Second Sunday in Advent.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.

F. BACON, *Essay I. Of Studies.*

Reading what they never wrote;
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene.

COWPER, *The Task*, bk. ii. *The Timepiece.*

I have no other but *a woman's reason;* I think him so, because I think him so.

SHAKS. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act i. sc. 2.

I was promised on a time
To have *reason for my rhyme;*
From that time unto this season,
I received nor rhyme nor reason.*

SPENSER, *Lines on his promised Pension.*

* SHAKS. *As You Like It*, act iii. sc. 2.

All those instances to be found in history, whether real or fabulous, of a doubtful public spirit, at which morality is perplexed, *reason is staggered,* and from which affrighted nature recoils, are their chosen and almost sole examples for the instruction of youth.

BURKE, *First Letter on a Regicide Peace.*

Neither *rhyme nor reason* can express how much.*

SHAKS. *As You Like It,* act iii. sc. 2.

Rhyme nor reason.†

SPENSER, *On his promised Pension.*

The insane root
That *takes the reason prisoner.*

SHAKS. *Macbeth,* act i. sc. 3.

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale.

POPE, *Essay on Man,* ep. ii. l. 107.

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words,—health, peace, and competence.

Ibid. bk. iv. l. 79.

Kings will be tyrants from policy, when subjects are *rebels from principle.*

BURKE, *On the French Revolution.*

Open rebuke is better than secret love.

Prov. xxvii. 5.

And *may you better reck the rede,*
Than ever did th' adviser!

BURNS, *Epigram to a Young Friend.*

O, *reform it all together.*

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act iii. sc. 2.

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* See Spenser, *ante,* p. 30.

† SHAKS. *As You Like It,* act iii. sc. 2.

Fair Greece! sad *relic of departed worth!*
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. ii. st. 73.

Our *remedies oft in ourselves do lie,*
Which we ascribe to Heaven.
SHAKS. *All's Well that Ends Well*, act i. sc. 1.

Things without all remedy,
Should be without regard: what's done is done.
SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act iii. sc. 2.

Remember Lot's wife.
Luke xvii. 32.

A *remnant of uneasy light.*
WORDSWORTH, *The Matron of Tedborough.*

Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded through his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words.
TENNYSON, *Morte d'Arthur.*

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow.
GOLDSMITH, *The Traveller*, l. 1.

Amid the roses fierce *Repentance rears*
Her snaky crest.
THOMSON, *The Seasons, Spring*, l. 906.

Report me and my cause aright.
SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act v. sc. 2.

At every word a *reputation dies.*
POPE, *The Rape of the Lock*, can. iii. l. 16.

While *resignation gently slopes the way,*
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.
GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village*, l. 100.

Resolved to ruin or to rule the state.
DRYDEN, *Absalom and Achitophel*, pt. i. l. 174.

She has halls and she has castles, and the *resonant steam eagles*
Follow far on the directing of her floating dove-like hand.
E. B. Browning, *L. Geraldine's Court.*

Yes, I submit, my lord; you've gained your end,
I'm now your slave that would have been your friend;
I'll bow, I'll cringe, be supple as your glove,
*Respect, adore you, everything but love.**
Martial, lib. ii. epig. xii.

You have too much *respect upon the world:*
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Shake. *Mer. of Venice,* act i. sc. 1.

Rest and be thankful.†
Wordsworth, *Sonnets,* vol. iii. p. 228.

One, that was a woman, sir, but *rest her soul, she's dead.*
Shaks. *Hamlet,* act v. sc. 1.

And add to these *retired leisure,*
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
Milton, *Il Penseroso,* l. 49.

For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short *retirement urges sweet return.*
Milton, *Paradise Lost,* bk. ix. l. 249.

Your *retort courteous;* the lie direct.
Shaks. *As You Like It,* act v. sc. 4.

Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity.
Milton, *Comus,* l. 103.

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* Translated by the Rev. R. Greaves, rector of Claverton, near Bath, about 1760.

† An inscription on a seat at the head of Glencore. Lord Russell appropriated this sentiment after the recess in 1864.

Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto
Wished him five fathom *under the Rialto.*

BYRON, *Beppo*, st. 32.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore.

MOORE, *Irish Melodies.*

Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 1.

Laws grind the poor, and *rich men rule the law.*

GOLDSMITH, *The Traveller*, l. 386.

When you wander, as you often delight to do, you wander indeed, and give never such satisfaction as the curious time requires. This is not caused by any natural defect, but first for want of election, when you, having a large and fruitful mind, should not so much labour what to speak, as to find what to leave unspoken. *Rich soils are often to be weeded.*

BACON, *Letter of Expostulation to Coke.*

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll.*

GRAY, *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*

Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From Heaven; for ev'n in Heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The *riches of Heaven's pavement*, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
In vision beatific.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. i. l. 679.

And, pleased with Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.†

ADDISON, *The Campaign*, l. 291.

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* Rich with the spoils of nature.

SIR T. BROWNE, *Relig. Med.* pt. i. sec. 13.

† Frequently ascribed to Pope, *Dunciad*, bk. iii. l. 261.

The *right divine of kings* to govern wrong.

POPE, *The Dunciad*, bk. iv. l. 188.

I see the right, and I approve it too.
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.*

From OVID'S *Metamorphoses, Translated by Several Hands, and published by Samuel Garth*, 2 vols. 12mo. 1751, vol. ii. bk. vii. l. 20.

"The *right man in the right place.*"

A. H. LAYARD, *Speeches.*

I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the *righteous forsaken*, nor his seed begging bread.

Psalm xxxvii. 25.

Be not *righteous overmuch.*

Eccles. vii. 16.

Mercy and truth are met together: *righteousness and peace* have kissed each other.

Psalm lxxxv. 10.

Righteousness exalteth a nation.

Prov. xiv. 34.

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky.

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, can. v.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant men and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Ibid.

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* Video meliora proboque
Sed deteriora sequor.—OVID.

And so, from hour to hour, we *ripe and ripe*,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale.

SHAKS. *As You Like It*, act ii. sc. 7.

Go to your banquet then; but use delight
So as to *rise still with an appetite.*

HERRICK, *Hesperides*, cccxli.

She was his life,
The ocean to the *river of his thoughts*,*
Which terminated all.

BYRON, *The Dream*, st. ii.

You shall see a beautiful quarto page, where a neat *rivulet of text* shall meander through a meadow of margin.

SHERIDAN, *School for Scandal*, act i. sc. 1.

O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a *rough, a weary road*,
To wretches such as I.

BURNS, *Despondency.*

He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he 's not robbed at all.

SHAKS. *Othello*, act iii. sc. 3.

The *robbed that smiles* steals something from the thief.

Ibid. act i. sc. 3.

By *robbing Peter he paid Paul*, ... and hoped to catch larks if ever the heavens should fall.

FRANCIS RABELAIS, bk. i. chap. 5.

Through tattered clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furred gowns hide all.

SHAKS. *King Lear*, act iv. sc. 6.

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* She floats upon the river of his thoughts.

LONGFELLOW, *The Spanish Student*, act ii. sc. 3.

Si che chiaro
Per essa scenda della mente il fiume.—DANTE.

And the final event to himself (Mr. Burke) has been that, as he *rose like a rocket*, he fell like the stick.

THO. PAINE, *Letter to the Addressers.*

He shall rule them with a *rod of iron.*

Rev. ii. 27.

Art thou *a friend to Roderick?*

SCOTT, *The Lady of the Lake*, can. iv. st. 30.

I am not in the *roll of common men.*

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act iii. sc. 1.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore.

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. iv. st. 179.

My voice is still for war.*
Gods! can a *Roman senate long debate*
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death?

ADDISON, *Cato*, act ii. sc. 1.

The *last of all the Romans*, fare thee well.

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar*, act. v. sc. 3.

This was the *noblest Roman* of them all.

Ibid. act v. sc. 5.

"*When at Rome, do as Romans do.*"†

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* See Milton.

† St. Augustine was in the habit of dining upon Saturday as upon Sunday; but being puzzled with the different practices then prevailing, (for they had begun to fast at Rome on Saturday,) consulted St. Ambrose on the subject. Now at Milan they did not fast on Saturday, and the answer of the Milan saint was this:—

"When I am here, I do not fast on Saturday; when at Rome, I do fast on Saturday."

"Quando hic sum, non jejuno Sabbato; quando Romæ sum, jejuno Sabbato."—ST. AUGUSTINE, ep. xxxvi. *To Casulanus.*

When they are at Rome, they do there as they see done.
BURTON, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, pt. iii. sec. iv. mem. 2. subs. 1.

O Romeo, Romeo! *wherefore art thou, Romeo?*
SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 2.

Seeing the *root of the matter* is found in me.
Job xix. 28.

What 's in a name? that which we call a *rose*
By any other name would smell as sweet.
SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 2.

The *rose is fairest* when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears.
SCOTT, *The Lady of the Lake*, can. iv. st. 1.

You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But *the scent of the roses* will hang round it still.
MOORE, *Farewell! but whenever you welcome the Hour.*

Rise, honest muse! and sing *the man of Ross.*
POPE, *Moral Essays*, ep. iii. l. 29.

'Tis the same with common natures:
Use 'em kindly, they rebel;
But be as *rough as nutmeg-graters*,
And the rogues obey you well.
A. HILL, *Verses written on a Window in Scotland.*

I will a *round, unvarnished tale* deliver
Of my whole course of love.
SHAKS. *Othello*, act i. sc. 3.

"*A Rowland for an Oliver.*"*

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* These were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers; and their exploits are rendered so ridiculously and equally extravagant by the old romancers, that from thence arose that saying amongst our plain and sensible ancestors of giving one a "Rowland for his Oliver," to signify the matching one incredible lie with another.
THOMAS WARBURTON.

Some asked me *where the rubies grew*,
And nothing I did say;
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.

HERRICK, *The Rock of Rubies, and the Quarrie of Pearls.*

The *price of wisdom is above rubies.*

Job xxviii. 18.

The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. *Rude am I in my speech.*

SHAKS. *Othello*, act i. sc. 3.

Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The *rude forefathers of the hamlet* sleep.

GRAY, *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*

Such dainties to them, their health it might hurt;
It's like sending them *ruffles when wanting a shirt.**

GOLDSMITH, *The Haunch of Venison.*

Final *ruin* fiercely drives
Her *ploughshare* o'er creation.†

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night ix. l. 167.

She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, *never shows she rules.*

POPE, *Moral Essays*, ep. ii. l. 201.

It is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, ... which, by *often rumination*, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

SHAKS. *As You Like It*, act iv. sc. 1.

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* If your friend is in want, don't carry him to the tavern, where you treat yourself as well as him, and entail a thirst and headache upon him next morning. To treat a poor wretch with a bottle of Burgundy and fill his snuff-box, is like giving a pair of laced ruffles to a man that has never a shirt on his back.—TOM BROWN.

† Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate
Full on thy bloom.—BURNS, *To a Mountain Daisy.*

Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To *run a muck*, and tilt at all I meet.

POPE, *Horace*, bk. ii. sat. i. l. 69.

Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that *he may run that readeth it.*

Hab. ii. 2.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry.

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, can. liii.

So *runs the round of life* from hour to hour.

Ibid. Works, p. 57.

Nor *rural sights* alone, but rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature.

COWPER, *The Task*, bk. i. *The Sofa.*

This will last out *a night in Russia*,
When nights are longest there.

SHAKS. *Measure for Measure*, act ii. sc. 1.

And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the *rustic moralist* to die.

GRAY, *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*

SAFE—SAIL.

*SAFE bind, safe find ;**
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

SHAKESPEARE.

O monstrous! but one half-penny-worth of bread to this *intolerable deal of sack.*

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act ii. sc. 4.

A *sadder and a wiser man,*
He rose the morrow morn.

COLERIDGE, *The Ancient Mariner.*

And nothing can we call our own but death;
And that small module of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell *sad stories of the death of kings.*

SHAKS. *K. Richard II.* act iii. sc. 2.

When *sages look'd to Egypt for their lore.*

KEATS, *Hyperion.*

Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the God of Storms,
The lightning and the gale.

O. W. HOLMES, *A Metrical Essay.*

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* Dry sun, dry wind, safe bind, safe find.
TUSSER, *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry.*

The *saint sustained it,* but the woman died.

POPE, *Epitaph on Mrs. Corbet.*

Odious! in woollen! *'t would a saint provoke,*
Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke.

Moral Essays, ep. i. l. 216.

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like *pretty Sally.**

H. CAREY, *Sally in our Alley.*

About some act
That has no *relish of salvation in't.*

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act iii. sc. 3.

Half way down,
Hangs one that *gathers samphire;* dreadful trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice.

SHAKS. *King Lear,* act iv. sc. 6.

Perhaps *it may turn out a sang,*
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

BURNS, *Ep. to a Young Friend.*

The living throne, the *sapphire blaze,*
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw, but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.

GRAY, *The Progress of Poesy,* pt. iii. st. 2.

For *Satan finds some mischief still*
For idle hands to do.

WATTS, *Divine Songs,* song xx.

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* Of all the girls that e'er was seen,
There's no so fine as Sally.

SWIFT, *Ballad on Miss Nelly Bennet.*

Satan, so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in heaven.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost,* bk. v. l. 658.

The *Satanic school.*

SOUTHEY, *From the original Preface to the Vision of Judgment.*

Ribands flaunting, feathers gay,
The sounds and sights are surely thrilling;
Dazzled village youths to-day
Will crowd to take the *Saxon shilling.*

K. T. BUGGY, *Nation Newspaper.*

Saw ye my wee thing, saw ye my ain thing,
Saw ye my true love down on yon leä';
Red, red are her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses;
Where could my wee thing wander frae me?

HECTOR MACNEIL, *Mary of Castlecary.*

No *scandal about Queen Elizabeth,* I hope.

SHERIDAN, *The Critic,* act. i. sc. 1.

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.

SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet,* act ii. sc. 2.

The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley,
And leave us naught but grief and pain
For promised joy.

BURNS, *To a Mouse.*

Let the soldier be abroad if he will, he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage, a personage less imposing in the eyes of some, perhaps insignificant. The *schoolmaster is abroad,* and I trust to him, armed with his primer against the soldier in full military array.

LORD BROUGHAM, *Speech, Jan. 29th,* 1828.

Science, falsely so called.

1 *Tim.* vi. 20.

O star-eyed science! hast thou wandered there,
To waft us home the message of despair?

CAMPBELL, *Pleasures of Hope*, pt. ii. l. 325.

He will laugh thee to scorn.

Ecclus. xiii. 7.

We have *scotched the snake*, not killed it.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act iii. sc. 2.

When the *scourge*
Inexorable, and the torturing hour,
Call us to penance.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. ii. l. 90.

Some, for renown, on *scraps of learning dote*,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.

YOUNG, *Love of Fame*, sat. i. l. 89.

Or my *scrofulous French novel*,
On grey paper with blunt type,
Simply glance at it, you grovel
Hand and foot in Belial's gripe!

ROBERT BROWNING, *Spanish Cloister*.

Fired that the house rejects him, "*'sdeath I'll print it*,
And shame the fools; your interest sir, with Lintot."

POPE, *Ep. to Dr. Arbuthnot*, l. 61.

We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

COLERIDGE, *The Ancient Mariner*, pt. ii.

Sea of up-turned faces.

SCOTT, *Rob Roy*, ch. 20.

Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were *in the flat sea sunk.*

MILTON, *Comus*, l. 373.

O'er the glad waters of *the dark blue sea*,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free;
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home.

BYRON, *The Corsair*, can. i. st. 1.

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the *sea-maid's music*.

SHAKS. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act. ii. sc. 2.

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again, bring again,
Seals of Love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain.*

SHAKS. *Measure for Measure*, act iv. sc. 1.

My hand will rather
The multitudinous *seas incarnadine*,
Making the green—one red.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act ii. sc. 2.

To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven.

Eccles. iii. 1.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like *seasoned timber*, never gives.

HERBERT, *Virtue*.

And make my *seated heart* knock at my ribs.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act i. sc. 1.

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God.†

POPE, *Essay on Man*, ep. iv. l. 331.

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* This song is found in "The Bloody Brother; or, Rollo, Duke of Normandy," by Beaumont and Fletcher, act v. sc. 2.

† You will find that it is the modest, not the presumptuous inquirer,

To win the *secret of a weed's plain heart.*

LOWELL, Sonnet xxv.

The *secret things belong unto the Lord* our God.

Deut. xxix. 29.

But that I am forbid
To tell the *secrets of my prison house,*
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part.

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act i. sc. 5.

See my lips tremble and my eyeballs roll;
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul.

POPE, *Eloisa to Abelard,* l. 324.

See the conquering hero comes;
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums.

NAT. LEE, *Alexander the Great,* act ii. sc. 1.

If you can look into the *seeds of time,*
And say which grain will grow, and which will not.

SHAKS. *Macbeth,* act i. sc. 3.

Seems, madam? nay, it is; I know not seems.

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act i. sc. 2.

Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit,
That could be moved to smile at any thing.

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar,* act i. sc. 2.

For *seldom shall she hear a tale*
So sad, so tender, and so true.

W. SHENSTONE, *Jemmy Dawson.*

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who makes a real and safe progress in the discovery of divine truths. One follows Nature, and Nature's God; that is, he follows God in his works and in his word.—BOLINGBROKE, *A Letter to Mr. Pope.*

Enough of *self, that dallying* luscious theme.
O'er which philosophers in raptures dream;
Of which with seeming disregard they write,
Then prizing most, when most they seem to slight.
CHURCHILL, *Cand.* l. III.

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But *we'll do more, Sempronius:* we'll deserve it.
ADDISON, *Cato,* act i. sc. 2.

Those green-robed *senators of mighty woods,*
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir.
J. KEATS, *Hyperion.*

You think they are crusaders, sent
From some infernal clime,
To *pluck the eyes of Sentiment,*
And dock the tail of Rhyme;
To crack the voice of Melody,
And break the legs of Time.
HOLMES, *The Music-Grinders.*

What! would'st thou have a *serpent sting thee twice?*
SHAKS. *Mer. of Venice,* act iv. sc. 1.

But the *trail of the serpent* is over them all.
MOORE, *Paradise and the Peri.*

I have *done the state some service,* and they know it.
SHAKS. *Othello,* act. v. sc. 2.

Servile to all the skyey influences.
SHAKS. *Measure for Measure,* act iii. sc. 1.

I burn to *set the imprisoned wranglers free,*
And give them voice and utterance once again.
COWPER, *Winter Evening,* bk. iv.

Set thine house in order.
Isaiah xxxviii. 1.

Now, night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But *lived in settled numbers* one day more.

POPE, *The Dunciad*, bk. i. l. 89.

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.

SIR W. JONES, *Ode in Imitation of Alcæus*.

She hugged th' offender, and forgave th' offence.
Sex to the last.

DRYDEN, *Cymon and Iphigenia*, l. 307.

Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit, or *more welcome shade.*

TICKELL, *On the Death of Addison*, l. 45.

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some *boundless contiguity of shade*,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more.*

COWPER, *The Timepiece*, bk. ii.

As *half in shade* and half in sun
This world along its path advances,
May that side the sun 's upon
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances.

MOORE, *Peace be around thee.*

The *hunter and the deer a shade.*

CAMPBELL, *O'Connor's Child*, st. iv.

Men are we, and must grieve when even the *shade*
Of that which once was great is passed away.

WORDSWORTH, *Sonnets to National Independ. and Liberty*, pt. i. 6.

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* Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place.—*Jer.* ix. 2.

Shade, unperceived, *so softening into shade.*

THOMSON, *The Seasons, Winter*, l. 25.

The swan on still St. Mary's Lake,
Floats *double, swan and shadow!*

WORDSWORTH, *Yarrow Unvisited.*

The worthy gentleman who has been snatched from us at the moment of the election, and in the middle of the contest, whilst his desires were as warm, and his hopes as eager as ours, has feelingly told us what shadows we are, *what shadows we pursue.*

BURKE, *Speech at Bristol on declining the Poll*, 1780.

But *Shadwell never deviates into sense.*

DRYDEN, *MacFlecnoe*, l. 20.

O many a *shaft, at random sent,*
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.

SCOTT, *The Lord of the Isles*, can. v. st. 18.

They love their land, because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reason why;
Would *shake hands with a king* upon his throne,
And think it kindness to his majesty.

HALLECK, *Connecticut.*

When taken,
To be well shaken.

GEO. COLMAN, (the younger,) *The Newcastle Apothecary.*

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest *Shakespeare, Fancy's child,*
Warble his native wood notes wild.

MILTON, *L'Allegro*, l. 131.

But *Shakespeare's magic* could not copied be;
Within that circle none durst walk but he.

DRYDEN, *The Tempest, Prologue.*

And *rival all but Shakespeare's name* below.

CAMPBELL, *Pleasures of Hope*, pt. i. l. 472.

That comest in *such a questionable shape*,
That I will speak to thee.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 4.

Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble.

SHAKS. *Macbeth*, act iii. sc. 4.

She raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.

DRYDEN, *Alexander's Feast*, l. 169.

Let this great maxim be my virtues guide,—
In part *she is to blame* that has been tried;
He comes too near that comes to be denied.*

LADY M. W. MONTAGUE, *The Lady's Resolve.*

She was a form of life and light,
That, seen, became a part of sight,
And rose where'er I turned mine eye,
The morning-star of memory.
Yes, love, indeed, is light from heaven;
A spark of that immortal fire,
With angels shared, by Allah given,
To lift from earth our low desire.

BYRON, *The Giaour*, l. 1127.

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* "The Lady's Resolve" was a fugitive piece, written on a window, by Lady Montague, after her marriage (1718). The last lines were taken from Overbury:—

"In part to blame is she
Which hath, without consent, been only tried;
He comes too near that comes to be denied."

The Wife, st. 86.

The soul of *music slumbers in the shell,*
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;
And feeling hearts—touch them but rightly—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before!

ROGERS, *Human Life.*

A *shielded scutcheon blushed with blood* of queens and kings.

KEATS, *St. Agnes.*

Kitty. Shikspur? *Shikspur? Who wrote it?*
No, I never read Shikspur.
Lady Bab. Then you have an immense pleasure to come.

J. TOWNLEY, *High Life Below Stairs,* act ii. sc. 1.

He was the mildest mannered man
That ever scuttled ship, or cut a throat.

BYRON, *Don Juan,* can. iii. st. 41.

Ships dim-discovered, dropping from the clouds.

THOMSON, *The Seasons, Summer,* l. 946.

Like *ships, that sailed for sunny isles,*
But never came to shore.

HERVEY, *The Devil's Progress.*

Better to *sink beneath the shock*
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock.

BYRON, *The Giaour,* l. 999.

But from the hoop's bewitching round,
Her very *shoe has power to wound.*

MOORE, fable x. *The Spider and the Bee.*

*"Where the shoe pinches."**

Along thy *wild and willowed shore.*

SCOTT, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel,* can. iv. st. 1.

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* In the "Life of Æmilius Paulus," Plutarch relates the story of a Roman being divorced from his wife. "This person being highly blamed by his friends, who demanded—Was she not chaste? Was she not fair? Holding out his shoe, he asked them whether it was not new? and well made? Yet, added he, none of you can tell where it pinches."

In small proportion we just beauties see,
And in *short measures life may perfect* be.
JONSON, *Good Life, Long Life.*

This *world is all a fleeting show,*
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,
There's nothing true but Heaven.
MOORE, *The World is all a Fleeting Show.*

Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you, I was down, and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose at an instant, and *fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.*
SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act v. sc. 4.

Shrine of the mighty! can it be
That this is all remains of thee?
BYRON, *The Giaour,* l. 106.

Shut, shut the door, good John, fatigued I said.
POPE, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot,* l. 1.

Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And *shut the gates of mercy* on mankind.
GRAY, *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*

Sidney, warbler of poetic prose.
COWPER, *The Task,* bk. iv. *Winter Evening.*

Sigh, no more, ladies; sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never.
SHAKS. *Much Ado about Nothing,* act ii. sc. 3.

Implores the *passing tribute of a sigh.*
GRAY, *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*

Sighed and looked, and sighed *again.*
DRYDEN, *Alexander's Feast,* l. 120.

Sighed and looked unutterable things.
THOMSON, *The Seasons, Summer,* l. 1186.

Who ever loved that *loved not at first sight.**

C. Marlowe, *Hero and Leander.*

And *out of mind as soon as out of sight.*†

Lord Brooke, *Sonnets*, son. lvi.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy; I were but little happy, if I could say how much.

Shaks. *Much Ado about Nothing*, act ii. sc. 1.

Spires whose "*silent finger points to heaven.*"‡

Wordsworth, *The Excursion*, bk. vi.

Or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and *Siloa's brook*, that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God.

Milton, *Paradise Lost*, bk. i. l. 10.

By cool *Siloam's shady rill*
How sweet the lily grows.

Heber, *First Sunday after Epiphany*, No. ii.

Romeo. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with *silver all these fruit-tree tops.*

Juliet. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Shaks. *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 2.

Mine is no horse with wings, to gain
The region of the spheral chime;
He does but drag a rumbling wain,
Cheered by the *silver bells of rhyme.*

C. Patmore, *Angel in the House*, i.

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* Quoted by Shakspeare, *As You Like It*, act iii. sc. 5.

† Quum autem sublatus fuerit ab oculis, etiam cito transit a mente.

Kempis, *Imitation of Christ*, bk. i. 23.

‡ An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches in flat countries with spire steeples, which, as they cannot be referred to any other object, point as with silent finger to the sky and stars.

Coleridge, *The Friend*, No. 14.

The real *Simon pure.**

CENTLIVRE, *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*, act v. sc. 1.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, *simplicity a child.*†

POPE, *Ep. on Gay.*

'Tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis *no sin for a man* to labour in his vocation.

SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act i. sc. 2.

" *The sinews of war.*" ‡

For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over, and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the *singing of birds is come*, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

The Song of Solomon, ii. 11, 12.

I am a man
More sinned against than sinning.

SHAKS. *K. Lear*, act iii. sc. 2.

Few sons attain the prize
Of their great sires, and most their sires disgrace.

POPE, *Odyssey*, bk. ii. l. 315.

And *lucent sirups*, tinct with cinnamon.

KEATS, *St. Agnes' Eve*, st. 30.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!

POPE, *The Dying Christian to his Soul.*

I take possession of man's mind and deed,
I care not what the sects may brawl;
I *sit as God, holding no form of creed*,
But contemplating all.

TENNYSON, *Palace of Art.*

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* The passage occurs in a letter to Obadiah Prim, warning him that an impostor will call upon him dressed as Simon Pure, in order to induce him to kick out the real Simon Pure.

† Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

DRYDEN, *Elegy on Mrs. Killigrew.*

‡ Plutarch says, in his "Life of Cleomenes" (c. 27), "He who first called money the sinews of the state, seems to have said this with special reference to war."

I am escaped with the *skin of my teeth.*

Job xix. 20.

A *skirmish of wit* between them.

SHAKS. *Much Ado about Nothing,* act i. sc. 1.

Man is the nobler growth our realms supply,
And *souls are ripened in our northern sky.*

MRS. BARBAULD, *The Invitation.*

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a *star, when only one*
Is shining in the sky.

WORDSWORTH, *Lucy.*

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share;
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed *the storm that howls along the sky.*

SMOLLETT, *Ode to Independence.*

The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart; he never felt
The *witchery of the soft blue sky.*

WORDSWORTH, *Peter Bell,* pt. i. st. 15.

He is brought as a *lamb to the slaughter.*

Isaiah liii. 7.

I would not have a *slave to till my ground,*
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble while I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.

COWPER, *The Task,* bk. ii. *The Timepiece.*

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, *slavery, said I, still thou art a bitter draught.*

L. STERNE, *Sentimental Journey, The Passport, The Hotel at Paris.*

Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country and their shackles fall.*

COWPER, *The Task*, bk. ii. *The Timepiece.*

O *magic sleep!* O comfortable bird
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
Till it is hushed and smooth!

KEATS, *Endymion.*

Sleep breathes at last from out thee,
My little, patient boy.

LEIGH HUNT, *To T. L. H.*

Now *blessings light on him that first invented sleep!* it covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot.

MIG. DE CERVANTES, *Don Quixote*, pt. ii. ch. 67.

He giveth his beloved sleep.

Psalm cxxvii. 2.

And *sleep in dull, cold marble.*

SHAKS. *K. Henry VIII.* act iii. sc. 2.

Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer, the rest on nature fix.

Translation of Lines quoted by Sir Edward Coke.

Thou hast been called, O *sleep! the friend of woe;*
But 'tis the happy that have called thee so.

R. SOUTHEY, *The Curse of Kehama*, can. xv.

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

SCOTT, *The Lady of the Lake*, can. i. st. 31.

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night i. l. 1.

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* Servi peregrini, ut primum Galliæ fines penetraverint eodem momento liberi sunt.—*Bodinus*, lib. i. cap. 5.

Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.
POPE, *The Dunciad*, bk. i. l. 94.

For aye unsought-for *slept among his ashes cold.*
KEATS, *St. Agnes.*

And he that stands upon a *slippery place,*
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.
SHAKS. *King John*, act iii. sc. 4.

This mournful truth is everywhere confessed,
Slow rises worth by poverty depressed.
JOHNSON, *London*, l. 176.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise.
Prov. vi. 6.

'Tis *the voice of the sluggard;* I heard him complain,
"You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again."
WATTS, *The Sluggard.*

Think nought a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year;
And trifles life.
YOUNG, *Love of Fame*, sat. vi. l. 208.

Compare *great things with small.*
VIRGIL, *Georgics*, bk. iv. l. 176. MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. ii. l. 921. COWLEY, *The Motto.* TICKELL, *Poem on Hunting.* POPE, *Windsor Forest.*

The *smallest worm will turn* being trodden on.
SHAKS. *K. Henry VI. Part III.* act ii. sc. 2.

The rankest compound of *villanous smell* that ever offended nostril.
SHAKS. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iii. sc. 5.

O my offence is rank, it *smells to heaven.*
SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 3.

My tables, my tables,—meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and *smile, and be a villain.*
Ibid. act i. sc. 5.

Without the *smile from partial beauty won,*
O what were man?—a world without a sun.

CAMPBELL, *Pleasures of Hope,* pt. ii. l. 2.

The *slow wise smile that* round about
His dusty forehead drily curled,
Seemed half within and half without,
And full of dealings with the world.

TENNYSON, *Miller's Daughter.*

Smiles from reason flow,
To brute denied, and are of love the food.*

MILTON, *Paradise Lost,* bk. ix. l. 239.

Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all its chords with might;
Smote the chord of self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall.*

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be.

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam,* lxxii.

I own the *soft impeachment.*

SHERIDAN, *The Rivals,* act v. sc. 3.

And when this *solemn mockery* is o'er.†

IRELAND'S *Vortigern,* act iii.

A ball now issues through the airy tides,
(*Some fairy winged it, and some demon guides!*)
Parts the fine locks her graceful head that deck,
Wounds her fair ear and sinks into her neck.

DARWIN, *Loves of the Plants.*

Some said, "*John, print it,*" others said, "Not so,"
Some said, "It might do good," others said, "No."

BUNYAN, *Apology for his Book.*

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* Quoted by Steele in *The Guardian,* No. 29.

† It was this line, pronounced by the actor with a sneering vehemence, to mark his (Kemble's) disbelief in the authenticity of the play, that led to the discovery of the forgery.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.
GRAY, *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*

Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost *sometimes counsel take*—and sometimes tea.
POPE, *Rape of the Lock*, can. iii. l. 7.

Every one is the *son of his own works.*
MIG. DE CERVANTES, *Don Quixote*, pt. i. bk. iv. chap. 20.

And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeathered *two-legged thing, a son.*
DRYDEN, *Absalom and Achitophel*, pt. i. l. 169.

And stretched *metre of an antique song.*
SHAKS. *Sonnets*, son. xvii.

Thou hast *no sorrow in thy song,*
No winter in thy year.
J. LOGAN, *To the Cuckoo.*

I never heard the old *song of Percy and Douglas*, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet.
SIR PHIL. SYDNEY, *The Defence of Poesy.*

O Sophonisba! Sophonisba, O!*
THOMSON, *Sophonisba*, act. iii. sc. 2.

Here I and sorrow sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
SHAKS. *King John*, act ii. sc. 1.

This house is to be let, for life or years;
Her rent is sorrow, and her income tears;
Cupid 't has long stood void; her bills make known,
She must be dearly let, or let alone.
FRANCIS QUARLES, *Emblems*, bk. ii. 10.

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* The line was altered, after the second edition, to,—
"O, Sophonisba! I am wholly thine."

There came a man, making his hasty moan
Before the sultan Mahmoud on his throne,
And crying out, " My *sorrow is my right,*
And I *will* see the sultan, and to-night."

L. HUNT, *Mahmoud.*

Sorrow more beautiful than beauty's self.

KEATS, *Hyperion.*

But *sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,*
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

CAMPBELL, *The Soldier's Dream.*

Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again.

WORDSWORTH, *The Solitary Reaper.*

A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day.

R. CRASHAW, *In Praise of Lessius' Rule of Health.*

Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's *soul is his own.*

SHAKS. *K. Henry V.* act iv. sc. 1.

For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and *lose his own soul?*

Matt. xvi. 26.

Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human *soul take wing*
In any shape, in any mood.

BYRON, *Prisoner of Chillon,* viii.

The iron entered into his soul.

Psalm cv. 18.

And I will say to my soul, *Soul, thou hast much goods* laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.

Luke xii. 19.

O love, O fire! once he drew
With one long kiss my whole *soul through*
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.

TENNYSON, *Fatima*, st. 3.

That *unlettered, small-knowing soul.*

SHAKS. *Love's Labour's Lost*, act i. sc. 1.

Thy *soul was like a star*, and dwelt apart.

WORDSWORTH, *Son. to Nat. Independence and Liberty*, bk. lxiv.

He had kept
The *whiteness of his soul*, and thus men o'er him wept.

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. iii. st. 57.

Heart on her lips, and *soul within her eyes*,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.

BYRON, *Beppo*, st. 45.

The *soul's calm sunshine* and the heartfelt joy.

POPE, *Essay on Man*, ep. iv. l. 168.

Why, *all the souls that were, were forfeit once;*
And he that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy.

SHAKS. *Measure for Measure*, act ii. sc. 2.

Ope the sacred *source of sympathetic tears.*

GRAY, *The Progress of Poesy*, pt. iii. st. 1.

Whatsoever a man *soweth, that shall he also reap.*

Gal. vi. 7.

For they have *sown the wind*, and they shall reap the whirlwind.

Hosea viii. 7.

Vital *spark of heavenly flame*,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame.

POPE, *The Dying Christian to his Soul.*

Bright gem, instinct with music, *vocal spark.*

WORDSWORTH, *A Morning Exercise.*

Yet man is born unto trouble, as the *sparks fly upward.*
Job v. 7.

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A *hero perish, or a sparrow fall,*
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
POPE, *Essay on Man,* ep. i. l. 87.

There is a special providence *in the fall of a sparrow.*
SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act v. sc. 2.

Not to speak it profanely.
Ibid. act iii. sc. 2.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
. . . . . I only *speak right on.*
SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar,* act iii. sc. 2.

Speech is silver, silence is gold.
A Dutch Proverb.

Thought is deeper than all speech;
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.
C. P. CRANCH, *Stanzas.*

"*Speech was given to man to disguise his thoughts.*"*

Two stars keep not their motion *in one sphere.*
SHAKS. *K. Henry IV. Part I.* act v. sc. 4.

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* Ils n'employent les parolles que pour déguiser leur pensées.
VOLTAIRE, *Dialogue* xiv. *Le Chapon et la Poularde.*

When Harel wished to put a joke or witticism into circulation he was in the habit of connecting it with some celebrated name, on the chance of reclaiming it if it took. Thus he assigned to Talleyrand in the "Nain Jaune" the phrase, "Speech was given to man to disguise his thoughts."—FOURNIER, *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire.*

I've lately had two *spiders*
Crawling upon my startled hopes.
Now though thy friendly hand has brushed 'em from me,
Yet still they crawl offensive to my eyes;
I would have some kind friend to tread upon 'em.

COLLEY CIBBER, *Richard III. Altered*, act iv. sc. 3.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but more endeared
Pipe to the *spirit ditties of no tone.*

J. KEATS, *Ode to a Grecian Urn.*

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the *ill spirit have so fair a house,*
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

SHAKS. *Tempest*, act i. sc. 2.

The *spirit walks of every day* decreased.

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night ii. l. 180.

This morning, like the *spirit of a youth*
That means to be of note, begins betimes.

SHAKS. *Antony and Cleopatra*, act. iv. sc. 4.

A *wounded spirit who can bear?*

Prov. xviii. 14.

Spirits when they please
Can *either sex assume*, or both.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. i. l. 423.

Yes, social friend, I love thee well,
In learned doctor's spite;
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,
And lap me in delight.

CHARLES SPRAGUE, *To my Cigar.*

And force them, though it was in *spite*
Of nature, and their stars, to write.

BUTLER, *Hudibras*, part i. can. i. l. 647.

There is a luxury in self-dispraise;
And inward self-disparagement affords
To *meditative spleen* a grateful feast.

WORDSWORTH, *The Excursion*, bk. iv.

She seemed a *splendid angel newly drest*,
Save wings, for heaven:—Porphyro grew faint;
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

KEATS, *St. Agnes*.

By Heaven! it is a *splendid sight to see*
For one who hath no friend, no brother there.

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. i. st. 40.

For, though I am not *splenetive and rash*,
Yet have I in me something dangerous.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act v. sc. 1.

They see nothing wrong in the rule that *to the victors belong the spoils* of the enemy.

Speech in the United States' Senate, January, 1832.

To *drink no more than a sponge*.

FRANCIS RABELAIS, *Works*, bk. i. ch. 5.

Masters, *spread yourselves*.

SHAKS. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act i. sc. 2.

And the *Spring comes slowly up this way*.

COLERIDGE, *Christabel*, pt. 1.

When *spring unlocks the flowers* to paint the laughing soil.

HEBER, *Seventh Sunday after Trinity*.

Springes to catch woodcocks.*

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 3.

Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Psalm xxiii. 4.

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* A proverbial phrase.

If you choose to represent the various parts in life by holes upon a table, of different shapes,—some circular, some triangular, some square, some oblong,—and the persons acting these parts by bits of wood of similar shapes, we shall generally find that the triangular person has got into the square hole, the oblong into the triangular, and a *square person has squeezed himself into a round hole.*

SYD. SMITH, *W. W.* p. 239.

The *stage darkened as the curtain fell.*

SCOTT, *Life of Swift.*

Lo, where the stage, the *poor, degraded stage,*
Holds its warped mirror to a gaping age.

CHARLES SPRAGUE, *Curiosity.*

Superfluous lags the *veteran on the stage.*

JOHNSON, *Vanity of Human Wishes,* l. 308.

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A *stage, where every man must play* a part.

SHAKS. *Merchant of Venice,* act i. sc. 1.

Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But—why did you *kick me down stairs?*

I. BICKERSTAFF, *'Tis well its no Worse.*

Maidens withering on the stalk.

WORDSWORTH, *Personal Talk,* st. 1.

They also serve who only *stand and wait.*

MILTON, *Sonnets,* son. xix.

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

SHAKS. *Macbeth,* act iii. sc. 4.

Stands Scotland where it did?

Ibid. act iv. sc. 3.

But He is risen, a *later star of dawn.*

WORDSWORTH, *A Morning Exercise.*

That gems the *starry girdle of the year.*

CAMPBELL, *Pleasures of Hope,* part ii. line 194.

Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, *is not in our stars,*
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar,* act i. sc. 2.

And then it *started like a guilty thing*
Upon a fearful summons.

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act i. sc. 1.

What constitutes a state?

SIR WILL. JONES, *Ode in Imitation of Alcæus.*

And sovereign law,—that *state's collected will,*
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.

Ibid.

Take away *the sword,*
States can be saved without it; bring the pen!

E. B. LYTTON, *Richelieu,* act ii. sc. 2.

Or with a finger *stayed Ixion's wheel.*

KEATS, *Hyperion.*

Steady! Steady! the masses of men
Wheel, and fall in, and wheel again
Softly as circles drawn with pen.

LEIGH HUNT, *Captain Sword and Captain Pen.*

*"Steal my thunder."**

Years following years, steal something every day;
At last they *steal us from ourselves away.*

POPE, *Horace, Ep.* ii. bk. ii. l. 72.

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* D'Israeli says, "The actors refused to perform one of John Dennis's tragedies to empty houses, but they retained some excellent thunder which Dennis had invented; it rolled one night when Dennis was in the pit, and it was applauded. Suddenly starting up, he cried to the audience, 'By ——, they won't act my tragedy, but they steal my thunder.'"—*Calamities of Authors.*

I'm armed with more than *complete steel,*
The justice of my quarrel.

MARLOWE, *Lust's Dominion.*

My man's as true as steel.

SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet,* act ii. sc. 4.

At leaving the most unpleasant people
And places, one keeps *looking at the steeple.*

BYRON, *Don Juan,* can. ii. st. 14.

The sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related, that it is difficult to class them separately. One *step above the sublime* makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again.*

THOS. PAINE, *Age of Reason,* Part II. ad fin. (note).

And *Stephen Sly,* and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

SHAKS. *Taming of the Shrew, Induction,* sc. ii.

Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

LONGFELLOW, *A Psalm of Life.*

A *still, small voice.*

1 *Kings* xix. 12.

A *still small voice* spake unto me
Thou art so full of misery,
Were it not better not to be?

TENNYSON, *Two Voices.*

Still to be neat, still to be drest
As you were going to a feast.

BEN JONSON, *The Silent Woman,* act i. sc. 5.

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* Probably the original of the celebrated *mot* given both to Napoleon and to Talleyrand, "Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas."

The fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart.

WORDSWORTH, *Tintern Abbey.*

A *stoic of the woods*—a man without a tear.

CAMPBELL, *Gertrude*, Part I. st. 23.

He was a man
Of an *unbounded stomach.*

SHAKS. *K. Henry VIII.* act iv. sc. 2.

Drink no longer water, but use a *little wine for thy stomach's sake.*

1 *Tim.* v. 23.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a *stone*
Tell where I lie.

POPE, *Ode on Solitude.*

"*To leave no stone unturned.*" *

The *stone that is rolling can gather no moss,*
For master and servant oft changing is loss.

TUSSER, *Points of Husbandry.*

So stood Eliza on the wood-crowned height
O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight,
Sought with bold eye amid the bloody strife
Her dearer self, the partner of her life.

DARWIN, *Loves of the Plants.*

Three *stories high, long, dull, and old,*
As great lord's stories often are.

GEO. COLMAN THE YOUNGER, *The Maid of the Moor.*

Story? God bless you, *I have none to tell*, sir!

GEO. CANNING, *the Friend of Humanity and the Needy Knife-Grinder. From the poetry of the Anti-Jacobin.*

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* This may be traced to a response of the Delphic Oracle, given to Polycrates, as the best means of finding a treasure buried by Xerxes' general, Mardonius, on the field of Plataea. The Oracle replied, Πάντα λίθον κίνει, *Turn every stone.*

Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.

SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet*, act iii. sc. 5.

I have been a *stranger in a strange land.*

Exod. ii. 22.

We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of *strawberries:* "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did:" and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.

IZAAK WALTON, *The Complete Angler*, pt. i. ch. 5.

No check, no stay *this streamlet fears,*
How merrily it goes!
'Twill *murmur on a thousand years,*
And flow as now it flows.

WORDSWORTH, *The Fountain.*

There is a lion in the way; *a lion is in the streets.*

Prov. xxvi. 13.

The king's name is *a tower of strength.*

SHAKS. *K. Richard III.* act v. sc. 3.

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

SHAKS. *King Lear*, act i. sc. 4.

The *strolling tribe*, a despicable race.

CHURCHILL, *Apology*, l. 206.

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife,
Nature I loved, and after Nature, Art,
I *warmed both hands* before the fire of life:
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

W. S. LANDOR, *Last Leaves.*

Stiff holden shields, far piercing spears, keen blades,
Struggling, and blood, and shrieks.

KEATS, *Endymion.*

Strutted, looked big, and swaggered more
Than ever Hero did before.

CHURCHILL, *Ghost*, bk. iii. l. 471.

Arm the obdured breast
With *stubborn patience*, as with triple steel.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. ii. l. 568.

By *labour and intent study* (which I take to be my portion in this life) joined with the strong propense of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to aftertimes, as they *should not willingly let it die.*

MILTON, *The Reason of Church Government*, bk. ii.

Dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the *stuff life is made of.*

BEN. FRANKLIN, *Poor Richard.*

Know how *sublime* a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

LONGFELLOW, *The Light of Stars.*

Such mistress, such Nan,
Such master, such man.

THOS. TUSSER, *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*, ch. 38.

Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
And loved to plead, lament, and sue;
Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain,
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.

SCOTT, *Marmion*, can. v. st. 9.

That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his *sullein mind.*

SPENSER, *Faerie Queen*, bk. i. can. ix. st. 35.

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and *sullenness against Nature* not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth.

MILTON, *Tract of Education.*

"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament,
As worldlings do, *giving thy sum of more*
To that which hath too much."

SHAKS. *As You Like It*, act ii. sc. 1.

There is *no new thing under the sun.*

Eccles. i. 9.

But unto you that fear my name shall the *Sun of righteousness arise* with healing in his wings.

Mal. iv. 2.

The *sun* though it *passes through dirty places,* yet remains as pure as before.

BACON, *Advancement of Learning,* bk. ii. ch. 2.

Truly the light is sweet, and a *pleasant* thing *it is for the eye to behold the sun.*

Eccles. xi. 7.

To *sun myself in Huncamunca's eyes.*

FIELDING, *Tom Thumb,* act i. sc. 2.

Does not *divide the Sunday from the week.*

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act i. sc. 1.

E'en *Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me.*

POPE, *Ep. to Dr. Arbuthnot,* l. 12.

No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close!
As the *sunflower turns on her god,* when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

MOORE, *Believe me, if all those endearing.*

Place me on *Sunium's marbled steep,*
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, *swan-like, let me sing and die.*

BYRON, *Don Juan,* can. iii. st. lxxxvi. v. 16.

With spots of *sunny openings,* and with nooks
To lie and read in, sloping into brooks.

LEIGH HUNT, *The Story of Rimini.*

The *sunshine broken in the rill,*
Though turned astray, is sunshine still.

MOORE, *The Fire-Worshippers.*

The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The *sunshine of the breast.*

GRAY, *On a distant Prospect of Eton College.*

I have *supped full with horrors.*

SHAKS. *Macbeth,* act v. sc. 5.

It requires a *surgical operation* to get a joke well *into a Scotch understanding.* Their only idea of wit, or rather that inferior variety of this electric talent which prevails in the North, and which, under the name of WUT, is so infinitely distressing* to people of good taste, is laughing immoderately at stated intervals.

SYD. SMITH, *Memoir.*

We'll have a *swashing* and a martial *outside.*

SHAKS. *As You Like It,* act i. sc. 3.

Odds life! must one *swear to the truth of a song?*

PRIOR, *A Better Answer.*

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky.

GEO. HERBERT, *Virtue.*

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie.

Ibid.

Sweet swan of Avon!

BEN JONSON, *To the Memory of Shakspeare.*

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* Sydney Smith was fond of this expression, and used it frequently.

And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of *linked sweetness long drawn out.*

MILTON, *L'Allegro*, l. 135.

Sweets to the sweet.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act v. sc. 1.

A *wilderness of sweets.*

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. v. l. 294.

The *swinish multitude.*

BURKE, *On the French Revolution.*

Sydneian showers of sweet discourse.

CRASHAW, *In praise of Lessius' Rule of Health.*

Syllables govern the world.

SELDEN, *Power.*

Except I be by *Sylvia in the night,*
There is no music in the nightingale.

SHAKS. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act iii. sc. 1.

TAKE—TALE.

TAKE her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair!

HOOD, *The Bridge of Sighs.*

"Heat, ma'am," said I to Mrs. Jones, "it was so dreadful here, that I found there was nothing left for it but to *take off my flesh and sit in my bones.*"

SYD. SMITH, *W. W.* p. 334.

The bell strikes one, we *take no note of time,*
But from its loss.

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night i. l. 53.

"There take (says Justice), *take ye each a shell,*
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you:
'Twas a fat oyster—live in peace—adieu."

POPE, *Verbatim from Boileau.*

I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the *tale as 'twas said to me.*

SCOTT, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, can. ii. st. 22.

A *schoolboy's tale*, the wonder of an hour!

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. ii. st. 22.

We spend our years as a *tale that is told.*

Ps. XC. 9.

And *thereby hangs a tale!**

SHAKS. *Taming of the Shrew*, act iv. sc. 1.

But now my *task is smoothly done*,
I can fly, or I can run.

MILTON, *Comus*, l. 1012.

And often did *beguile her of her tears.*

SHAKS. *Othello*, act i. sc. 3.

My *tears* must stop, for every drop
Hinders my needle and thread.

HOOD, *Song of the Shirt.*

The big round *tears*
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase.

SHAKS. *As You Like It*, act ii. sc. 1.

If you have *tears, prepare to shed* them now.

SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar*, act iii. sc. 2.

Thrice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. i. l. 619.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that often lie *too deep for tears.*

WORDSWORTH, *Imitations of Immortality*, st. 11.

Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

POPE, *The Dying Christian to his Soul.*

Oh! blessed with *temper, whose unclouded ray*
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day.

POPE, *Moral Essays*, ep. ii. l. 257.

These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire,
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And *ten low words* oft creep in one dull line.

POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, pt. ii. l. 144.

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* *Othello*, act iii. sc. 1. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act i. sc. 4. *As You Like It*, act ii. sc. 7.

Ten years ago, ten years ago,
Life was to us a fairy scene;
And the keen blasts of worldly woe
Had seared not then our pathway green.
ALARIC A. WATTS, *Songs.*

Along the cool sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless *tenour of their way.*
GRAY, *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*

In the *tented field.*
SHAKS. *Othello,* act i. sc. 3.

When I'm not *thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough,*
I've done my duty, and I've done no more.
FIELDING, *Tom Thumb.*

St. Agnes' Eve—ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a cold.
KEATS, *The Eve of St. Agnes.*

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great;
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold;
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.
MACAULAY, *Lays.*

They laugh that win.
SHAKS. *Othello,* act iv. sc. 1.

Don't you know, as the French say, there are *three sexes*—men, women, and clergymen.
SYD. SMITH, *W. W.* 330.

But the day of the Lord will *come as a thief in the night.*
2 *Peter* iii. 10.

Words are men's daughters, but *God's sons are things.**
From Dr. Madden's "*Boulter's Monument.*" *Supposed to have been inserted by Dr. Johnson,* 1745.

We have *left undone those things* which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done.
Morning Prayer.

Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
Milton, *Paradise Lost,* bk. i. l. 16.

Who *think too little,* and who *talk too much.*
Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel,* pt. i. l. 534.

An' I hallus comed to's choorch afoor moy Sally wur dead,
An' 'eerd un a brummin' awaäy like a buzzard clock ower my yeäd,
An' I newer knaw'd whot a meän'd buh I *thorrt a' ad summat to saäy,*
An' I thorrt I'd said whah a owt to 'a said an I comed awaäy.
Tennyson, *Northern Farmer.*

With too much quickness ever to be taught;
With too much thinking *to have common thought.*
Pope, *Moral Essays,* ep. ii. l. 97.

He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And *whistled* as he went, *for want of thought.*
Dryden, *Cymon and Iphigenia,* l. 84.

Thy *wish was father,* Harry, *to that thought.*
Shaks. *K. Henry IV. Part II.* act iv. sc. 4.

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* Words are women, deeds are men.
Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum.*

Words are women and deeds are men.
Sir T. Bodley, *Letter to his Librarian,* 1604.

Words are for women, actions for men.
Fuller, *Gnomologia.*

And hark how blithe the *throstle sings!*
He, too, is no mean teacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let *nature be your teacher.*

WORDSWORTH, *The Tables Turned.*

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again,
In *thunder, lightning, or in rain?*

SHAKS. *Macbeth,* act i. sc. 1.

Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal *tidings when he frowned.*

GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village,* l. 203.

Time elaborately thrown away.

YOUNG, *The Last Day,* bk. i.

Time has laid his hand
Upon my heart, *gently,* not smiting it;
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.

LONGFELLOW, *The Golden Legend.*

How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

WALLER, *Go, lovely Rose.*

Nor *time, nor place, did then adhere.*

SHAKS. *Macbeth,* act i. sc. 7.

Behold, *now is the accepted time.*

2 *Cor.* vi. 2.

And panting *Time toiled after him in vain.*

JOHNSON, *Prologue on the opening of Drury Lane Theatre.*

In records that defy the *tooth of time.*

YOUNG, *The Statesman's Creed.*

Thus the *whirligig of time* brings in his revenges.

SHAKS. *Twelfth Night,* act v. sc. 1.

Time tries the troth in everything.*

TUSSER, *beginning of a curious acrostic: "Thomas Tusser made me."*

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* Origin of the modern proverb, "Time tries all."

Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow,
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. iv. st. 182.

These are the *times that try men's souls.*
T. PAINE, *The Crisis, No.* 1.

I hold it true, whate'er befall,
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, xxvii.

Sublime tobacco! which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest.
BYRON, *The Island*, can. ii. st. 19.

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound;
All at her work the village maiden sings,
Nor, while she turns the giddy wheel around,
Revolves the *sad vicissitudes of things.*
R. GIFFORD, *Contemplation.*

One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will,
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.
TENNYSON, *Ulysses.*

His face is stern
As one compelled, in spite of scorn,
To teach a truth he could not learn.
E. B. BROWNING, vol. ii. p. 2.

Toll for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore.
COWPER, *On the Loss of the Royal George.*

The *tomb of him that would have made*
The world too glad and free.

HERVEY, *The Devil's Progress.*

So the loud *torrent and the whirlwind's roar,*
But bind him to his native mountains more.

GOLDSMITH, *The Traveller,* l. 517.

Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the *torrent of a woman's will?*
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't.*

The *torrent's smoothness,* ere it dash below.

CAMPBELL, *Gertrude,* part iii. st. 5.

Touch not; taste not; handle not.

Col. ii. 21.

Into a *towering passion.*

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act v. sc. 2.

Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay.

JOHNSON, *Lines added to Goldsmith's Deserted Village.*

Forced from their homes, *a melancholy train.*

GOLDSMITH, *The Traveller,* l. 409.

She (the Roman Catholic Church) may still exist in undiminished vigour, when some *traveller from New Zealand,* in the midst of a vast solitude, takes his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.†

T. B. MACAULAY, *Review of Rankes' Hist. of the Popes.*

Where your treasure is, there will your *heart be also.*

Matt. vi. 21.

A very *valiant trencherman.*

SHAKS. *Much Ado about Nothing,* act i. sc. 1.

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* These lines are copied from the pillar erected on the mount in the Dane John Field, Canterbury.

† Employed first by Macaulay in 1824; the idea is to be found in *Volney's Ruins,* chap. ii.; Horace Walpole, *Letter to Mason,* Nov. 1774; Kirke White, poem on *Time;* and Shelley, *Dedication to Peter Bell.* Macaulay employed this image more than once.

And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who *treasures up a wrong.*

BYRON, *Mazeppa.*

I know a *trick worth two of that.*

SHAKS. *K. Hen. IV. Part I.* act ii. sc. 1.

A snapper up of *unconsidered trifles.*

SHAKS. *Winter's Tale,* act iv. sc. 2.

I have *trodden the wine-press* alone.

Isa. lxiii. 3.

For rhetoric he could not ope
His mouth, but *out there flew a trope.*

BUTLER, *Hudibras,* part i. can. i. l. 81.

And, like another Helen, *fired another Troy.*

DRYDEN, *Alexander's Feast,* l. 154.

To do at once what is to do,
And *trust ourselves alone.*

Nation Newspaper.

Truth for ever *on the scaffold,* wrong for ever on the throne.

LOWELL, *The Present Crisis.*

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the *'vantage ground of truth.*

FRANCIS BACON, *Of Truth.*

Curst be the man, the meanest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal of a tyrant wife;
Who has no wish but by her high permission,
Who has no purse except in her possession.
Were such the wife who'd fallen to my part,
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart.

Attributed to BURNS.

UNFORTUNATE—UTTERANCE.

UNFORTUNATE Miss Bailey!

GEO. COLMAN THE YOUNGER, *Love Laughs at Locksmiths*, act ii. *Song.*

Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice.

KEATS, *St. Agnes.*

The fair, the chaste, and *unexpressive she.*

SHAKS. *As You Like It*, act iii. sc. 2.

By *uniting we stand*, by dividing we fall.

J. DICKINSON, *The Liberty Song*, (1768).

Without a grave, *unknelled*, *uncoffined*, and unknown.

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. iv. st. 79.

Unrespited, *unpitied*, unreprieved.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. ii. l. 185.

Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.

Gen. xlix. 4.

That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth
Unsyllabled—unsung!

MOTHERWELL, *Jeannie Morrison.*

That large *utterance of the early gods.*

J. KEATS, *Hyperion.*

VANITY—VERGE.

ANITY of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity.

Eccles. i. 2; xii. 8.

Declined into the *vale of years.*

SHAKS. *Othello*, act iii. sc. 3.

You flavour everything, you are the *vanille of society.*

SYD. SMITH, *W. W.* p. 329.

My valour is certainly going! it is sneaking off!
I feel it *oozing out*, as it were at the palm of my hands.

R. B. SHERIDAN, *The Rivals*, act v. sc. 3.

All is *vanity and vexation of spirit.*

Eccles. i. 14.

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the *'vantage ground of truth.*

BACON, *Essays, Truth.*

Where *Venice* sat in state, throned on *her hundred isles.*

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. iv. st. 1.

A *Venus rising from a sea of jet.*

WALLER, *Lines to Countess of Carlisle.*

Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very *verge of the churchyard mould.*

HOOD, *Miss Kilmansegg.*

For *rhyme the rudder is of verses,*
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.

BUTLER, *Hudibras,* part i. can i. l. 463.

Very like a whale.

SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act iii. sc. 2.

Vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

BURKE, *On the French Revolution.*

Who called thee vicious was a lying elf,
Thou art not vicious, *for thou'rt vice itself.*

MARTIAL, *Ad Zoilum,* lib. xi. ep. xciii.

Villain and he are miles asunder.

SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet,* act iii. sc. 5.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain;
For *violets plucked,* the sweetest showers
Will *ne'er make grow again.*

PERCY, *The Friar of Orders Gray.*

And *virtue is her own reward.**

PRIOR, *Ode in Imitation of Horace,* bk. iii. ode 2.

Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids;
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts,* night vi. l. 314.

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight.

GRAY, *The Bard,* part iii. st. 1.

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* Amen! and virtue is its own reward!

HOME, *Douglas,* act iii. sc. 1.

WAR—WATCHES.

War its thousands slays. Peace its ten thousands.

BEILBY PORTEUS, *Death*, l. 178.

The *weakest goes to the wall.*

SHAKS. *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 1.

Or that *eternal want of pence* which vexes public men.

TENNYSON, *Will Waterproof.*

But *war's a game* which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at.

COWPER, *The Task*, bk. v. *Winter Morning Walk.*

Ez fer war, I call it murder,—
There you hev it plain and flat;
I don't want to go no furder
Than my Testyment fer that;
God hez sed so, plump an' fairly;
Its ez long as it ez broad,
An' you've got to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God.

LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*, p. 4.

Enough of Science and of Art;
Close up those barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

WORDSWORTH, *Tables Turned.*

Water, *water, everywhere,*
Nor any drop to drink.

COLERIDGE, *The Ancient Mariner,* part ii.

Seemed washing his hands with invisible soap
In *imperceptible water.*

HOOD, *Miss Kilmansegg.*

Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep.

SHAKS. *K. Henry VI. Part II.* act iii. sc. 1.

And are as *water spilt on the ground,* which cannot be gathered up again.

2 *Sam.* xiv. 14.

When you do dance, I wish you
A *wave o' the sea,* that you might ever do
Nothing but that.

SHAKS. *All's Well that Ends Well,* act iv. sc. 3.

I'd say *we suffer and we strive*
Not less nor more as men than boys;
With grizzled beards at forty-five
As erst at twelve in corduroys.

THACKERAY, *Misc.* vol. i. p. 158.

That, if *weak women went astray,*
Their stars were more in fault than they.

PRIOR, *Hans Carvel.*

There let the wicked cease from troubling, and there the *weary be at rest.*

Job iii. 17.

The *weighty bullion of one sterling line,*
Drawn to French wire would through whole pages shine.

ROSCOMMON, *Translated Verse.*

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast.

JAMES HOGG, *Songs.*

A drunkard clasp his teeth, and not undo 'em
To suffer *wet damnation* to run through 'em.

CYRIL TOURNEUR, *The Revenger's Tragedy*, act iii. sc. 1.

We know what we are, but know not what we may be.

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act iv. sc. 5.

What strikes the crown
Of tyrants down,
And answers with its flash, their frown?
The sword.

M. J. BARRY, *The Nation Newspaper.*

What hell it is in *suing long to bide.*

SPENSER, *Mother Hubbard's Tales.*

O, *what a tangled web* we weave,
When first we *practise to deceive.*

SCOTT, *Marmion*, can. vi. st. 17.

What beckoning ghost along the *moonlight shade*
Invites my steps and points to yonder glade?

POPE, *To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady*, l. 1.

What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to *let in the foe?*

MILTON, *Samson Agonistes*, l. 560.

What therefore God hath joined together, let not *man put asunder.*

Matt. xix. 6.

What's Hecuba to him, or *he to Hecuba*,
That he should weep for her?

SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2.

When two agree in their desire
One sparke will set them both on fire.

QUARLES, 1*st Lotterie, Emblem* 34.

Art, empire, earth itself *to change are doomed;*
Earthquakes have raised to heaven the humble vale,
And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass entombed,
And *where th' Atlantic rolls** wide continents have bloomed.

BEATTIE, *Hermit*, bk. ii.

Where Hellen is there will be warre;
For *Death and Lust* companions are.

QUARLES, *1st Lotterie, Emblem 27.*

Where the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

JAMES HOGG, *Songs.*

Princes are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times, and *which have much veneration, but no rest.*

BACON, *Essay 20, Empire.*

Whip me such honest knaves.

SHAKS. *Othello*, act i. sc. 1.

And *whispering, "I will ne'er consent,"* consented.

BYRON, *Don Juan*, can. i. st. 117.

Or *whispering with white lips*—"The foe! they come! they come!"

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. iii. st. 25.

He has paid dear, very *dear, for his whistle.*

B. FRANKLIN, *Poor Richard.*

Who says in verse what others say in prose.

POPE, *Horace*, bk. ii. ep. i. l. 201.

Who fears to speak of ninety-eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?

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* See PLATO's *Timæus.*

He's all a knave or half a slave,
Who slights his country thus;
But a *true man, like you,* man,
Will fill his glass with us.*

The Nation Newspaper.

'Tis not the *whole of life to live:*
Nor all of death to die.

MONTGOMERY, *The Issues of Life and Death.*

"*Whom the gods love* die young," was said of yore.†

BYRON, *Don Juan,* can. iv. st. 12.

Ho! *why doth thou shiver and shake, Gaffer Gray?*
And why does thy nose look so blue?
'Tis the weather that's cold;
'Tis I'm grown very old;
And my doublet is not very new,
Well-a-day!

THOS. HOLCROFT.

Why were they proud? Because red lined accounts
Were richer than the songs of Grecian years.
Why were they proud? Again ask we aloud,
Why in the name of glory were they proud.

KEATS, *Isabella.*

The *wicked flee when no man pursueth.*

Proverbs xxviii. 1.

The widow can bake, an' the widow can brew,
The widow can shape, and the widow can sew.

ALLAN RAMSAY, *G. Shepherd.*

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* Probably by Thomas Davis. In the index to the Spirit of the Nation, the songs preceding and following this celebrated effusion are from the pen of this spirited poet, but at the time this stirring song was written (1848) the name, for political reasons, was concealed.

† Quem Di diligunt adolescens moritur.

PLAUTUS, *Bach.* act iv. sc. 6. l. 18.

The *wife of my bosom.*

Deut. xiii. 6.

Wild dreams! but such
As Plato loved; such as with holy zeal
Our Milton worshipp'd. Blessed hopes! awhile
From man withheld, even to the latter days
When *Christ shall come,* and *all things be fulfill'd.*

SOUTHEY, *Inscription where Henry Marten the Regicide was imprisoned thirty years.*

The Dean of —— deserves to be *preached to death by wild curates.*

SYD. SMITH, *W. W.* p. 359.

First, then, a woman will, or wont—depend on't;
If she will do't, she will; and there's an end on't.
But, if she wont, since safe and sound your trust is,
Fear is affront: and jealousy injustice.*

AARON HILL, *Epilogue to Zara.*

The *wind bloweth where it listeth.*

John iii. 8.

Yea, he did *fly upon the wings of the wind.*

Psal. xviii. 10.

For *riches certainly make themselves wings.*

Prov. xxiii. 5.

* See *Winter comes, to rule the varied year.*

THOMSON, *Winter,* l. i.

O *Winter, ruler of the inverted year.*

COWPER, *The Task, Winter Evening,* bk. iv.

Wisdom married to immortal verse.†

WORDSWORTH, *The Excursion,* bk. vi.

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* See page 352 for parallel passage.

† Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse.

MILTON, *L'Allegro.*

With *wisdom fraught,*
Not such as books, but such as practice taught.
WALLER, *On the King's Return.*

Wishes at least are the easy pleasures of the poor.
D. JERROLD, *Wit and Wisdom.*

Witty as Horatius Flaccus,
As great a Jacobin as Gracchus,
Short, though not as fat as Bacchus,
Riding on a little Jackass.
SYD. SMITH, *Imp. on Jeffrey.*

There, Shakspeare! on whose forehead climb
The crowns o' the world! O eyes sublime—
With tears and laughter for all time!
E. B. BROWNING, vol. ii. p. 19.

Not to think of men *above that which is written.**
1 *Cor.* iv. 6.

So *wise,* so young, they say, *do ne'er live long.*
SHAKS. *K. Richard III.* act iii. sc. 1.

Like our shadows,
Our *wishes lengthen as our sun declines.*
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts,* night v. l. 661.

His *wit invites you* by his looks to come,
But when you knock it never is at home.
COWPER, *Conversation.*

We grant, altho' he had much *wit,*
He was very *shy of using it.*
BUTLER, *Hudibras,* pt. i. can. i. l. 45.

One *woe doth tread upon another's heel—*
So fast they follow.
SHAKS. *Hamlet,* act iv. sc. 7.

Thus *woe succeeds a woe,* as wave a wave.
HERRICK, *Hesperides, Aphorisms,* no. 287.

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* Always quoted, "to be *wise* above that which is written."

Woes cluster; *rare are solitary woes;*
They love a train, they tread each other's heel.

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, night iii. l. 63.

While yet our England *was a wolfish den.*

KEATS, *Endymion.*

Show us *how divine a thing*
A woman may be made.

WORDSWORTH, *To a Young Lady*, xxxvi.

Was ever *woman in this humour wooed?*
Was ever woman in this humour won?

SHAKS. *K. Richard III.* act i. sc. 2.

In her first passion, *woman loves her lover:*
In all the others, all she loves is love.*

BYRON, can. iii. st. 3.

The *woman that deliberates is lost.*

ADDISON, *Cato*, act iv. sc. 1.

The *women pardoned all except her face.*

BYRON, *Don Juan*, can. v. st. 113.

O, let not *women's weapons*, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks.

SHAKS. *King Lear*, act ii. sc. 4.

O wonderful, *wonderful, and most wonderful*, wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping.

SHAKS. *As You Like It*, act iii. sc. 2.

For *words are wise men's counters*, they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools.

HOBBES, *The Leviathan*, pt. i. c. 4.

To those who know thee not, *no words can paint!*
And those who know thee, know all words are faint!

HANNAH MORE, *Sensibility.*

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* Dans les premières passions les femmes aiment l'amant, et dans les autres elles aiment l'amour.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, *Maxim* 404.

Words that wise *Bacon* or brave Raleigh spoke.
POPE, *Horace*, bk. ii. ep. 2. l. 163.

Polonius. What do you read, my lord?
Hamlet. Words, words, words.
SHAKS. *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2.

For still the *world* prevailed, *and its dread laugh*
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn.
THOMSON, *Autumn*, l. 233.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. iii. st. 113.

No: the *world must be peopled.*
SHAKS. *Much Ado about Nothing*, act ii. sc. 3.

The *world is too much with us;* late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.
WORDSWORTH, *Miscellaneous Sonnets*, pt. i. 33.

Friend to my life, which did not you prolong,
The *world had wonted many an idle song.*
POPE, *Ep. to Dr. Arbuthnot*, l. 27.

Of whom the *world was not worthy.*
Heb. xi. 38.

Where their *worm dieth not*, and the fire is not quenched.
Mark ix. 44.

The spirit of the *worm beneath the sod*
In love and worship, blends itself with God.
SHELLEY, *Queen Mab.*

Kings are like stars—they rise and set—they have
The worship of the world, but no repose:*
SHELLEY, *Hellas.*

He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us *worship God!*" *he says*, with solemn air.
BURNS, *The Cotter's Saturday Night.*

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* See parallel quotation from Bacon, page 360.

Nay, dearest, nay: if thou *would'st have me paint*
The home to which, could love fulfil its prayers,
This hand would lead thee, listen!—A deep vale,
Shut out by Alpine hills from the rude world,
Near a clear lake, margin'd by fruits of gold
And whispering myrtles; glassing softest skies
As cloudless, save with rare and roseate shadows,
As I would have thy fate!

* * * *

A palace lifting to eternal summer
Its marble walls, from out a glossy bower
Of coolest foliage, musical with birds
Whose songs should syllable thy name! At noon
We'd sit beneath the arching vines, and wonder
Why earth could be unhappy, while the heavens
Still left us youth and love! We'd have no friends
That were not lovers; no ambition, save
To excel them all in love! We'd read no books
That were not tales of love—that we might smile
To think how poorly eloquence of words
Translates the poetry of hearts like ours;
And when night came, amidst the breathless heavens,
We'd guess what star should be our home when love
Becomes immortal; while the perfumed light
Stole through the mist of alabaster lamps,
And every air was heavy with the sighs
Of orange groves, and music from sweet lutes,
And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth
I' the midst of roses!—Dost thou like the picture?

E. L. Bulwer, *Lady of Lyons.*

Oh! *would I were dead now,*
Or up in my bed now,
To cover my head now,
And have a good cry.

Hood, *A Table of Errata.*

She only said "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said "I am aweary, aweary,
I *would that I were dead.*"

TENNYSON, *Marianna, Poems*, p. 9.

Godiva! not for countless tomes
Of war's or kingcraft's leaden hist'ry,
Would I thy charming legend lose,
Or view it in the bloodless hues
Of fabled myth or myst'ry.

R. B. BROUGH, *Songs of the Gov. Classes.*

And what is writ is writ,
Would it were worthier.

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, can. iv. st. 138.

He who would not be frustrate of his hope to *write well hereafter* in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem.

MILTON, *Apology for Smectymnuus.*

YE—YIELDING.

E critics say
How poor was this to Pindar's style?
PRIOR'S *Burlesque of Boileau's Ode.*

Ye free-born sons, Britannia's boast,
Firm as your rock-surrounded coast,
Ye sovereigns of the sea;
Assist, uphold your Church and State,
Your great men good, your good men great,
Awe all abroad, at home unite,
And jolly join in faction's spite,
Then, then, my friends, you're free.
DIBDIN, *Sea Songs.*

The same dull sound; the same dull lack
Of lustre in the level gray:
It seems like *yesterday come back*,
With his old things, and not to-day.
OWEN MEREDITH, *Wanderer.*

Oh, *yet we trust that somehow good*
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, liii.

The *yielding marble* of her snowy breast.
WALLER, *Lines on a Lady passing through a crowd of people*, l. 12. *Quoted by Addison in Guardian*, numb. 100.

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